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AMERICA AND THE DEBTS

AN ENGLISH DEFENSE OF AMERICAN POLICY

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EUROPE needs American help. America can help most by merely continuing the lines of her present policy. If America will only listen to Senator Borah and be ruthless in her debt policy for the full sixty-two years, Europe may be saved from another Great War. We may be saved at any rate up to 1985; and after that we shall all be dead. So long as Great Britain has to pay £100,000 a day to America Great Britain will be unable to finance another war in Europe. No other nation in Europe will go to war if Great Britain cannot be depended on to pay the expenses of both sides, during and after the war. In the interests of European peace, therefore, let America not weaken in her policy of *Væ Victis!* to Europe for the next two generations. The financial tribute which is due to the United States is likely to be more effective than the League of Nations to prevent another war.

It is true that Europe is in a bad state, but that makes the argument for American help of an American kind all the stronger.

In spite of the eight years that have passed since the belligerent phase of the Great War ended, the commerce, finance, currencies, political institutions of Europe continue their toppling tendency. Nothing is stable except taxation. The British people have to raise £800,000,000 a year to meet their national obligations, a burden four times as great as the corresponding burden of 1913. Europe in general suffers in a way which the imagination before 1914 could not have grasped. Such a state of affairs is eminently right and proper. If the peoples of Europe spent four and a half years in a concentrated effort to kill as many of one another's men as possible, to destroy as much property as possible, to smash the delicate organization of international trade and intercourse, to squander their wealth at a rate of profligacy which baffles sane people, is it surprising that the long road to recovery should stretch out endlessly ahead, and that

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eight years of struggle should have made little difference?

The only surprising thing is that people will not put two and two together. We people in Europe are illogical. We sow potatoes and expect to reap potatoes; yet we go to war and apparently do not expect to reap hell. America has more sense. She sows money and reaps money. Some people on this side, as for instance Mr. Stanley Baldwin, have confessed that they are afraid of the harvest still to be reaped in Europe. Others are inclined to vent their anger on the people who do not suffer. The attitude of Europe towards the United States of America is largely colored by the necessity of paying the European debts to America. The payment of the British debt, which, as Mr. Bonar Law once said, will reduce the standard of life in Great Britain for three generations, looms large on the British horizon. There are Englishmen who criticize America. There are Frenchmen who, after their manner, magnify criticism into indignation. Americans in general probably do not know the depth of hatred that is felt for them on this side of the Atlantic. They have not come into contact with the plain people in Europe, and have not read between the lines of what Lord Balfour, Mr. Philip Snowden, and Mr. Winston Churchill have said in public.

Such hatred, however, is misdirected. The intelligent victims of American policy recognize America as a blessing in disguise. If Great Britain plunged into the European war for idealist motives, she deserved what she got. One might as well butt into a drunken brawl for idealist motives. Idealism is not enough. By contrast, America's attitude to the Great War (1) as neutral till all the combatants were down and out, (2) as financial adventurer when she did join in, (3) as collector of the proceeds for sixty-two years, is a highly salutory thing, if for no other reason than that it may succeed in revolting the world against war. Many European nostrils already feel the pungency of what America has done, but such is the hold of perverted conventions about war and glory in Europe, that opinion here is indignant against America, instead of recognizing American realism as the healthy thing it is. America was not too proud, but too sensible, to fight, so far as the merits of the Great War were concerned. It was a similar motive of common sense, as contrasted with misplaced idealism, which prompted the part she took in the last stages of the war. The value of America's example may be expressed in this way. The moment war is recognized as the low business it essentially is, war will become as much an anachronism as slavery, religious persecution, and other such atrocities have become. The British halo round war is an asset for war. American cynicism is an asset for peace.

II

Europe needs American help. Can any reasonable person feel confident that the horror of 1914–1918 is in itself enough to dissuade the peoples of Europe from doing it again? If the peoples of Europe had had only a modest average of practical sense, if the politicians and diplomats who act as their trustees had been equal to their trust, Europe would still have been a place fit to live in. A continent which is capable of the behavior which Europe was guilty of for four and a half years, and which at the time was capable of convincing itself that the thing was not only unavoidable, but even—so many thought—had in it the element of a holy crusade, that continent is capable of any imbecility. There are no bounds. There are no finer shades of what is likely and what unlikely. How then can America help? Simply by being true to herself. Europe's present financial subservience to America is the most promising road to European salvation. No proud European can feel friendly towards the Great Republic across the Atlantic for having adopted a realist policy during the war, for having

driven her financial stakes into Europe, for having scuttled from the inferno which followed the war, for being determined to exact her financial pound of flesh even to the length of sixty-odd years of tribute: but then no proud European can feel anything but shame for himself and for his own continent.

If it be granted that one of the abiding causes of war is the proud place which the annals of war hold in national pride, then America, by showing that war is an incident in the seamy side of life, is the true pioneer of peace and progress. Rarely in history has any nation measured the ethical quality of war more accurately than did America in 1914–1918, or measured the ethical quality of post-war problems more accurately than has America since 1918.

As neutral, America lent money to the belligerents, which was mostly spent in America for arms, munitions, food, and clothes. The Bankers' Press of New York has stated in a work on Inter-Allied debts that "American bankers, merchants, manufacturers, and transport interests profited to the extent of over three billion dollars from French disbursements in the United States alone," and added that the Allied countries spent £2,400,000,000 in America on war munitions. Europe borrowed, but hardly any cash crossed the Atlantic to this side. American industry boomed. America's trade balance in 1913 had been $691,000,000. In 1915 it rose to $1,-768,000,000; in 1916 to $3,000,000,000, and so on. Gold deposits, securities, war bonds accumulated in America, and by the end of the war America held more than one half of the entire supply of the world's gold. American statesmen at first enjoined strict neutrality on American citizens, but as the British navy swept the seas of German shipping, American commercial interests became identified with the Allied cause. In 1917 Great Britain, having spent and lent the unimaginable sum of £2,000,000,000 on the war, found herself at the end of her tether. America entered the war at that propitious moment. France, Italy, and the other non-British Allies thereafter found it difficult (let Mr. Mellon explain it as he will) to borrow more money from America. The war, however, must go on, and those who said it shouldn't were imprisoned. Great Britain had no more money of her own. It is a historical fact which Mr. Mellon cannot deny that after America entered the war Great Britain lent nearly £1,000,000,000 to her European allies, and that (having no money of her own) she borrowed that identic sum from the United States. In effect, therefore, the United States lent that money to France and Italy on a British indorsement of the resultant obligation. America was right in her financial instinct, as Mr. Baldwin proved in 1923, and as the French and Italian background of non-payment emphasized. When America entered the war, it was the prevailing view (in America) that the best service America could render the Allies would be to become their banker. Oh, that we in Great Britain had statesmen of such a caliber!

President Wilson was an idealist. He stopped the war. To that extent he suited America's purpose. She had pegged out her investments, and President Wilson's idealism alone could stop the war. None of the European fools who started the war could stop it. Another year of it, and even the British Treasury might have found it too much of a burden to pay America. So Mr. Wilson's pacific work had to be done. His further aspiration for continuing the operation of American diplomacy in Europe was not to be reconciled with America's idea. America, therefore, hauled him back, crucified him, and he died. The Treaty of Versailles was cut right out. No American sat on any Allied body which dealt with the peace problems, except as a detached observer. The League of Nations—that European act of repentance—was cold-shouldered by America.

Such is the position. The repentance now being performed at Geneva has had

its reactionary moments, and is not yet uniformly convincing. It is vitally necessary, therefore, that American realism be continued. If America cancelled the debts, France and the rest of us, as Senator Borah has truly argued, would have the more money for armaments. Senator Borah is right.

III

So far America has done well. When she took back her troops from the Rhine she claimed financial compensation, and, although unfortunately she did not get it, she showed that her instincts were still sound. She has only flirted with Geneva. The transition from Harding to Coolidge merely reaffirmed America's determination not to cancel the debts and not to join the League of Nations. General Dawes, it is true, emerged as a challenge, and in 1924 there were incipient cracks in American policy; but there was a brilliant recovery in the spring of 1925, when America started her debt-drive. She drove with such effect that within a year both France and Italy funded their debts, thereby following at a respectful distance in the footsteps of Great Britain, Poland, Hungary, Finland, and Belgium. France and Italy were treated too leniently, to the disgust of Senator Borah. It was quite reasonable, however, from the American point of view, to penalize Great Britain for having paid up first.

The danger is that Senator Borah may overdo it. As the schoolboy shows his appreciation of "tuck" by asking for more, so Senator Borah shows his appreciation of the British Treasury. He has recently been drawing up a scheme of new financial claims which he thinks should be made on Great Britain. Some of his more sensitive colleagues are shy of carrying the thing through, and thereby reveal themselves as superior tacticians. Senator Borah's idea is to make Great Britain pay for American losses incurred during the war against contraband in the period 1914 to 1917. It would be an outrageous demand. Of course the British Government would pay. Has not the British Government undertaken to pay, and is paying, the entire belligerent cost of the war? It would be consistent that she should next pay all the neutrals for their wartime losses, real or imaginary. In that event, it is true, America, being both a neutral and an Associated Power, would be twice blest, and more; but the stolidity of British acquiescence in the American debt burden might be jeopardized, and Senator Borah's impulse in this matter is not worthy of him.

Logical Americans will protest against the claiming of damages from Great Britain for an operation of war which America herself was soon performing against other neutrals. Suppose the Scandinavian countries were to flatter Senator Borah by following his example? American officials sat on the Blockade Committees and worked prominently in the Scandinavian regions, through which Germany was supplied with contraband. They did so in spite of the protests of the neutrals who were affected. It would be fatal to Senator Borah's plan if the American public were encouraged to take a historical view of the matter: but no doubt the plan will be still-born.

The remarks made by Mr. Snowden and by Mr. Winston Churchill in the British House of Commons on March 25th last should be taken by American opinion merely as evidence that American policy is having its effect here, and should, therefore, encourage Mr. Mellon. Having observed that the payment of the American debt will represent ninepence on the income tax for sixty years, Mr. Snowden remarked, "It could be freely quoted to show that the loan which was given to our Continental Allies through us was a gift by the United States as a sort of compensation for her late arrival on the scene of battle." Such a remark is not worthy of American attention. Mr. Churchill was even worse. He said, "There has been from the beginning of these controversies a marked difference of view between

Great Britain and the United States. We have never taken the view that shot and shell fired in the common cause and troops in the same line of battle, and the cost of it, should be considered morally and sentimentally, whatever it might be legally, as on exactly the same footing as ordinary commercial debts. We were willing to obliterate, cancel, delete, and annul all debts owed by our Allies provided that we were treated in a similar manner by our creditors. That view did not commend itself to the Great Republic across the Atlantic, and there could be no question that the United States was entirely within its legal rights. We were then forced to adopt a different position, and we came to the Balfour Note, in the principle of which I have always been a sincere believer. The Government adheres to that principle, and as far as possible they are endeavoring to give effect to it. This country has undertaken to pay what the United States so insistently and incessantly demanded. That involves us in a charge of £33,000,000 (a year) at the present time, rising in eight years to £38,000,000. To pass that immense sum continuously across a frontier, across an ocean, across the Exchange, is one of the most stupendous tasks and burdens ever undertaken by any country in the whole financial history of the world.

"It is a very remarkable fact," he added, "that at the present moment the amount that the United States is receiving from Europe under arrangements which have already been made is approximately equal to the whole amount of reparations which Germany is paying. But the distribution of the receipts from Germany and the payments to the United States are entirely different. The bulk of the receipts from Germany go to France, which at present is making no payments on account of her war debts, and the bulk of payments to the United States are made by this country largely out of her own resources. But the day is coming, at no great distance, when this situation will undergo an obvious modification. When France and Italy have funded their debts, both to this country and to the United States, and when other minor Powers have funded their debts, it is clear that the United States will be receiving, directly and indirectly, on her own account, from reparations, from Italian sources balanced against reparations, from British sources, from French sources through British hands, and from Italian sources through British hands, by far the larger part, at least 60 per cent, of the total probable reparations of Germany, and the first reparations, the first 60 per cent, as it were, which are payable by Germany. It seems to me that an extraordinary situation will be developed, that by all these chains, and lines, and channels, the pressure of debt extraction will draw reparations from the devastated and war-stricken countries of Europe, and that they will pass in an unbroken stream across the Atlantic to that wealthy and prosperous and Great Republic."

Thus Mr. Churchill. What better testimony could he have given to the effect of America on Europe? Yet, perversely enough, Senator Borah was angry with Mr. Churchill. On April 1st he took the occasion of a Senate Debate on the Italian debt to revile Mr. Churchill in particular and Great Britain in general, and incidentally repeated some of his familiar theses. "I said some three years ago," he declared, "that if I could see in Europe a program of disarmament and a recurrence to peace methods, some assurance as to the future, I should feel favorable to a cancellation of the entire international debt. I entertain that view still, and my hesitancy about approving any of these settlements arises out of the belief that whatever contributions we may make will be contributions to additional, or at least continued, military establishments in Europe."

Is this a sign that even Senator Borah may give up the struggle before 1985? May a kind Providence preserve Europe from such a catastrophe! Europe may

stagger under the nightmare of America's exigencies, but those who have enough imagination to foresee even faintly what another Great War would mean for Europe will not regret the Carthaginian peace imposed on us by America. The hatred that America is reaping and will reap from one end of Europe to the other is America's affair. The United States won the war. Great Britain lost it. Germany, France, Italy, and the rest fell by the road. The victor collects, and the vanquished pays tribute; and that criterion establishes the position of America and Great Britain in those leading roles. Wars are not won by heroic qualities, but by the opposite. Let European schoolboys be taught in the future, not the heroic myths, but the cold disillusion that has dawned from across the Atlantic. It is within America's power not only to prevent the next European war, but in general to prove by her living example that war is not a thing of glory, and thereby to shake the hold of war on the habits of men. The only doubt is whether her national pride will be able to rise above what a misguided European opinion will think of her. Has America enough sense to forego the friendship of Europe in the interests of Europe?

IDENTITY

BY DAVID MORTON

THE stars in heaven must stand some rivalry
From these bright-petaled things across the grass,
As golden as the goldest star could be,
Shining as surely till the spring shall pass.
Here one might say the stars were somehow freed
From paths that wandered frozen winter nights,
Choosing, for once, the humbleness of seed,
To flower a while in warm and yellow lights.

And when these go, the way that summer passes,
It will require no trick of fancy, then,
Seeing no trace of stars among the grasses,
To think how they have sought the sky again,
And how the golden passion burns its way
Through stars in heaven—and buttercups to-day.

PLEASED TO MEET YOU

A STORY IN THREE PARTS—PART I

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

"What country, friends, is this?"
"This is Illyria, lady."
—Twelfth Night

THE traveller in Illyria, whether a casual sightseer or one of the various commissioners, diplomats, and errants of fortune who found themselves there during the complications of After-War, has gazed through the high iron gates on the Pannonia Platz and admired the Farniente Palace at the end of its avenue of lime trees. Built long ago by a French architect for an Adriatic millionaire and occupied for generations by Austrian minor princes, it stands islanded in the loop of a little river and looks over the old city toward the opal horizon of the Carinthian Alps. The prime ministers and economic experts of the great powers carved out the Republic of Illyria from the relics of a fallen empire and encouraged the newly risen Labor Party to put one of its leaders in the chair as first President. They came from Geneva to Farniente, spread maps and agenda papers over the departed Grand Duke's vast dining table, and polished off what was left of the Grand Duke's pre-war Burgundies. They allotted the infant republic a generous quota of war debts to pay, arranged for a bond issue and a loan from an American banker, and impressed upon the anxious parliament the necessity of a convincing show of republican enthusiasm. They spoke sternly of order, productivity, and a prompt stabilization of the florin. Then they departed, without having given much thought to the possible social embarrassments of the new President. All they wanted for the time being was to hear as little of Illyria as possible.

But these problems were sharply present to Herr Guadeloupe as he and his daughter Nyla drove in a rickety taxi to take up official residence in the palace he had never entered and which had been, only a few months before, so far beyond the horizon of his most fantastic dreams. He remained what he had always been, a simple sturdy little man with the conscientious bonhomie of his peasant stock. He was quite aware that only the comedy of circumstance had thrust him into this position, and that both extremes of Illyrian politics would rejoice at his humiliation and downfall. He was correspondingly eager to tread softly and not make mistakes. There had been a great meeting of his supporters the night before, at which glowing forecasts were made of what the new republic would mean for the laboring classes. The *New Freedom* and the *Folkvoice*, very ill-printed proletarian journals, had come out with predictions which he knew were fallacious. A demonstration had been planned to celebrate his move to the palace. To avoid this uncomfortable publicity he sent out Nyla, two hours before the time advertised, to call a cab. They slipped away from the modest home where Nyla had kept house for her widowed father. Now, in an elderly vehicle of Detroit lineage, they came

clanking solemnly down the famous alley of lime trees.

Nyla, a handsome spirited girl of nineteen, was naturally elated.

"Now, father," she said gaily, "you mustn't be nervous. Everything will be all right. Don't push your hat over one eye like that."

Guadeloupe fidgeted unhappily in the new outfit of cutaway coat and wing collar which she had insisted on his buying. Nyla had carefully observed the British foreign minister when that handsome creature was in Farniente, and had planned the President's attire on the same lines. It was less successful on his short thick figure. His hands flitted instinctively in search of his pipe, but the arrangement of pockets in a cutaway coat was unfamiliar.

"I *am* nervous," he said, and began to pull off his gloves.

"Nonsense! Anyone who can talk to political meetings as you can needn't be afraid. You mustn't forget that you're a great man. Don't you dare take off those gloves until I tell you. How all this would have surprised mother."

The taxi-driver, a fiercely moustached and emotional mountaineer, was enormously excited at having been chosen to drive Illyria's first President to the palace. This would be something to talk about for the rest of his life. His sense of the dignity of the occasion suggested a slow and stately progress with much unnecessary tooting on an old rubber bulb horn.

Adjured to move faster, he rather overdid it. He shot across the stone bridge, spun round the curved driveway, pulled up at the broad front steps with a squeal of brakes and sliding of tires on the gravel. Behind them, a dog, one of whose feet had been caught by surprise, yelped insult and reproach.

"Sit still," said Nyla hastily. "Probably there'll be a footman or somebody to open the door."

But the Executive Mansion seemed strangely deserted. The big doorway stood closed. The agitated taxi-man also remained nervously in his seat, afraid of doing something wrong.

"What do we do next?" said Herr Guadeloupe.

After a brief hesitation they got out, the taxi-man seized the Presidential portfolio, and they stood anxiously on the steps.

"Good God! I don't see any doorbell."

"Now, father, don't get rattled. We've got a right to be here."

"I knew something like this would happen. If it gets into the papers—"

The driver was peering through the pane of the door.

"Why, there's a whole crowd of 'em inside there," he said hoarsely. "Shall I bang on the glass?"

"For heaven's sake don't," exclaimed Nyla.

But he was not going to miss his chance of a lifetime to create a sensation. Already he had opened the door and thrust his head in. Romsteck, the major-domo, not expecting the arrival so early, was just finishing his speech of instructions to the assembled household. They were all there, footmen, chambermaids, cooks, gardeners, sentries, the whole staff of the palace, receiving their instructions. They stood respectfully grouped while Romsteck, on the third tread of the grand staircase, was explaining the ethics of domestic service under a republic.

"Hey, wake up there!" shouted the taxi-man. "Here's the President."

II

To Herr Guadeloupe, who was accustomed to the primitive ministrations of one peasant maid, it was hardly credible that these were all servants. For an instant, seeing so unexpectedly large a gathering, the notion occurred to him that this was a conspiracy of die-hard royalists, met for some final desperation in honor of the old regime. But Romsteck, advancing with epis-

copal mien, was a reassuring figure; so impressive indeed that the embarrassed President at first imagined him some dignitary of the League of Nations, left behind to supervise the installation.

"Welcome, Herr President," said Romsteck solemnly. "You find the staff assembled to do you honor. I am the major-domo."

"How do you do, Major," said Guadeloupe nervously. He removed his hat and bowed formally. Straightening again, he found a tall figure in uniform holding out a hand, which he grasped with grateful cordiality.

"Your hat, Herr President," the major-domo explained.

The President tried to catch Nyla's eye, to know whether the time had come to remove his gloves.

"My gloves, Major. That is, I mean, my daughter."

"The Fräulein is worthy of this ancient house's tradition of beauty," said Romsteck gallantly. "I present Frau Innsbruck, the housekeeper."

"Also worthy of the ancient tradition," said the flustered President. Then, noticing the lady's age, he attempted to improve on the remark. "We shall cohabit in friendly tranquillity, I'm sure."

"The Herr President does me too much honor," said Frau Innsbruck.

"Don't forget to pay the taxi," Nyla whispered in his ear.

A gloved hand is awkward when rummaging a trouser pocket. It came out with some bank notes but also with the toothbrush which he had remembered at the last moment.

"My luggage," he began—

"It shall be well cared for, Herr President, if you will entrust it—"

Another open palm was ready; this time he knew enough not to shake it, but gave it the toothbrush instead. It was borne ceremoniously away.

"I meant to say, my luggage will be here presently."

"The Herr President's portfolio," said the taxi-man officiously, coming forward with the brief-case, to which he had obstinately clung.

"Pardon, Major, but have you any change?" Herr Guadeloupe, thriftily examining his money, could find nothing less than a fifty-florin note. It suddenly occurred to him to wonder whether Presidents have expense accounts. This was a point that had not been covered by the constitutionalists from Geneva.

"Health and happiness to the new Republic," ejaculated the taxi-man, "and perhaps at such a moment the Herr President—"

"I will arrange the matter," said Romsteck severely.

Frau Innsbruck was already escorting Nyla upstairs, and the anxious statesman felt free to discard his gloves. He was more terrified than cheered by the grave politeness of the unknown official. All his democratic instincts prompted him to suggest some little friendly celebration. He felt an immense eagerness to catch all these observant eyes with a cordial nod; he would have liked to make a short speech on the future of Illyria and follow it by treating to a drink all round. In the rustic meetings to which he was best accustomed this would have been enormously successful; but this company of maids in neat uniforms and footmen in white-cotton stockings was an audience he did not understand. He was clearing his throat to make some general salutation when Romsteck advanced upon him somberly with a whisk brush and dusted off his coat.

"The Herr President's trousers," he said sharply, and a footman knelt down to rearrange the drape of those garments.

"I'm afraid they're too long," said the President bashfully. "Please, Major, do not trouble yourself—I must shorten my *Hosenträger*." He looked round unhappily, almost fearing they would insist on his doing so immediately.

"The Grand Duke always liked to have his trousers adjusted when he came in from outdoors," said Romsteck.

"I believe I arrived sooner than you expected."

"It is of no consequence," said Romsteck. "Your apartments are in readiness. Now, Herr President, if you please I will conduct you through the mansion." He gave a sign of dismissal, and the attendants dispersed. The younger chambermaids, who had been on the verge of nervous titters, fled hurriedly to talk it over. Guadeloupe wiped his forehead.

"You are very kind," he said. "This, you will understand, is something of an ordeal."

They stood in the great paved hall, where the beautiful stone stair, with its wrought-iron balustrade, runs up to a gallery overhead. Along the wall hung portraits of old seventeenth-century Dukes of Farniente. The President had hardly realized yet that he was actually going to live in this old place. He felt more like a visitor in a museum.

"I always wondered what the palace was like inside," he said politely. "It must be difficult to keep warm in winter."

"This is the Red Room," announced Romsteck, leading the way to an adjoining chamber. "This escritoire of rosewood and mother-of-pearl was a masterpiece of the great Venetian cabinet-maker Belluno. The tapestry, with the monogram of the Hapsburgs, was given to the palace by the Emperor Maximilian. In this room the Grand Duke used to meet his ministers for business discussions, mainly to increase the taxes. Behind these curtains was where the anarchist concealed himself when he fired at the Grand Duke Moritz. You see, there is plenty of space for an assassin to hide." With a dramatic air he pulled the hangings aside. Guadeloupe was relieved to observe that the embrasure was empty. He wondered whether he and his cabinet could successfully discuss the rehabilitation of the florin—a subject involving much lively argument—sitting on those fragile gilt chairs.

"On this other side," continued the major-domo, throwing open large glass doors, "is the grand salon. It overlooks the terrace and the rose garden. The carved panels over the mantel," he pointed out, "have three bullet holes which have been carefully retained as a souvenir of the revolution in '48. This is known as the Blue Room; here you will receive the representatives of foreign governments—the American commissioner, for instance, desiring to know when the next installment will be paid."

The President skidded a little on the polished floor, but followed his guide without comment.

"At the north end of the palace, adjoining the tower, is the ballroom. In the north tower is the Purple Room. There the Grand Duke used to entertain specially favored ladies."

The President brightened a little.

"There was once an underground passage from the cellar of the tower, beneath the moat, to a summerhouse in the park. It was there that the Duke escaped during the Terror."

"I hope it is still open," said Guadeloupe.

"The Yellow Room, a small parlor painted with Cupids, is between the ballroom and the salon. The Duke used to play cards there after dinner. The American ambassador often came down from Vienna to play poker with him."

"I think I have heard that the Duke was unlucky at cards," said the President.

"To be in debt to America is quite in the Farniente tradition," remarked the other. "The Dukes of Illyria always led lives full of romantic hazard. There is hardly a chamber in the palace that has not been the scene of some deed of violence. In the state dining room the crystal chandelier is chipped; that happened when His Grace was attacked by a demented footman who disliked his table manners. Beyond the dining room is the billiard room, and past that, in the south tower, the Dark Room."

"The Dark Room? Was the Duke a photographer?"

"He had a hobby that way. Not all

his exposures were in the most delicate taste. It used to be His Grace's boast that in a different walk of life he could have prospered as a merchant of Parisian post cards. In fact, very likely that is what he is doing now. But this is called the Dark Room with a double significance. It was there that Prince Oscar was murdered. They laid out the body on this billiard table."

The President was growing a little weary. He had had a difficult morning, and in the stress of packing and getting off he had gone without lunch.

"I suppose, Major," he suggested politely, "there is a room where we might sit down with a glass of beer and a pipe?"

"The Grand Duke, at this hour of the afternoon, would sometimes take a cup of tea, in the English fashion," said Romsteck firmly. "But he never smoked. His laxities, if I may be so candid, were quite of another sort. The British ambassador, who occasionally came here to play tennis, was encouraged to confine his pipe to the garden."

"And still I can't make him out," Guadeloupe complained to his daughter when he finally escaped upstairs to wash and prepare himself for tea. "If he's a major why doesn't he wear uniform? And how was I to know who he was? I thought he must be at least another Lloyd George."

"Never you mind, daddy," she consoled him. "Isn't it all *wonderful*? It's like living in a fairy tale."

"Like living in a cemetery," he said morosely. "I've seen the places where all the Dukes were murdered or shot at."

"Wait till I get hold of that solemn old creature," she cried gaily. "I'll teach him not to bully you. And what do you think? I have a maid to look after me, a darling, called Lorli. And a bathroom all to myself—did you ever *hear* of such a thing?"

"Why, so have I," exclaimed the President, exploring. "It must be mine, for they've put my toothbrush here. Private bathrooms. Good heavens, they always said the Duke was a libertine; it must have been true."

III

But Nyla's confidence abated when she found that she had to pour the tea—a beverage little drunk in Illyria—with two footmen standing attentively beside her. If they had not been there she could have studied and probably solved the complicated array of jugs, dishes, napkins, spirit lamps, and other utensils; but those watchful figures frightened her. The obvious course was to use some of everything, and her father sat innocently drinking from a cup that contained both cream and lemon, unaware that this would have grieved the British foreign office. He sipped in silence until the lemon, gradually warring against the cream, became unbearable.

"George," he said, "take this away and drink it for me. Don't tell that Major or he'll get me into trouble with the British Government."

It required both servants, apparently, to remove the offending cup. When they had left the room Guadeloupe hitched his chair nearer the table and seized several sandwiches at once.

"I'll bet they've got some grand food in the pantry," he said dismally, "if I could only get at it. You know, this won't do. If any of the Labor members saw us in a lay-out like this, I'd be impeached.—What do you suppose we'll get for supper? I wonder," he added, "if there's any chance of onion soup?"

For twenty years Herr Guadeloupe had had onion soup for supper almost every evening. In fact, in his electoral campaign onion soup had become almost a political symbol. The cartoonists had seized upon it as an emblem of solid proletarian thrift and the traditional Illyrian simplicities. Drawings of Herr Guadeloupe dipping in his tureen and puffing his pipe, first intended for ridicule, had proved to be advantageous.

The Labor Party had been borne to power, in a manner of speaking, on a tide of onion soup.

"We may as well find out," said Nyla. "And, daddy, you must remember they probably call it *dinner*, and it won't be until late, seven o'clock, I dare say."

Summoned by the footmen, Romsteck appeared. He looked specially austere as he had not expected to be interrupted just then. He and Frau Innsbruck had just sat down to compare notes over a private glass of beer. The President put away his unlit pipe, which he had been fingering hopefully, and rose politely from his chair.

"Pardon me, Major, for disturbing you. I just wished to know, so I can make my calculations, what time will supper be?"

"Dinner is served, Herr President, at eight o'clock. The Grand Duke preferred it at that hour, which gave him plenty of time to dress."

The President was painfully startled. "Good God, did the man stay in bed all day long?"

Romsteck preserved an offended silence, which continued until Nyla came to the rescue.

"My father is accustomed to having onion soup for dinner. He counts on it very much. I suppose the chef—the chef would not mind, occasionally that is, preparing it for him?"

The butler seemed very much shocked.

"Onion soup, Fräulein?—Did I understand you to say onion soup?"

"Yes," said Guadeloupe. "You know, with toast in it, and plenty of cheese."

"Why, Herr President, I do not believe an onion has been served in the palace since the Reign of Terror."

Romsteck rang for the chef.

"Monsieur Pigalle," he said, "will you rehearse for the Herr President what dishes have been arranged for dinner this evening."

Pigalle, with a Frenchman's eye for a pretty girl, was in his element.

"With the greatest pleasure. To welcome the President and his daughter I have planned as follows. The menu is plain, in deference to a republican simplicity of taste, but I hope not displeasing. *Hors d'œuvres variés*, served in the Adriatic fashion. To follow, *homard paprika*. I thought that then a *culotte de bœuf garnie, au vin de Madère;* or, if that seems a trifle rich, we could substitute *filets mignons piqués de truffes*. Not to overload the stomach, Mademoiselle, I thought that some pancakes burning in raspberry brandy would be amusing; followed by a *soufflé*, an ice, and some fruit. I feel sure that the Herr President and Mademoiselle will have no cause for complaint."

Herr Guadeloupe, to whom French was not only unfamiliar but an uncongenial tongue for political reasons, had no very clear idea of just what the chef's elaborate phrases represented in the way of actual victuals.

"Any soup?" he asked.

"If desired, I can add a nice *julienne aux pointes d'asperges*," said Pigalle. "But I believe if the Herr President always knows in advance just what dishes are to be served, he deprives himself of much of the artistry of the table."

"I don't want artistry of the table, I just want some onion soup," thought the President, but refrained from saying it. With an air of dignity that seemed to make further discussion impossible, Romsteck and the chef withdrew.

"Well, I don't know any more than I did before," said Guadeloupe. "I told you this was going to be terrible." He began hunting about the room.

"Marvellous old furniture," said Nyla.

"I'm not looking at the furniture. I'm hunting for a box of matches. I think I'll go out in the garden and have a smoke."

A stir in the hall caught Nyla's attention.

"Oh, look, daddy, our things have come." Through the tall glass doors she could see a troop of servants lined up respectfully to receive their very modest

and shabby luggage, the portmanteaus and the battered tin trunk. She caught a glimpse of a familiar old brown satchel.

"I wish we had bought some new bags; it looks too absurd to see them all making such to-do over our poor old things. Your old satchel looks too awful."

"My satchel?" he said. "Is it there? Just what I need. There's a—"

"Now, daddy, what are you going to do? You mustn't—"

But he sped into the hall where he surprised the assembled flunkeys by seizing the bag. Muttering some unintelligible explanation, he rushed into the salon with it. Two agitated footmen attempted to help, but he clung to the thing with feverish earnestness, opened it, rummaged among some socks and collars, and finally produced a packet of tobacco, a box of matches, and a bottle of brandy.

"There," he said. "By heaven, I've earned it."

He uncorked the bottle and sniffed it affectionately. With difficulty Nyla restrained him until one of the footmen had brought a tray and glasses. "Well," he said, pouring some out, "now we can feel a little more at home."

"Your pardon, Herr President," objected Romsteck who had suddenly appeared, "but those are not brandy glasses. They are champagne goblets."

"Major," retorted the harassed man, "I drink to your Grand Duke. I am beginning to understand why he fled." And he raised his glass. But before he could place it to his lips he was halted by a cry, courteous but peremptory.

"Just a moment, Herr President!" exclaimed a young man, striding into the room. "It is my duty." He took the glass from the hand of the astonished President and drank off the contents himself.

IV

The unannounced visitor was a man of about thirty, tall and sinewy, with curly auburn hair and jocular blue eyes. He was smartly dressed in excellently fitted brown tweeds. There was something engagingly droll in his brisk assurance and the sharp contour of his clean-shaven face. He stood holding the empty glass and pursed his lips with the thoughtful air of one critically considering some mooted nicety of degustation. Then he nodded approvingly and his severity relaxed. He smiled, bowed to Guadeloupe and Nyla, and brought forward a chair with practised grace.

"Be seated, Fräulein, I implore you," he said. "Young women have to be on their feet so much after they are married, I always urge them to take their ease while they can."

Nyla had a strong inclination to laugh, but conquered it. Romsteck, not less startled than the others, began to speak, but the stranger held up his hand with a commanding gesture.

"A thousand and one apologies, Herr President, for this lack of ceremony. Permit me." He took the bottle, chose a fresh glass, filled it and offered it with a charming obeisance. "I should, of course, have been here before your arrival. You were earlier than I expected."

Guadeloupe had a sagacious instinct of silence in perplexing situations. He contented himself by taking off the postponed dram.

"My name is Cointreau, from the Department of Public Safety. My credentials."

He took a card from his pocket.

"I am authorized to ask a few moments' private interview with you—and with the Fräulein, of course. Butler, remove this debris, and the Herr President and I can talk without interruption."

Romsteck, to his own surprise, found himself helping the footmen to clear away tea. He had not been spoken to in that voice of calm authority since the Grand Duke flitted.

"Heavenly old place, isn't it," said Cointreau to Nyla, in the casual tone of

an old friend. "I hope you are going to be very happy here. I shall make it my business to see that you are. What a pretty frock. The printed chiffons are delightful, especially on the slender figures. Have a gasper?"

"Why—thank you," said Nyla. "I'd love one, but I didn't know whether—in the palace—"

"Bosh!" cried the surprising young man. "Palaces are made to do what you like in." With skilful legerdemain he snapped a match into flame on his thumbnail, a trick new to her, and gave her a light.

"You have no objection to a pipe?" he asked, taking out a well-glossed briar. "Isn't that a beauty?" he said, holding it out to the President. Guadeloupe, with the habit of the seasoned smoker, took it, sniffed the fragrant char in the bowl, and then produced his own.

"Now to business," proceeded the visitor. "Herr President, you'll forgive my abrupt entrance when I explain. The Department of Public Safety realizes that, hitherto, insufficient precautions have been taken to safeguard the persons of high officials. Particularly at the present time, in this new phase of our political life, it is essential that no accident of any sort should mar the success of the Illyrian Republic. You know what unfortunate repercussion it would have among the Great Powers if any unpleasantness arose in our affairs. I am acting as a special agent for the Department of Public Safety; but I may as well add, entirely in confidence, that I have authority from certain people at Geneva—I feel sure I need not be uncomfortably explicit."

Geneva never had to be mentioned more than once to secure Herr Guadeloupe's anxious attention.

Cointreau resumed his winning gayety of manner.

"Please do not feel under any constraint, Herr President. My affair is to see that you—and Fräulein Nyla also—are completely comfortable and at home, free to give all your attention to those political problems that confront our country. You are aware that there are those—I need not specify—who would be happy to see the new republic embarrassed. You must have perfect confidence. Consider me, if you wish, not as a mere Secret Service officer, but as a kind of social secretary."

"Why, daddy," cried Nyla. "How wonderful! Just what you wanted!"

"An imperfect instrument, Fräulein," said the special agent modestly, "but at your service. I need hardly say, Herr President, that for the success of my mission it must be entirely confidential. Nothing further need be said than that I am here on private business from the League. For your own sake, and to guard against any possible emergencies, it will be advisable to institute certain unobtrusive inspections of minor routine. We cannot afford to run any risks. It was for that reason that—too unceremoniously, I fear—I felt it wise to make certain of the brandy. . . . It was excellent," he added.

"It was my own," said Guadeloupe. "But indeed, dear sir, you lift an anxiety from my mind. This is a difficult position in which I find myself, and a little intimate assistance, properly authorized of course—"

"Be quite at your ease!" exclaimed the special agent. "The last thing Ramsay MacDonald said to me at Geneva—you know Mac, I dare say; charming fellow—was, 'Do everything you can for Guadeloupe. It's very important he should make a go of it in Illyria, he and his lovely daughter.'"

Herr Guadeloupe, who had had hitherto much sterner monitions from the high contracting parties of Europe, was greatly pleased.

"That's very encouraging," he said. "Come, Herr Cointreau, since you approve the brandy, drink to the success of our young Republic."

They pledged it standing, with due formality.

"Herr President," said Cointreau, "if we play our cards carefully, you shall

go down in history as the man who put Illyria on the map."

"Oh, I know he will," cried Nyla, enchanted. "Daddy's wonderful, Herr Cointreau, and if only that awful American debt can be paid—"

"Don't you worry a bit about the debt. That'll work out all right. Perhaps I can help a bit there. I visited in America once, I know how to handle them. Now the first thing is to make sure that all the more intimate matters are comfortable. Everything quite O.K.?"

There was something infectiously reassuring in the special agent's clear jovial gaze, and Herr Guadeloupe, blowing a cloud of comforting tobacco smoke, began to feel that there might be some fun in being President after all.

"Well," he said cautiously, "do you suppose there would be unfortunate repercussions at Geneva if I did not dress for dinner every evening? As you know, I am a plain man, Herr Cointreau, and too much formality—"

"Quite right, quite right," said Cointreau. "When Herriot was premier in France the same problem arose. You remember what excellent political capital he made of his pipe and his shirt-sleeves. Geneva will understand perfectly. In fact, Herr President, I was about to say, I think that if anything your present outfit is even a little unnecessarily conventional. Also, I was observing your trousers. Perhaps you would do me the favor of standing a moment."

The President rose, and Cointreau diligently examined the garments in various perspectives.

"They have their virtues, I can quite see," he said judicially. "The cut is eminently republican. No one, I think, would suspect you of royalist ambitions so long as you wear them. Allow me, without being too intimate—the seat may be said to be roomy, meritorious in a sedentary garment."

Nyla broke into a delightful gust of laughter.

"Daddy thought that by tightening his *Hosenträger* a bit he could buck them up. Let's have a try."

"I'm afraid it's hopeless," said Cointreau. "No, we'll tackle the stabilization of the florin first. That presents fewer complexities. For the Herr President I suggest perfect informality—knickerbockers or whatever you please. You must not agitate yourself about niceties of deportment. I'll take care of all that. Fräulein Nyla, I think, should dress for dinner, because youth and beauty are so well set off by décolleté."

"I had not supposed," said the President, "that the League would be so attentive to detail."

"What the League desires is gayety. After these painful years a little guileless merriment will be the best possible tonic for business. The last thing Ramsay MacDonald said to me was, 'Tell them to be sprightly. It will reassure the foreign investors who are going to buy the Illyrian bonds.'"

"That must have been the next-to-the-last thing he said," observed Nyla.

"They have said so many things at Geneva, possibly I get the exact order confused.—I think you remarked, Herr President, that that was your own brandy? In that case it would be wise, before we go any farther, to be sure that the refreshment provided by the State is equally sound. You will understand that in the work of the Department we cannot afford to neglect any possibilities, however trifling.—Is there a bell? Oh, no matter—"

He tapped vigorously with his pipe-stem against his empty glass.

"If you will kindly explain to your butler, we can make a beginning in our necessary inspections."

"This is Herr Cointreau, from Geneva," said Guadeloupe when Romsteck had been summoned. "He is here on diplomatic business of a private nature."

"I shall have to make a few precautionary examinations of the household routine," said Cointreau. "We will begin by interviewing the cellar

man. Send him in, and tell him to bring his inventory."

V

The special agent, after careful study of Karl's lists, thought that the 1865 cognac should be tested first. It proved to be of the finest possible bouquet, gentle, mellow, and volatile.

"I am greatly relieved," he said graciously. "To tell the truth, I had feared that during the confusions of reconstruction things might have been allowed to run down." He dismissed Karl, who departed beaming.

"It is unfortunate," he added, "that there does not seem to be a cocktail shaker anywhere in the palace. I shall have to give the butler a lesson in the mixing of cocktails. I know, from experience in Paris and Geneva, how useful they are in coming to an understanding with American diplomats. However, we can go into these matters more fully by and bye."

The President had by this time recovered some of his naturally sanguine spirits. He mentioned the onion soup problem to his adviser, who promised to arrange everything.

"Herr President," he said, "you can repose the most perfect confidence in me. Imagine me a kind of Colonel House, taciturn, farseeing, and discreet. In fact you may call me Colonel, if you will. It adds to the dignity of the situation."

"My daughter and I shall be disappointed if you do not stay to dinner, Colonel."

"With pleasure. There is much to be attended to. To-morrow I will assure myself that the car is in proper order for your use and that the driver understands what routes are to be followed when you go through the city. The Department of Public Safety was often very anxious during the reign of the Grand Duke. He went about with such reckless freedom, drinking at cafés, meeting ladies for supper—you will not compel me to elaborate the theme. It would be undesirable for your chauffeur to drive across wide open spaces, where bullets—but let's not be alarmist. It is only that I am personally responsible to the Department."

"There's rather a nasty place in the Red Room," said Guadeloupe nervously. "A window where people used to hide and shoot at the Duke. You might have a look at it." He crossed to the mantel and studied the bullet holes in the panelling. He was relieved to see them well above the level of his head.

"These medieval houses are just full of hiding places," remarked Cointreau.

Herr Guadeloupe excused himself to go and unpack his official papers. Nyla was a little uncertain whether she was in the position of the visitor's hostess or not, but his easy frankness made embarrassment impossible.

"Come," he suggested, "let's have a look round. What a stunning old place it is. This ballroom floor—perfect for dancing! We must have a little music presently. And the terrace—delightful place to cool off between dances. Something green, I was thinking—"

"Something green?" Nyla did not quite follow the quick transitions of the special agent's mind.

"For your frock. Something green, of an airy floating nature, would be the very thing for dancing. A few Chinese lanterns, not too many, strung here on the terrace. And, by Jove, how well a canoe would go on the moat!"

Nyla was wondering, a little uncomfortably, whether her quite modest wardrobe was chic enough to satisfy the exacting tastes of this connoisseur of modes. She was a charming figure as she sat on the old stone balustrade that bounded the terrace. The still water beneath reflected the pointed towers of Farniente and the great chestnut trees in the park.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "I don't think I have anything in green. You are a most versatile person. Do you undertake the millinery details for all the new republics?"

Her touch of irony, if it was irony, did not at all abash Cointreau. His enthusiasm was irresistible.

"Few of the republics, Fräulein, have such reasons for enlisting one's cooperation."

"I had no idea the League was so far-reaching in its organization."

"We try to give Service. You see, we've learned a great deal from the American experts who come to Geneva. One of the things Illyria needs just now is Publicity. We'll get some good photographs into the American Sunday papers; first thing you know the tourists will be coming here in crowds. That'll be good for trade. You see, your father will be busy with parliamentary affairs, he can't possibly think of all these other things. I want to help him all I can. . . . And help you too, Fräulein," he added.

Nyla was enchanted. The arrival of this attractive, experienced, and sophisticated gentleman, so eager to assume responsibilities, seemed to puff away the secret anxieties she had felt as to life at Farniente.

"I *do* want daddy to be a successful President," she said with girlish earnestness. "It's a terribly hard job. Of course his opponents in parliament are frightfully jealous, they'd do anything to spoil his record. He's so wonderfully simple and honest, he thinks only of the good of the country."

"Now don't you worry a bit," he reassured her. "We're all going to have a gorgeous time. You know, that lawn in front of the house would be just the place for some of the old Illyrian folk dances. I dare say we could get the chambermaids to put on their peasant costume and hop about. It would be just the thing to amuse any busybodies that float in from the Great Powers. Take their minds off the poor old florin."

A dim far-away pulsation had been softly discernible in the summer air; now, from the direction of the Pannonia Platz a burst of shrill music was unmistakable. It came nearer and resolved itself into the anthem of the Illyrian Republic. A young radical poet had sat up all night, during the recent Revolution, to put new ejaculations to an old national air.

"Oh," exclaimed Nyla, "it must be the Demonstration. Daddy thought he'd escape it by coming early, but they've followed him here. His supporters, and the interviewers from the Labor papers. He was hoping they wouldn't come until he'd got a little bit settled. If these people from the *New Freedom* and the *Folkvoice* find him surrounded by uniformed flunkeys I'm sure it'll be bad for politics."

"Quick!" cried Cointreau, his eyes bright with excitement. "This is important. Hurry upstairs, tell your father to put on his old clothes. Get that housekeeper person, what's her name, Innsbruck, to call the maids together and have them wear their native duds. I'll tell Romsteck to roll out a barrel of beer on the lawn. I'll keep the crowd amused at the front steps until your father's ready. Tell him to bring his pipe. Hurry!"

With a flutter of skirts Nyla fled across the terrace.

Herr Romsteck, already sufficiently agitated by the events of the day, was in the hall, wondering if the parade now advancing down the avenue of limes presaged another *coup d'état.* In the days of the Grand Duke gatherings of the rabble never approached nearer than the tall iron grille on the Pannonia Platz. The music sounded louder and louder, flags fluttered above the throng. He looked anxiously at the cheerful envoy from Geneva, who strolled in from the salon, smiling genially. Romsteck could not account for the presence of this unexplained visitor, but he recognized the manners of one accustomed to command.

"Romsteck," said Cointreau, "this is a jocund moment."

"Jocund, sir?"

"A great proletarian celebration. The innocent high spirits for which Illyria

was famous in the old days. Do you dance?"

"Dance?" ejaculated the major-domo, horrified at such flippancy. "Not in public, sir; far from it, sir."

"But you shall," said Cointreau firmly. "We shall all dance. It is important to impress the populace with our democratic simplicity. Geneva and the Great Powers expect it of us. For the sake of European concord, old son, you must lay aside that priestly dignity. We will have folk dancing by the housemaids on the lawn, and you and Frau Innsbruck shall lead the revels. Get busy. Hop to it, or you lose your job. Have the cellar man broach a cask of beer by the front steps. Tell the footmen to take off their coats and appear in breeches, with colored kerchiefs. Come and tell me when the President's ready, before he shows himself, so I can introduce him properly."

Cointreau's first words, as he stood on the front steps and gestured for silence, were a masterpiece of demagogic skill.

"Citizens," he said, "the President of the Republic—"

Cheers.

"Will greet you himself—"

Loud Cheers.

"As soon as he has finished his onion soup."

Terrific enthusiasm. The crowd enjoyed the allusion, flags waved, the bass drum was pounded, men shouted, women huzzaed, children squeaked.

"It would not be like Herr Guadeloupe to alter the established simplicity of his life because his fellow-citizens have put him here at Farniente to represent the Republic. He asks me to tell you that he wants this little celebration to be in the true Illyrian style. There will be cookies for the young, beer for the thirsty, and our old Illyrian folk dances on the lawn."

In all its long history Farniente had never witnessed a more cordial scene. The Illyrian instinct for popular merry-making, long repressed during days of disastrous war and political uncertainty, now blossomed in bright flower.

Cointreau kept the crowd together by a few cheerful and patriotic remarks until, just at the psychological moment, Herr Guadeloupe appeared, wearing a knickerbocker suit and puffing his pipe. The people shouted applause. Cointreau, taking a mouth organ from his pocket, led the band in another explosion of the national hymn. Guadeloupe, flushed with emotion, made a brief speech which was exactly the right sort of thing. His old knickerbockers and the pipe warm in his hand lent him that ease of mind so necessary to the political orator. By the time he had finished, each of his hearers felt that it was by personal favor of the Deity that he had been born an Illyrian. The cheers were deafening and the barrel of beer was unbunged.

Colonel Cointreau circulated helpfully in the gay rout. The humorous cantata of his mouth organ was heard wherever the mirth was thickest. Evidently his severe life as an international negotiator had not dimmed a simple human relish for comely females; he was seen footing an intricate morris with Lorli, Nyla's pretty tirewoman; he lined up the chambermaids to be photographed in their peasant dress amid much laughter and broad jest, himself slipping modestly away whenever a lens was pointed in his direction. When in the unusual exertion Frau Innsbruck burst some private reef-points and ruptured a garter, the Colonel was first to seize the tensile fragment and hail it as a tender trophy. It was so long since Frau Innsbruck's garter had had any publicity or been the object of competition or saltatorial strain that the housekeeper went moist and ruddy with pleased confusion.

"It's easy to see he's a real aristocrat," she confided to Romsteck as they withdrew from active participation. "He's as lively as the Grand Duke. I wish *he* were President." She had a vague feeling that with so sportive a person around there might, even in a Republic, be some

chance for the winsome intrigue that makes life tolerable to females. Even the scandalized Romsteck, gazing where Geneva's expert was now astride the beer-keg, hastening the flow by mouth-organ madrigals, had to admit that the Colonel had done much to enliven the party.

The President also was not far from the beer, cheerfully engrossed in talk with the reporters, who wore the specially professional look of those who approve what they have seen and are getting ready to write a favorable story for the papers. Nyla, seeing her father's air of satisfaction, was thoroughly happy. The Colonel insisted on dancing repeatedly; in these country measures he was agile rather than practiced, but there was a pleasant quaintness in his figures and he had a piquant habit of uttering enigmatic phrases.

"Never go in for politics without a mouth organ and a pair of rubber heels," was one of these.

"Rubber heels?" she inquired, the next time the pattern of the dance brought them together for a few moments.

"An American invention," he replied. "Very useful for statesmen."

Presently they retired to a corner of the lawn overlooking the water. From a distance they watched the crowd now beginning to disperse, Herr Guadeloupe gaily shaking hands, the enthusiastic citizens breaking out into little ripples of cheering.

"I don't know how to thank you, Colonel."

"*You* don't need to call me Colonel," he replied. "I just suggested that for your father."

"What shall I call you, then?"

"Let's wait and see. Something may suggest itself. You can begin with Gene, if you like. Short for Geneva."

"You've given daddy a wonderful send-off," she said. "I don't know what he'll do when you go back to the League."

"Oh, I shan't go back. They expect me to stay here and keep an eye on things.—On people, too," he added, looking at her with cheerful admiration. "I have quite an eye for the picturesque."

"Are you really an Illyrian?" she asked. "You're so different. Your accent—"

"I've been a great deal abroad."

There was a brief silence.

"You know," he said, "I had intended simply to make a daily inspection, to make sure that everything was O.K. But I can see that the situation is unusual. I believe it would be wiser to take up quarters right here in the palace. Then I should be on hand in case—well, in case I could be useful. Suppose you fell into the moat, for instance. The Department of Public Safety has to guard against all sorts of possibilities."

"But I can swim. Besides, I don't believe it's deep."

"We'll go out one of these days and see. There's an old punt down there that'd do for a canoe."

He vaulted lightly to a seat on the licheny old bastion and played a gay little strain on his mouth organ.

"We might compose a moating song," he reflected. "Something like this."

He improvised a few insinuating bars.

"A new kind of sea chantey, the moating song. Sentimental ditty: *If you and I were moating, Beneath the old château—*." He paused, hunting a rhyme. "Let's see, boating, coating, doting—"

"*And idling there and floating,*" she suggested.

"Good girl! Say, you're a poet. *And idling there and floating In our petit bâteau—*"

"*We'd drift about, not noting—*"

"*The taxes and the voting—*"

"*For pleasures beyond quoting—*"

"*Just you and I would know,*" he finished with delight. "Great stuff! We could write a new anthem for the Republic that'd beat that other one all hollow. Now let's get the music right."

"You said I ought to dress for dinner.

I'd better go and see if I've got anything to wear that you'd approve of. And if you're going to stay, how about your luggage?"

"Bless you," he said calmly, "it's here. I brought it with me. Tell old Rumpsteak to pick me out a nice room without any eastern windows. I hate to be waked up by the sun in my eyes."

The small wheedle of the mouth organ sounded gaily behind her as she walked across the lawn. The Colonel was perfecting his Moating Song.

VI

Nyla, whose acquaintance with men was limited, had never seen so unusual and charming a person. Colonel Cointreau's immaculate evening dress and his gay affable talk eased the embarrassments of the elaborate dinner table; even Herr Guadeloupe forgot to miss the onion soup for one evening. The Colonel complimented Nyla on her frock, patted her arm encouragingly as he escorted her to the dining room, and tutored the President in the choice of forks and spoons with such unobtrusive grace that no one could have been offended. Indeed, in another land one would have said that the Colonel had been raised from boyhood on the *Book of Etiquette* and Twenty Minutes a Day with the Harvard Classics.

After dinner Herr Guadeloupe was allowed to compose himself with his favorite game of patience, and three aces in the first row of cards helped to solace him. The Colonel, sitting with Nyla by candlelight on an old brocade sofa, remarked that the romantic and sentimental associations of Farniente were stimulating to anyone sensitive to such influences.

"History keeps repeating itself," he said, alluding to the gallant career of the Grand Duke. He was about to remark how beautiful the terrace would be in the moonlight when Romsteck brought in a telegram.

"Gott!" cried Guadeloupe as he read the message. "You're right. He's coming at once."

"Who?" exclaimed the others.

"The American. And not just a commissioner, a full-fledged ambassador. That means we'll have to put him up here, as a matter of courtesy, until he finds a house. Lord, I didn't suppose he'd come until we'd got straightened out. How can I explain that the new taxation isn't in effect yet?"

"You'll have to keep his mind off financial matters until things are settled," said the Colonel. "We'll give him a big dinner and a ball. We'll take him moating. We'll sing him our moating song."

"Do you speak American?" asked Nyla. "Daddy and I know very little."

"Enough to get along with."

"Well, you'll have to interpret for me," said the worried President. "Good God, I must speak to the Finance Minister at once," and he fled to Farniente's one telephone.

Even the imperturbable Cointreau seemed a little troubled as he read the telegram that still lay on the card table. It said:

Congratulations your inauguration united states congress voted full recognition illyrian republic hon ulysses quackenbush now in geneva accompanied frau quackenbush will proceed farniente discuss debt settlement quackenbush very influential united states probably eventual ambassador very important show all possible courtesies secretariat league of nations.

"Worse and worse," said the President returning a few minutes later. "He's coming to-morrow."

TO BE CONTINUED

"RINGSIDE SEATS"

A WOMAN AT THE BIG FIGHT

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

AT THE funeral games of Anchises the Trojan Dares was about to claim the heavyweight championship of the world by default when the aged Entellus, throwing into the ring the brains-and-gore-stained boxing-gloves of Eryx, challenged him. Lovers of the Æneid will recall how Entellus fell, to rise again and buffet the Trojan with such murderous rights and lefts that pious Æneas, as referee, stopped the bout. Dares, spitting out teeth and unable to stand, was dragged away by his friends. Both contestants presumably wore regulation bull-hide gloves well knobbed and studded with metal. They must have weighed considerably more than five pounds; and, indeed, the cauliflower ear, I understand, was even more common in classical times than now. There was, moreover, no adrenalin at hand.

An impression is made of many memories. Perhaps it was Dares and Entellus, perhaps the vast half-lit reaches of the Stadium, curbed to the familiar classic shape, perhaps the concentration of a hundred and forty thousand souls on the beautiful bared bodies of athletes—with jumbled memories of the terrible cestus, of the "pancratist's ear," of matrons barred from the Olympic games on pain of death, of the Circus Maximus, of "Reds" and "Greens" and "*habet*" and turned-down imperial thumbs: perhaps it was all these and more that pulled me so authentically back through time. Those white faces, massed tier above tier, beyond all counting, until the topmost parapet of the arena cut them sharply off from the lowering starless sky—surely, they dumbly affirmed, the spirit of this scene was a very ancient one. In spite of electric lights, and American slang, and hot-dogs, and field-glasses, and monotonous dark male clothing, I had but to turn my eyes away from the brilliant ring itself, half close them on that ordered multitude, to imagine that we were all the guests of Julius Cæsar. No, I have never felt, potentially, so much a part of the Imperial world. Except that this was far quieter—so quiet that it just might have been (between bouts) not the gladiators, but a new play of Sophocles that we were waiting for. A jumble, yes; but all a classic jumble.

II

There are a great many people who have a prejudice against prize fighting. I number them largely among my friends and kin. Such folk might overlook a man's going to a fight, because—as women all seem to know, especially the older women—there is, in the normal man, a residuum of brutality that no amount of association with perfect ladies (male or female) can quite reduce out of existence. A woman's going to a fight is another matter. They would quite agree with the old ruling about the Olympic games—no ladies except priestesses of Demeter (of whom, fortunately, there are none left upon earth) should be admitted. Accordingly, I took care not to tell most of my friends beforehand

that I was going to the Dempsey-Tunney fight. Some of them would have felt like accessories before the fact in a criminal case. If I had mentioned Dares and Entellus or the *pancratium*, they would have thought I was pretending. It was better they should be presented with a *fait accompli*. Perhaps I could come home and placate them by announcing that I had been quite sick.

I knew better, of course. Though I had never seen a prize fight, I knew better. If I had seen no fights, myself, I had talked with those who had. I suspected that this would be a great, grave spectacle, intensely interesting to the amateur, and presenting aspects of serious beauty to the tyro. The very tickets were grave—with their size, their stamped enormous price, their pictures of Dempsey and Tunney, their printed grandiloquence about "the heavyweight championship of the world" ("the world" settles it: you can't be bigger than that), the faint blue signatures of Tex Rickard all over them, as though to guarantee that every inch of this pasteboard was sacred. A cloud of governors, a bevy of millionaires, the Pennsylvania Boxing Commission, and the Liberty Bell would all see to it that there was no "rough stuff" or foul play. You do not offer rough stuff or foul play to a two-million dollar gate—to private trains, and proud specials from Pittsburgh, Chicago, South Dakota, and points west, puffing staidly on the West Philadelphia tracks. Through what brutal hells of blood-lust, what sordid treacheries of dope and fouls and "framing," in furtive sporting clubs and obscure bouts in the desert, a pugilist may have to lift himself (and lucky to survive) before he gets out into the Sesquicentennial Stadium and up to the big promoters, I am probably not aware. But one felt sure that the air would blow clean on this fight.

The tensity of a championship bout, as of any occasion that draws to itself, for its own sake, a vast crowd converging from great distances on the one event, begins long before the bout itself begins. Those human beings bring their own excitement with them, from east, west, north, and south; and as they clot together and the streams grow thick in the main avenues of approach, their own excitement is reinforced and multiplied. The nearer the fight, the more you feel it. At North Philadelphia the industry of America seemed to have stopped. The windows and doors of factories were crowded with faces; the station platforms uneasy and staring. I never made out just what it was, though I did hear porters saying "Tunney." Perhaps, we thought, his train had passed through from Stroudsburg. Later, we wondered if the challenger's airplane had flown over; perhaps he was even then being historically sick above the North Philadelphia station. Perhaps it was only a rumor of champion or challenger. Perhaps it was nothing—only a vague expectancy raying out from the ring itself and hypnotizing everyone on the direct route to it. The nearer you are the more you feel it, is true of any spot that is focussing the passion of scores of thousands. Things happen, even to you—even if you are only at North Philadelphia (in a factory window) watching the world channel itself in one direction.

Preconceived ideas are a general infection of middle age. Though by six o'clock the station and City Hall Square were crowded, the crowds—except that they were male, in very large proportion—failed to bear out any of my expectations. There was a total dearth of conspicuous clothing and fancy waistcoats; an almost total dearth of fat black cigars. Instead, there were binoculars, binoculars enough to supply every officer in the A. E. F. The hawkers in front of the station who urged you to buy seven-dollar glasses for fifty cents, as well as those who offered ringside tickets under the shadow of William Penn, may have done some business; but it looked as if everyone had brought his own field glass and his own ticket, and had left his flask, his Havanas, and his emotions at home. It was a perfectly

unremarkable crowd. You were shouldered and shoved by quietly active thousands. You were one of a multitude so drab and dignified that it lost all quality of multitude except sheer physical weight. Almost any crowd shows higher lights than this one. It lacked color, it lacked noise, it lacked even emphasis, and your nerves had to feel for its secret purpose. Except that it was moving relentlessly, unwaveringly southward, no purpose was visible or audible. Its very force was latent, tacit; you realized only that nothing short of an act of God would deflect that stream from its objective. In the Sesquicentennial grounds it flowed thickly on through the appointed gates (there was a spaced series of them) and you walked in the midst, compassed closely round with softly treading shadows that never turned to right or left to stare or shout or dally. The poor little lights of the Exhibition buildings were inadequate to illumine this mass, to pick out individuals here or there. Almost every crowd has "humors," diversities, to catch the eye. This crowd had none. Pouring through the darkness, it had no time for byplay. It was only going to the fight.

To one who from early youth has experienced "sport" chiefly in the form of Big Three football games, those hours from six p.m. to three a.m. were an amazing demonstration. I had come to believe that rowdiness, drunkenness, bad manners, maudlin emotionalism were inseparable from great crowds at a sporting event in the open air. Adverse critics, whether of college football or of professional baseball, usually attribute the vulgarity of the spectacle to the commercializing of the game. I had always helplessly supposed that commercialization was partly responsible, as well as the animalism latent even in respectable people when they have once turned into a mob. Yet there were three times as many human beings in the Stadium that night as I have ever seen at a football game—three times as much excuse for the loosing of herd-excitement. Nor was Mr. Rickard exactly giving tickets away, nor were champion and challenger—to put it delicately—fighting for nothing. Something like one hundred and forty thousand people present; two hundred thousand dollars for Mr. Tunney and something like seven hundred thousand for Mr. Dempsey—you really could not say either that the crowd was safely small or that no money was involved.

The argument that in "ringside" seats we were separated from the proletariat amounts to nothing; for we spent only two hours and a half out of some nine or ten in that privileged position. Taxis seemed to have disappeared from Philadelphia. We went from the station to the Stadium in a bus, and after the fight we milled in the rain with thousands, for an hour and a half, before we could even achieve a bus to return on. The station doors at one a.m. were shut against the crowd and the storm. We dribbled in, a few at a time; after half an hour, inside, of pressing against other gates, the compact mass of which we were a part catapulted us through into the train shed, the police protesting vainly. Sodden, we stood for another half hour before we could get on a train and, sodden, we fell into our seats. Sodden, among the sodden, we hitched along the obstructed tracks for an hour and a half. We were, for many hours, soaking, unsegregated, massed with the lesser and poorer fight fans, those cheap and brutal addicts to the sport over whom other people shake their heads. Just once (in the station) between six o'clock and quarter to four—nearly ten hours—I saw a man take a drink; never did I see anyone who had obviously had a drink; not once did I hear a bet so much as mentioned; not once did I hear an oath or any questionable language. Yet I have never experienced, or watched other people experiencing, a tenser excitement than during the big bout; nor have I ever been in a crowd that was suffering greater physical discomfort

than the crowd was suffering during the hours after it. In the Stadium itself the quality of the excitement might explain it; but what about the let-down afterwards? My husband and I confessed to each other that it would be a long time before we could again endure the vulgarity and rowdiness of a football crowd since now we had clear proof that they were unnecessary.

"The quality of the excitement". . . Even now, a week later—a week during which the memory of the whole occasion has hardly once left me—I am unable quite to define that quality. During the preliminary bouts, only one or two of which were keenly interesting, I turned my eyes frequently from the ring to the vast stretches of the arena, serried and stippled with faces. I have said that it stirred all sorts of incoherent memories and imaginings of classic scenes. As a spectacle, the high-piled, densely peopled Stadium, with its gamuts of light and darkness—shadowy where vagueness was needed, brilliant where strength and skill, terribly compressed into human form, were emphatically contending—was impressive and beautiful beyond foreknowledge. Yet by being other than they were, differently possessed, those thousands could have turned the place into a spiritual shambles, a great mortar in which you were brayed with unspeakable ingredients. Crowds are not beautiful . . . unless they are animated by a literally respectable emotion, unified by an intellectual as well as a physical interest. Hysteria, even in a noble cause, is a horrid thing. Perhaps the elaborate ritual of announcement and preparation helped—dignity, after all, is dignity wherever it be met. Perhaps people were awed by a superlative—the heavyweight championship of the world does imply a superlative. Certainly the absence of sentimental partisanships helped: it was a cooler, more reasoned interest. Professional sport has the advantage over amateur sport that people are more apt to be looking for excellence, unswayed by prejudice. (At least, it should have this advantage—I believe professional baseball does not bear me out, in practice.) There need be no Red Mist of Anger hovering over the benches.

It is hard to determine the nature of other people's excitement except through its physical manifestations. I know only that they were immensely and quietly concentrated: that ushers had no trouble in getting people to keep their seats and take their hats off; that any necessary shift of position was made as quickly and apologetically as possible; that everyone (it seemed) would rather die than shove; that ushers and vendors passed down the aisles crouched double, so as not to interfere; and that, while the big bout was on, the murmur of multitude did not prevent your hearing the occasional low speech of a man some rows away. People who have attended crowded athletic events will know what I mean when I say that no one made noises in his throat—there were not even those familiar guttural beginnings of emotional lapse. As no one, I fancy, has ever seen a hundred and forty thousand Lord Chesterfields assembled together—and certainly not at a prize fight—I could account for the manners, the quietness, the considerateness, the general decorum not by the quality of the people, but only by the quality of the interest that dominated them. Though there were plenty of thugs present, as the crowds afterwards bore witness, they were not illustrating thuggishness just then.

Keen concentration was no doubt part of it: it was all happening in a ring twenty-four feet square, and there was no possible dispersal of "effects"; there were only two men to watch; it was personal combat in its intensest form. For the initiate—presumably the majority—it was an entrancing display of "science" and speed which claimed all their vision, all their mental faculties; they could not afford to be distracted for a second from those lightninglike sequences.

Beauty also was part of it; to the tyro, a very great part. A year or two ago, I saw Dempsey do some exhibition boxing in a Broadway theater, and I remember being amazed then to realize that I had seen no such grace of motion since Nijinsky was dancing here with the Russian ballet. Shadow-boxing and the mere illustration of hooks and jabs and swings are of course not to be compared with the real contest with a real antagonist, when there is force behind the speed, and constant counterplay of gestures. There is no plastic beauty in football, none in baseball. There is beauty in lacrosse and in hurdling and pole-vaulting. But in none of these is there plastic beauty comparable with that of good boxing: two perfect bodies matched against each other, melting from attitude to attitude, grouping to grouping, a hundred poses succeeding one another with incredible speed—and the ultimate purpose of it, triumph and the lifted arm. They dance, they spar, they clinch . . . and every instant reveals to the eye some new aspect of art or strength. I have ever preferred statues to pictures; there is something in the validity of three dimensions that comforts my soul. And infinitely better is the statue released to motion, its poses incalculably varied and multiplied.

Impossible to explain *that* to people preconvinced that boxing is all physical brutality and—therefore—physical ugliness. "But how could you stand it?" wailed one friend of mine; "didn't you have to see *blood*?" I knew then that I could never explain. "Do you know how long a round lasts?" I asked. "No," she shuddered. "Well, it only lasts three minutes, and they wash 'em off in between." To such evasive crudity I was reduced.

III

The Battle of the Century appears to be the mystery of the ages. It is not for me, in my ignorance, to sustain or to challenge anything said by any sporting editor in the land. I do not know what "happened"; or why Gene Tunney was able to beat Jack Dempsey. I keep, unperturbed, my own deep sense of the spectacle; and no hashing over of the fight, in talk or in print, can alter one jot of the impression which was, that night, forced upon me. Of necessity, my own reactions to the bout were only æsthetic and psychological. If it was, for me, a great experience, that was simply because I had never before been a tiny assisting unit in so impressive a spectacle. Someone once told me, concerning the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, that it was like watching a Greek tragedy. His words came back to me in the arena, where I was duplicating his internal comment. So subtly are we wrought upon by the rest of any audience of which we are a part that, unless we are in open and deliberate revolt against our fellow-witnesses, we partake in the common spirit of the occasion. I do not know if anyone else was saying to himself that it was like watching a Greek tragedy; but there was nothing in the surrounding atmosphere to contradict my own mood. In feeling the event to be like that, I seemed to be agreeing with a hundred thousand people around me.

I do not for an instant mean that to those spectators the defeat of Dempsey was a personal distress. The newspapers, I believe, said it was a Tunney crowd. Around us sympathy was evenly divided. If it was like a Greek tragedy, that was precisely because messy partisanships seemed to be absent. As round succeeded round, and Dempsey came no nearer landing a knockout blow, incredulity seemed to be swallowed up in impersonal awe. One could do nothing; one's muscles made no attempt to stir in sympathy with either athlete (which of us has not impotently tried to help a half-back down the field?); one's throat was dumb. The event was beyond all petty worrying, beyond all impulse to change or forestall it. There were no tears in it except the universal "tears of things." Whatever was happening had to happen: you were only

watching. You might as well protest an Æschylean catastrophe. It was like seeing a doom fall from the very hands of the Parcæ. That, in part, is why I confirm again the Greek tragedy comparison.

The protagonist, too, was a symbol, or the event would not have been tragic in the impersonal, classic sense. No matter what they say of Dempsey now, the majority of sporting writers and boxing fans said earlier that he was the greatest heavyweight fighter of our times. I have no means of knowing whether this is a true estimate or not, and for my own purpose it does not matter. True or not, the crowd believed it. The Dempsey legend hung heavy over the whole arena. Whatever they hoped, they believed him invincible. The moments just before the champion entered the ring were almost intolerable in their weight of expectancy. They were the only moments in the Stadium I would not willingly live through again. Tunney climbed through the ropes, debonair in his gaudy bathrobe, and there were cheers a-plenty, but the general tension did not slacken. I heard a young man, some distance away from us, murmur to his companion—low and painfully, as if breath came hard, "You just watch—when Dempsey comes—he'll come into the ring looking just like a gorilla." If you had to wait much longer for Dempsey, blood vessels would crack, everything would go dark. . . . Not quite for eagerness to see the fight; rather, because Dempsey himself was, to most of them, a superlative, something that had nothing to do with human averages. No one had seen him in the ring for three long years: he *was* a legend and had taken on legendary proportions and gifts; the exaggeration of myth was about him. They might call him in words the "Manassa Mauler," but the tone said "Achilles." It is ill waiting for lightning or earthquake, a portent or a revelation. He came, at last,—at the proper moment, no doubt; and if Shakespeare had been writing it, he would have made the rain begin—as it did—when Dempsey entered the ring.

For a person with no technical knowledge to describe a fight, even a single round of a fight, would be more than folly. It would resemble the insolence of the local vet's wife who analyzes Shakespeare's Sonnets for her woman's club. Experts pronounced themselves on both subjects, too copiously, too long ago. What, then, was the spectacle that transcended one's ignorance and fed one's intuitions for forty fleeting minutes? For one had no sense of not knowing what was going on; and if one was bewildered, so were all the gentlemen who had no time to smoke. I have read, I think, square miles of "dope" about the fight, yet I am precisely where I was, that night, in the dripping Stadium.

What one saw, with one's unenlightened eyes, was Tunney, infinitely tall, his half-inch advantage expanded to a cubit; Tunney and his long arms swinging right and left to Dempsey's ducked head; Tunney wide-mouthed and panting, but perpetually dancing round the champion, forcing the pace, and only once (or so it looked) clearly frightened. Tunney's tall ugliness (as Henry James would have put it) and his flailing arms. And Dempsey? Dempsey, whose face, lowered at Tunney's breast, you seldom saw; Dempsey with his bull-necked crouch, weaving, bobbing, closing in—but always the shade too slow, his half-inch longer reach not counting; Dempsey "flat-footed" and dancing not at all, robbed somehow of the speed that makes strength fatal; Dempsey ineffectual, but terrifying, portentous, to the last gong-stroke, so that, for thirty counted minutes, you were expecting him, the next instant, to explode from that crouch, and kill. If ever human figure looked invincible, that figure was Jack Dempsey's; and in the later rounds (prolonging themselves incredibly beyond the fifth, which most people had taken for the ultimate) one felt that invisible burdens must be laid upon him,

great weights that no scales could register, no officials detect.

I have been accused of being a Dempsey fan; though just why it is an accusation, I do not know. Certainly, if I felt any pallid partisan desires, they were all for Dempsey's victory; but I have never had the opportunity to become a fight fan, and my pugilistic sympathies are, veritably, neither keen nor profound. I felt during the fight, no more than, and no differently from, the Tunney supporters at my right hand. The same bewilderment paralyzed us all. Every man and woman there must have been asking the tacit question, "What has slowed Dempsey down?" I believe anyone who had never heard of Dempsey would have asked, that night, the same question. Dempsey, in the ring, spoke for himself, defined himself, illustrated, to any eye that watched him, the quintessential gladiator. *Numen inest.* You might know nothing about it, be less than the least reporter, but you felt, with every internal muscle, a classic strength deprived of speed, a perfect engine somehow ill-fired. "A great ox stood upon my tongue," says the Herald in the "Agamemnon." A great ox seemed to be checking Dempsey with unseen hoofs and breath. For he looked, each moment, as if he would co-ordinate that strength with one tremendous impulse and knock out the challenger. If, after the fifth round, you no longer quite expected it, that was from a dim, *a fortiori* logic—if Tunney had stuck it as long as that, he might go on sticking it; and, clearly, he was hitting home far oftener than Dempsey. Even to the last round, one looked for the natural fulfilment of the strength and science that were Dempsey. But the speed never came back.

If I shut my eyes, regarding the bout once more with the simplifying, foreshortening gaze of memory, I see three things—Tunney, standing clear of Dempsey from the chest up, swinging rights and lefts to Dempsey's head; Dempsey, crouched and ferine, weaving, weaving, searching Tunney's body vainly for the appointed, vulnerable spot; and Dempsey, coming from his corner, those last times, dripping with rain and looking as blind as the Cyclops. I am no expert; but that is what I seemed—eternally, yet so briefly—to see. That is how, to the untrained eye, it looked. And no one believed any of it—any more than I did.

Vachel Lindsay has long since refused to read in public his poem called "Boston." You may remember the constant refrain of the uneven stanzas:

> And John L. Sullivan
> The strong boy of Boston
> Broke-every-single-rib-of-Jake-Kilrain

(Was that the fight that went forty-five rounds? I do not remember.) I used to think that poem was quite as near as I cared to get to a prize fight. Though the rhythm carries you, in spite of yourself, they are reeking lines. And no doubt their suggestion is right. Boxing, very likely, *is* a brutal business. Referees stopped two of the preliminary bouts, on this occasion, because one of the fighters was so clearly outclassed that to continue it would have been like letting John L. Sullivan break every single rib of Jake Kilrain. Perhaps, among other things, it was the more perfect matching of champion and challenger, the greater science displayed, that permitted one to forget Vachel Lindsay and hark back to Atropos. Certainly, as I have reiterated, the setting helped. But I believe that the classic quality, the awe, the tension, the helplessness derived from a deeper, more personal source. If Dempsey's defeat was like, as I have so tediously repeated, a Greek tragedy, it was neither because Dempsey was passionately beloved nor because all fights are like that. None of the preliminary bouts was in the least like a Greek tragedy. That the quality of inescapable doom, the suggestion that the Fates themselves were mixing in this matter, the curious enlarging of the fight from "sport" into a more poetic issue,

the injection of symbolism into the effect produced were directly due to Dempsey, I think none could deny. If, for example, Gene Tunney, later, should fight Jack Sharkey, these graver and nobler elements, I feel sure, would be lacking. I watched Dempsey, round after round, a crouching, ducking, terribly weaving figure, battered about the head, forced to the ropes, recovering, following, pursuing, swollen-faced, bleeding; and in the teeth of defeat I could see why he had been a legend. Someone behind us was whispering at intervals, as if in a private agony of prayer, "Just one blow, Jack—only one blow—it's *all* you need, Jack—*only* one." Some Tunney fans directly in front of us checked up each round with stammering amazement. When the announcement of the decision finally belled over the Stadium, they clasped one another in delight—with just a touch of boyish consternation. No man is invincible, the Manassa Mauler or another, and seven years is, I suppose, a fair length of time to hold the heavyweight title, which is, in these days, a property of youth. Even Dempsey had to be defeated sometime, and all these people had sense enough to know it. Many of them, no doubt, hoped to see him lose his title that very night—by a knockout. All champions go through the Arician cycle:

> The priest who slew the slayer,
> And shall himself be slain.

If this was different, there was a reason; and that reason lay, I believe, in Dempsey himself, as I have said.

For the world likes (though it seldom gets) its types complete. Dempsey was, to the eye of contemplation, the Platonic idea of a heavyweight fighter, the perfection of a type, one thing supremely and nothing else. Apart from being a beautiful boxer, Tunney was, to the common vision, a thug like another. Several times, psychology prevailing, in my interest, over sport, I focussed the present champion's "fighting face" through my good German glass. No man's fighting face is pretty, I need hardly say, and I was not looking for beauty. I was looking for some quality, some emphasis, that always evaded me: it was not there. Tunney was what the French call *quelconque*. "He might be a gasoline salesman," I sighed to my husband as I gave over the search. But not Dempsey, whose ferocious face and beautiful body alike suggested nothing but the great gladiator. He was, you would say, engined, created, fashioned to be that, in its perfection; it was the original purpose of him from the beginning of the world. Not one element of him betrayed it. There was nothing *quelconque*—vague, indeterminate, drably indefinable—about him. The prize fighter may not be one's pet type—it certainly is not mine—but, as I say, the world likes its types, whatever they are, perfect. Dempsey might have been the primal matrix from which all great fighters are struck. He was complete enough to be a symbol; and when a symbol ceases to symbolize, it is like a death. The man who told me that the Carpentier fight was like a Greek tragedy—youth, grace, beauty, gallantry going down before brute strength—added, "And it was *right*. If Carpentier had won, it would have been logically wrong; you would have been happier, but your intellect would have been outraged." This time the case was other. I have noticed that, even now, when everyone knows that Tunney did beat Dempsey, there seem to be comparatively few people who believe that Tunney can beat Dempsey. It was a decision according to fact, but contrary to nature. One must square facts with nature somehow, or the brain reels; and this fact could be thus squared only by the law of the Arician doom. Whether Tunney or someone else, it did not matter; sometime or other, that symbol of strength, because he was only a man, had to be proved mortal and subject to the processes of decay. Therefore, one had the sense that, as I say, the Fates themselves were mixing in the matter. Perhaps the boxing fans are right, and

Tunney cannot beat Dempsey—only did beat him, for the high cosmic reason that legends are weaker than laws, and the Immortals concern themselves periodically with proving it to us.

IV

It may be that I poetize it too much. As we surged slowly, thousands of us, out of the Stadium, we saw a single fan seated among acres of empty benches, watching the last bout going on in the downpour. He was fat and genial, and the rain slid down him on every side in shining arcs. "Want your money's worth, don't you?" someone sang out to him across the wet expanse of bleachers. "Sure," he chuckled; "I've been here all night and haven't seen a knock-out yet." He obviously did not consider that he had witnessed a Greek tragedy.

Yet something, for hours to come, laid a finger on foolish lips. Something kept the crowd in general from swearing, during that night of discomfort, when the rain was searching their very bones. Something kept the packed, motionless herd in the station, the weary restless crowd in the train, from any discussion of the fight; kept them from protest or vaunting or comparing of notes or exchange of "dope." I incline to think that it was what kept us, until at five in the morning we achieved dryness, warmth, and comfortable beds, exalted, tense, and silent. I think that they had seen a classic drama, though they knew only that they had seen a fight.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN

A STORY

BY GRACE SARTWELL MASON

MR. BOWMAN, upon emerging from the fog and beholding a distant river with the figure of a man standing upon its dim bank, felt profoundly astonished. He felt also a marked relief.

"Well, I'll be jigged!" he thought. "So I didn't die after all."

It was twilight, drawing in to a bleak night. Mr. Bowman became aware that he was chilly. He suspected that his feet were wet and he looked down at them in some anxiety. He saw that the deep grass of the meadow in which he stood was already bejeweled with silvery beads of moisture from the river fog; his coat was likewise decorated from his journey through the dark wood behind him.

Mr. Bowman had a catlike distaste for wet feet. "Keep your feet dry and your head cool," was one of his favorite maxims. When he made his famous trip round the world he wore a red-flannel stomach band the moment he reached China. He always put on his woolen socks the first day of October, rain or shine. After his wife died his autumns and winters became quite embittered through the wicked inability of his laundress to wash woolen socks as woolen socks should be washed.

"I should have brought a pair of my woolies," thought Mr. Bowman.

Then he caught himself up. "Should have brought"—? It sounded as if he were on a journey, and he knew perfectly well he was not. Why, only an hour or two ago he had been giving his hat to Marie, the cloak-room girl at Louie's. It was his cook's night off, and he had said to himself, after reading the paper and listening to the radio for awhile, "I'll just drop down to Louie's for a dish of his steamed clams."

Clams? With a swift expression of fright Mr. Bowman put his hands to his stomach. He remembered something. A pain, a regular humdinger of a pain. It had come just as he was about to pay the dinner check—fortunately he had not yet put the money on the waiter's little tray. All at once, with his hand reaching for his pocketbook and one of Louie's best cigars in his mouth, it had leaped upon him, that pain.

Standing there in the darkening meadow Mr. Bowman could see again, like a cut-back in a motion picture, Louie's private office, with Louie's face bending over him solicitously. "There, now, Mr. Bowman, you'll be all right in a minute. Drink this, Mr. Bowman. The real stuff. Fix you up as good as ever, in a minute, sir."

But apparently the real stuff had lost its potency, for Mr. Bowman recalled the little red light in the roof of the ambulance and the callous voice of a white-coated young man discussing with the driver that afternoon's regrettable performance of the Giants.

"Cheeky young whipper-snappers," thought Mr. Bowman indignantly, "right over my head. And me lying there half dead."

At this last word Mr. Bowman stiffened and stood stock still. He had been

solicitously regarding his wet boots, and now he began slowly, very slowly, to raise his head. The movement was reluctant, for a suspicion had begun to dawn upon him. Hit in the face by this new thought, he did not wish to look about him. He would have preferred to keep on gazing at his boots, which he was acquainted with. But he was impelled by some force he could not resist to raise his head, to turn his eyes slowly from left to right, to look behind him.

There it loomed, the wood through which he had just now made his way. He called it a wood—but was it? The trees were taller, they reached upward toward a vaster sky than any he had ever seen. There was about them a dark rigidity that made them appear like a great wall carved out of basalt. If he had indeed made his way through that black wall, it seemed doubtful if he could ever find that way back again.

Moving his head rather quickly now, he turned to survey the distant river and the wide twilit expanse leading down to it. The grass was of that peculiar livid green seen sometimes before a storm. The river lay without a ripple, full between its low banks. It, too, was of a curious color, a gray, morose river except for an occasional saffron streak reflected from the evening sky. Its farther bank was lost to Mr. Bowman's eyes in an impenetrable fog.

But it was no aspect of the landscape that caused the deadly sinking at the very pit of Mr. Bowman's being, and the fluidity of his knees. It was something about the man who stood on the river's brink. He paid no attention to Mr. Bowman. He turned a shoulder toward him and seemed, as he leaned on a sort of staff or pole, to be bored. And yet part of Mr. Bowman's painful suspicion was a conviction that this gentleman waited for him.

Now Mr. Bowman had never lacked courage nor a reasonable belief in his own importance. And at this juncture he called upon these useful qualities. "Let him wait," he muttered, not too loud, but loud enough. And he threw out his chest a bit.

But even as he did so one foot moved in front of the other in the direction of the man on the river bank. It was perhaps this involuntary movement more than anything else that pressed home to him his disconcerting suspicion. And as he moved along, dragged unwillingly down through the darkening meadow by his own feet, Mr. Bowman somehow knew that the game was up. Those clams of Louie's had done for him. He had indeed—in spite of all he fervently wished to believe to the contrary—died of them.

After the first shock of this discovery Mr. Bowman did not feel so badly about it as a few hours earlier he might have expected to feel. He looked a trifle rueful, and possibly his knees were not quite steady, but he merely said to himself, "And so this is—"

What? He looked again about the wide sloping meadow and drew upon a scant vocabulary derived from a forgotten course in mythology, "The Elysian Fields, mebbe!"

And that river? The Styx, of course. He sighed, made a valiant movement of his shoulders and resumed his course toward the river. "Well, anyhow, I know where I am."

He had plenty of time for reflection, for the meadow was wide and he walked very, very slowly. There was one consolation—he really had lived a pretty decent life, had harmed no one, had been a good father to his two children, a kind and faithful husband. At this point he brightened somewhat, for he remembered that Susan would be waiting for him. That was one of the things Susan had promised. Not only during her last illness, but frequently during their fifteen years together she had said, "If I go first, Henry, I will wait for you."

He reflected that Susan had always been a great one for keeping her word. Besides, she would feel sure that he would need her to guide him, to show him the ropes of that new place. That would be a job Susan would delight in.

He moved a trifle more briskly now, his eyes fixed on the figure of the tall man who awaited him. "I don't quite get that fellow," Mr. Bowman thought uneasily. "I shan't know what to call him. There's no one to introduce us."

The light had been rapidly waning, and now as Mr. Bowman watched him, the waiting stranger stretched himself, looked at his watch, and lighted a street lamp close at hand on the river's bank. Then, leaning against the lamp-post, he took from his pocket a folded paper and began to read.

It was immensely reassuring to Mr. Bowman as he drew nearer to see over the stranger's shoulder the familiar headlines of his favorite evening newspaper. It gave him so much courage that he said good-evening in quite a firm tone. The tall man turned, surveyed him with no enthusiasm. "You're twelve minutes late," he said.

"Sorry," murmured Mr. Bowman.

The man nodded toward the river. "You can go sit in the boat if you want to."

Mr. Bowman, looking down, saw that a craft resembling a Thames punt was moored just at their feet. "Thanks, I'll wait," he said politely.

"Suit yourself," returned the other man. "The other one's due in a minute or two." Then he returned to the reading of his newspaper.

Mr. Bowman fidgeted on the bank of the river, disregarded, for ten minutes. They were the worst ten minutes he had yet encountered, for a depression, damp and clinging, with none of the stimulating qualities of fright, settled upon him. His feet were wet. He was going to a new place which quite possibly he would not like, even with Susan to manage everything for him, and he felt much less than life-size. But it was not so much these things that saddened him as a new conviction that he had been cheated out of something.

He had always put behind him the dim suspicion that in his existence he had not found quite what he wanted, not quite what he had expected. But now all at once this suspicion became a certainty, and it was unbearable. For now it was too late to do anything about it. It was this too-lateness that now depressed Mr. Bowman so dreadfully.

He glanced quickly at the man under the lamp-post. If he put it up to this fellow right, perhaps he would let him go back to try it all over again. . . . But even as the thought came to him it perished. There was no encouragement in the fellow's face. It had that peculiar disdain and defensiveness common to the faces of hotel clerks, assistant cashiers of banks, and theater-ticket sellers, common in fact to the faces of all folk who think highly of themselves, are underpaid, and have to listen to questions twelve hours a day.

As Mr. Bowman turned away in despair from this discouraging face, his eyes caught a movement among the shadows of the meadow. Someone was faltering, as he had done, down toward the river. In spite of the semi-darkness he soon saw that it was a woman. Glad of any diversion he watched her. Although her figure melted into the darkness of the wood behind her, he felt sure that she was tall and slender, and almost immediately he knew that she was afraid.

One of the nicest things about Mr. Bowman was his capacity for instant sympathy. Let him stop for five gallons of gasoline and a quart of oil at a strange filling station, and in two minutes the man at the pump would be telling him the story of his life. It was a trait that had often annoyed Susan. "How can you waste your time listening to them?" she would exclaim.

But Mr. Bowman could not help it. He liked people. Especially when they were in trouble. And so now, having come through it so recently himself, he became acutely aware of this woman's state of mind. It was just not possible for him to stand there watching that woman being forced to advance alone through the dark meadow toward some-

thing she was so shrinkingly afraid of. Impulsively he took a few steps toward her.

"It's all right," he called. "This way. Don't be afraid."

At once, with a movement of relief she changed her course and came down to him. When she had come close to him he saw that he had been right in calling to her; she was panting with fear. He touched her arm reassuringly. "There! It's all right—at least, I think it's all right. I only just arrived, myself. But really, I don't think there's anything to be afraid of."

"Oh!" She drew a long quivering breath. "I'm so glad to hear a human voice. Thank you for coming to meet me. That gentleman down there . . . I've been wondering . . ." She drew closer to Mr. Bowman until they were rather like two persons in a corner at a tea party discussing another guest. "Do you think that he is—er—" She lost her courage and whispered.

Mr. Bowman looked a trifle shocked. "Oh, I don't think he's either. I think he's just the man that runs the boat."

"You mean to say you've been here some time and you haven't found out who he is?"

"It didn't seem important," confessed Mr. Bowman. "But, anyhow, I think he was waiting for you."

"For me?" She looked much interested, and thus lost her last trace of fear. She even touched her hair with her fingertips to make sure that it was in order. "Then, if that is true, I shall introduce myself. Come."

Greatly admiring her savoir-faire, Mr. Bowman followed her toward the man who continued to read his paper under the lamp-post. When the lady said good-evening, he folded the paper, put it in his pocket, and returned her greeting rather more politely than he had spoken to Mr. Bowman.

"I am Mrs. Robert Kilmerding," she smiled, with her head a little on one side. Mr. Bowman became convinced that she was charming.

"Of East 68th Street, New York City," asserted the man of the lamp-post.

"Yes! How ever did you know?"

Without further words the stranger took the paper again from his pocket and offered it to Mrs. Kilmerding, folded at a certain column headed by one brief and solemn word. Mrs. Kilmerding recoiled from it. "Oh, never mind," she sighed. "I understand. Well! Here I am, anyway. And may I ask your name?"

"Charon."

"Ah, yes. I might have known. Mr. Charon, this is Mr. . . ."

"Bowman. Henry Bowman."

Mr. Charon acknowledged this introduction with the briefest of nods. "Let's get off," he said. "You were both late. Sit there, Mrs. Kilmerding"—he handed her to a seat in the bow, indicating to Mr. Bowman the middle seat facing her. He himself stood in the stern with a long punt pole. The fog began to slip past them. They moved forward slowly. They were launched upon their passage of the Styx.

Mr. Bowman could not refrain from wishing that they could have made this journey in the daytime. Sunlight would have made it easier to talk cheerfully, and it would have been interesting to look ahead and watch the approach of the Celestial City—if indeed that was what they were bound for. But in this dense fog nothing of the scenery could be made out except the sullen water slipping past. A smoky torch illumined but fitfully the face of his fellow-passenger; and their guide, Mr. Charon, was only a bored, enigmatic shape poling them casually toward Mr. Bowman knew not what.

It was evident that these depressing thoughts of Mr. Bowman were shared by Mrs. Kilmerding, for he saw her gaze appealingly up at the unencouraging figure of the man Charon. This movement reminded Mr. Bowman of a small girl looking up at some unsympathetic person who is leading her to the dentist, and it touched his heart deeply. When Mrs. Kilmerding again turned toward

him he smiled at her as reassuringly as possible. She leaned forward.

"Do you mind," she whispered, "sitting over here with me?"

He did not mind; in fact he felt distinctly comforted himself by her nearness. They were able to converse in low tones. The shadow of Mr. Charon's slowly sweeping arm passed over their heads and fell across the gunwale. They felt assured of his complete indifference to their conversation.

"I'm awfully glad I hadn't to make this trip alone," said Mrs. Kilmerding, striving for a light tone.

"Ah, and so am I!"

"Not that I'm afraid, exactly, of what is ahead of me," she added. "I'm not an awfully *good* person, but on the other hand I've never done anything really wicked. Perhaps, to be strictly truthful I ought to say I never had much opportunity!"

She gave a small involuntary sigh, and suddenly Mr. Bowman felt at ease with her. He looked around at her eagerly. She had put her elbow on her knee and cupped her chin in a meditative hand.

"D'you know," he said, "just before you came along I was thinking much the same thing. I was sort of looking back over my life, and I said to myself I hadn't much to be afraid of. I'd never done anything really mean or bad, but how did I know that wasn't because there was never any particular reason for me to be anything but decent? I mean, life was always fairly good to me. My folks were not rich but they could send me to college easily. I married a fine girl I'd always known. My business prospered—I'm in the coffee-importing line—I mean, I *was*—"

He stopped abruptly, but recovered himself, laughed, and went on trying to tell her about that odd sense of having been cheated out of something by this premature journey. "It seemed to me that for most of my life I'd been looking forward to—something. I was just a young fellow when I married, and our two children came along early, and there was a good bit of buckling down to do. In those days I'd say, 'When the children are in college,' or 'When I've made my pile'—you know! I don't know exactly what I expected to happen, only I certainly did expect *something*. I guess I sound queer?"

"No, no," she breathed. "I understand exactly what you mean. I think life was rather like walking through a thick wood. You knew that all around you there were lovely trees and interesting vistas, but they were crowded about you, and you were so busy cutting a way through underbrush that there was no time to admire the trees or to look down the vistas. I imagine moles are like that when they come up for a moment and slip through the garden beds. They're blind from digging; they can't see that the larkspur and gentians are blue above them."

"Exactly! That's the way it was. There I was digging away—why, if anyone had told me that to-day I'd be *here* . . ."

"But there wasn't anyone to tell us. That was the sort of way I lived too. There wasn't a day that I didn't have the thought that sometime, just around the next corner, I should begin to live. Oh, why didn't I know? Why didn't I stop, one of those days, and refuse to go on with my stuffy blindness? Why didn't I cry out loud that pretty soon it would be too late, and so right then and there I was going to be happy, I was going to love and dance and see how beautiful the world was?"

She hit her knee sharply with her two clenched hands, and Mr. Bowman felt his eyes stinging. She voiced so perfectly his own regret!

"Well, now, perhaps—" he tried to comfort her—"perhaps you'll have another chance."

"Maybe, but it won't be the same. I can't get over how full the world is—*was*—of lovely things I never did."

"Me, too," said Mr. Bowman. "I remember I always wanted to learn to dance the tango. But before I got around

to it the tango went out of style. And anyhow, Susan didn't care for dancing . . ."

He stopped short in some confusion, for it had occurred to him that he had completely forgotten one source of comfort in this situation—Susan. Susan would be there waiting for him. He turned to look behind him, into the fog, as if he might already catch a glimpse of his wife waiting, a trifle impatiently perhaps, for her tardy husband. Susan had tried for fifteen years to break him of the habit of being twelve minutes late for an appointment.

Seeing the movement, Mrs. Kilmerding too looked over her shoulder. "I don't see anything, yet," she murmured. "Have you any idea where this man is taking us?"

Mr. Bowman felt suddenly lighthearted. "I know where he's taking you—to Paradise. I'm not so certain about myself, but perhaps I might sneak in under a corner of your cloak."

He could see her smile through the darkness. The far-away torch in the stern showed him that her smile was wide and full of a sudden frank gaiety. "If they try to separate us I shall just take you by the hand," she declared. "Didn't you come half way up that dreadful meadow to meet me? I'll tell them about that."

"You can tell them we're neighbors, too. I lived for twenty years on East Seventieth Street."

"No, not really? And I lived on Sixty-eighth! How amusing. We must have passed each other dozens of times."

Suddenly in Henry Bowman memory stirred and quickened. He turned toward her eagerly. "Look here, did you have a dog, an Irish setter, with one white foot?"

"Yes. Why, yes! That was old Silver."

"And did you wear a sort of blue tam-o'-shanter?"

Her laughter rippled delightedly. "A horizon-blue poilu cap! My husband didn't like me to wear it. He said it wasn't suitable. So I wore it only when I took Silver out. Imagine your remembering! Where did you see me?"

"You were coming through Seventieth, going toward the Park, leading the dog. The wind was blowing. Your eyes . . ."

He did not go on.

"That must have been the Autumn of 1918," she mused. "For that was when my brother in France sent me the poilu cap."

"Yes," he asserted. But his tone was absentminded, for an odd thing had happened to him: he had seen himself in the midst of a certain moment of his life as clearly as he had ever seen another human being.

He saw himself on the stairway of his comfortable house in East Seventieth Street, coming down to breakfast. At a turn in the stair he could look through the door at the end of the hall and see the breakfast table, the coffee-urn, and Susan sitting behind it, waiting for him as usual. He was twelve minutes late. Susan, who never wasted time, was making out lists and schedules—a schedule of the day for the cook, one for herself, one for the butler, and a list for her husband. "Order cannel coal. Make appointment with dentist. Meet Cousin Martha Grand Central Station 5:15 train from Albany. Buy new evening ties."

Some such list as this she handed him of a morning. Systematic Susan! All her days ordered and planned, tied up neatly with little schedules and lists. All his days ordered and planned, tied up neatly and handed him by Susan!

That morning as he dressed he had glanced out of the window, then he had gone to it, opened it and sniffed the wind. A shining autumn morning. And out of it something had flown into his blood, an uneasiness, a sense of missing something. Coming down the stairway, just as he made the turn and caught sight of Susan, her head bent over her schedules, this teasing sensation mounted to his head with a rush. Most queerly and

unexpectedly he clenched his hands, he ground his teeth. He could have thrown up his arms and cried aloud with despair, with a deadly boredom. Instead, he stepped quietly down the remaining stairs and slid out of the front door.

And there he stood, an inconspicuous, prosperous man of forty, at the top of his own scrubbed brownstone steps, in front of his own polished brass knocker. He surveyed a world that was suddenly quite new to him. The sky, when he tipped back his head to gaze at it, was immense and merry, bluer than any sky he had seen since he was a boy. The narrow, oblique view of the Park across the Avenue was singing, shining with autumn leaves that flew about like bright birds. And the street itself, his well-known street, was shining with light. It was empty except for one other person.

She was advancing toward him, on his side of the street. She had a chestnut-brown dog on a leash, and both of them were running, skipping. The sun shone on the dog's satiny coat and on the gay face of the woman. She was youngish, slender, in a dress the color of an autumn leaf, and the gallant blue cap sat on the side of her head carelessly. The wind blew her skirts ahead of her until she looked like a slim yacht.

Just as she reached the foot of his brownstone steps the dog pranced round her, winding her up in the leash, and she laughed aloud. Her eyes shone with a light that seemed to come from within her, from some deep well of youthful, imperishable gaiety.

And Mr. Bowman knew, for an instant, before he became confused again, what it was he had missed. The knowledge filled him with dismay. He backed away from it toward the safety of his own front door. But it had locked itself behind him, and he was obliged to rattle the knob.

"What in the world are you doing out there?" cried Susan, with the slight edge of disdain she felt for all unpremeditated action. He could not tell her, for indeed he scarcely knew.

But now, sitting here in a shadowy punt, on a shadowy river, he recognized a significance in that long-past moment. It left him breathless, marvelling.

"You . . . do you remember," he stammered, "ever having seen me before?"

"No," she returned regretfully. "Did you see me more than once?"

"Only once. But is seemed to me . . . you're sure you didn't see me that day standing at the top of my steps?"

She shook her head. "You see, those mornings when I took Silver out were rather special occasions. I was not supposed to take the dog out, myself. The second man had his orders to do that. But I loved doing it—it was a sort of—escape. I used to slip out early, while Robert was doing his exercises and reading his chapter, and get back in time to pour his coffee. He wouldn't have approved of me if he had seen me running races with the dog or scuffling through the fallen leaves. But I had to have those few moments; I had to!"

There was a certain urgency in her voice, as if she lived over again an old conflict. "I wouldn't have you think I wasn't happy, in a way, with Robert," she went on. "It was only that, somehow, so much of the time I felt as if I were—smothered. The house and the servants—Robert had them all trained long before I married him—sometimes seemed to be all on top of me, pressing me into a tight corner. A dull corner. I think perhaps that was it—the dullness. Nothing unexpected could possibly happen. Everything was too carefully planned. Robert—"

"Did he make lists?" The question burst out of him.

She stared at him and then suddenly laughed. "Lists! How did you know? They were everywhere! Pinned to a board in the butler's pantry. On my dressing-table. Lists to remind me what to do during the day, whom to invite, what to buy, what to read. Lists! It

seemed to me I should die of them. I'm not certain I finally didn't."

He said nothing. He understood too perfectly. And she aroused herself with a sigh.

"What I mean is that my spirit, my very *own* self, just quietly curled up and finally went into a sort of coma. It was only when I slipped out in the early mornings that it came awake. It's absurd and exaggerated, I know; but I used to have the sensation, when I closed the door behind me, of something bursting out of a dark cage. Those mornings the outdoors seemed twice as big and twice as bright as at other times during the day. I can't describe it. I used to feel as if I must leap and hurry, I must laugh aloud, for the time was so short . . . so short. . . ."

He sat speechless, marvelling at the way she put into words those moments of his life when he had had that same sense of wasting precious time. Marrying, fathering children, attending to Susan's lists, making money—surely, surely there was something else, something of which he had caught a faint aroma, like a flowering bush passed by in the dark.

Suddenly he found himself thinking a word. Love. So that was the answer. Love.

"I have never been in love," said Mr. Bowman, slowly, heavily.

He felt his companion move sharply, he knew that she had put her two hands over her face. "Don't, don't!" she whispered. "Nor I!"

It seemed to Mr. Bowman ironical that they had had to die, to come to this cold gray spot to speak of so glowing a thing. But he did not linger over the thought, for here was a woman in need of comforting. He touched her shoulder. "Somehow I can't help but think you're going to have another chance," he repeated.

She dried her eyes. "You *are* sweet," she smiled. "Do you think we might ask this Charon person about our chances in—in that place we're going to?"

"No harm to try."

They turned with one accord and looked at their ferryman. They were surprised to find that he was standing quite still. His arms were not moving, the long pole trailed idly in the water. Had he been listening?

"Look here, brother," called Mr. Bowman, "where are we expected to land?"

"What sort of a place is it and what do you call it?" asked Mrs. Kilmerding.

Charon started. "Huh? Oh! It's called different names," he said gruffly. "I believe you call it Heaven."

Mrs. Kilmerding sighed, perhaps with relief. "What is it like—Heaven?"

It seemed to them that Charon smiled. "It's like what you make it." Then they knew from the obstinate look of his left shoulder that he intended to say no more.

So they fell to discussing their own ideas of that place beyond the bank of fog. They compared notes on what they had been taught about it. And they discovered that they had a vague, mutual picture of much gold and pearl, of the music of harps, and a general decorous idleness.

"I wish I dared to ask him," whispered Mrs. Kilmerding, "how the people who are to meet one know when one is to arrive."

"Do you expect some one to meet you too?"

She looked at him in surprise. "Why, yes. Didn't I tell you? Robert."

"Oh. You didn't say that he—that he had—"

"Yes. About three years ago."

They fell thoughtfully silent. Finally Mr. Bowman sighed. "That will be nice for you."

"Yes. Yes, indeed." She absently trailed her hand in the gray water. "Robert was like that—he thought of everything. He was not ill very long, but he knew from the first that he was going to—to come to this place, and he assured me over and over again that I needn't be afraid when I came to make

the journey, myself. He would be there, he said, to tell me exactly what to do. He liked to think me helpless in new places. He never allowed me to travel anywhere alone. Sometimes, I used to wish—"

She did not finish the sentence, but Mr. Bowman understood quite well what she used to wish, for he had wished it sometimes, himself. Just for a day, for twenty-four hours, to be lost, to be accountable to no one, to be as invisible as air, and as free. Once he had, on an impulse, as he was passing the Grand Central Station on his way home gone in and taken a local train to a place he had never heard of before. He had got off and wandered up a lane between two cornfields. At a break in the fence he had gone in and sat down among the drowsy grasshoppers and the inconsequent crickets. And he had hugged to himself with foolish glee the thought that no one in the whole world knew where he was. He played with the thought that he might stay there until the moon came up and then walk on through the night until he came to a lamp-lit inn where in front of an open fire he would partake carelessly of something forbidden, like a Welsh rarebit.

He now told Mrs. Kilmerding about this brief fantasy of his. She laughed delightedly. "And did you?" she cried.

He shook his head. "No. When I came out of that cornfield I looked at my watch, like a fool. It was just twelve minutes after our dinner hour, and I knew that Susan would at that moment have begun to walk from the window to the telephone. In five minutes more she would begin to be nervous. So I just legged it for the railway station and caught the next train home."

"You would," sighed Mrs. Kilmerding. "You are incurably kind."

He disowned this compliment, and they fell to arguing about when a kind heart ceased to be kind and became merely a feeble spirit. In the stimulation of this conversation they did not observe at first that the fog about them was losing its grayness; it was becoming suffused with a soft radiance that seemed to come from the sky behind them.

Mrs. Kilmerding was the first to notice this phenomenon and she caught her breath quickly as she looked over her shoulder. "Look!" she whispered. "Can you make out something—something like towers or minarets?"

Mr. Bowman turned to stare. It seemed to him that quite near at hand but still veiled by the fog, which was now more of a silvery mist, there was indeed something looming up, something like the skyline of a city seen just before dawn.

"You're right," he said quietly. "I think we'll be there soon, now."

Their eyes met. There was a certain amount of awe in them, but there was also something else, a long, long question.

Words that he wanted to say, which he felt it of the utmost importance to say, crowded Henry Bowman's mind. A sort of despairing urgency caused a panic-stricken flurry within him. But not a word could he put his tongue to. He could only sit there, looking sidewise down at the hands of his fellow-passenger.

They were clasped tightly, and as he stared at them they wrung themselves together. That was enough to make him forget himself at once. He leaned over and put his own hand over hers; they were small and cold and wet.

"There's nothing to be afraid of," he said soberly. "I shall stay with you until you—find Robert."

She looked around at him, and he was startled to see that the tears stood in her eyes. "I know," she whispered. "It is afterward I am thinking of."

Henry Bowman had scarcely taken this in, he had scarcely recognized the leap of his own heart at these words when the craft jarred softly under them, and Charon ceased his sculling. "I think we've beached," whispered Mrs. Kilmerding.

Somewhat slowly Mr. Bowman turned his head. He could see that the boat's bow had been run in among green rushes

that were dotted by the tall stalks of stately unknown flowers.

Charon leaned at ease on his long scull. "Watch your step getting out," he said. Taking this hint they stood up, and Mr. Bowman assisted Mrs. Kilmerding to land. He jumped down after her. The ground was firm under his feet. They stood there rather awkwardly, waiting for their guide himself to land. When he had done so Mrs. Kilmerding offered him a polite hand.

"Thank you for a pleasant ride," she said faintly.

Mr. Bowman likewise made a mannerly adieu. "Which way do we go from here?" he inquired when this little ceremony was finished.

He felt justified in asking this question, for as Mrs. Kilmerding shook hands with their guide he had noticed that even the dim outline of the city they had seen from the water was nowhere visible in the rosy mist. Neither was there any path at their feet. There was the silvery beach, a flowery meadow rising beyond it, but between them and their goal was a bright mistiness.

The man Charon merely waved his hand in the general direction of the upper meadow, and they moved off. They exchanged no words for some moments until Mrs. Kilmerding with an effect of cheerfulness said, "I suppose we can't go wrong. There's no path. But at any moment someone may see us and send on word we've arrived, don't you think? I can imagine Robert sitting up all night, waiting. He's like that. And you say that your wife—"

"Oh, yes. Yes, indeed. Susan was always keen about meeting trains and things. I wonder if they rope off the people who've come to meet one, the way they do in the Grand Central Station?"

They both smiled at this feeble sally, but in a moment they fell into another thoughtful silence. The light was growing clearer and brighter. In front of them the meadow rose to a low ridge, from beyond which a faint radiance was spreading, a radiance less obvious than sunrise and more promising. They pressed upward toward the top. For his part, Mr. Bowman was convinced that when they had topped that ridge they would see a shining concourse of persons advancing out of tall gates to meet them. Leading the procession would be Susan. Dear Susan, he reminded himself, so prompt, so efficient, so splendid in every way.

And Robert, Mrs. Kilmerding's husband? He felt a sudden skepticism concerning Robert's presence in that shining throng. He had taken a dislike to Robert the moment Mrs. Kilmerding mentioned him. "Domineering fish!" was the way he felt about it.

He stole a glance at his companion. As if she too expected something from the view at the top, she had assumed a bright expectancy. But her profile as she lifted it was almost stern in its firmness. Mr. Bowman's throat felt tight. Suddenly he knew that it had grown inexpressibly dear to him, that profile. His step lagged. Humbly he caught at the scarf-end that floated from her shoulder.

"Look," he muttered, "no matter what's on the other side, you won't leave me, will you?"

She was a step or two above him, so that she had to look back and down at him. This brought her gravely smiling eyes on a level with his. She regarded him for an instant intently.

"They're waiting for us, so we have to go on, you know," she said gently.

"I suppose so. But—"

She shook her head at him in reproof, but her lips were tender, and suddenly she caught his hand and tucked it under her arm. "Come on, my dear," she whispered.

Thus they came, walking more and more slowly, to the top of the ridge. Just before they reached the top their eyes met, as if in farewell. Then they turned to look down.

To their speechless astonishment there was nothing below them. That is, there

was nothing save a peaceful landscape with an apple orchard and the charming chimneys and rooftree of a small house tucked away in it. There were no stately gates, no shining throng, and most remarkably, no Susan, no Robert.

But there was something alive in the middle distance of that landscape. At first it was a mere brown flash among the trunks of the apple trees, but in another instant it was the satiny beechnut coat of a dog. It came leaping upward toward them, laughter written in its eyes.

Mr. Bowman felt that he really could not bear the moment that followed. It made him want to weep the way Mrs. Kilmerding caught the dog in her arms, the way her voice broke as she called out his name. "Silver! Darling, darling Silver!"

After a moment he lifted her to her feet again. They looked at each other with a trace of embarrassment. "We must have taken a wrong turning."

It was the only possible explanation, but they felt confused, as if someone had played a joke on them. "Let's go back to the river and ask that man Charon what he means by misdirecting us," cried Mrs. Kilmerding.

The three of them went down through the meadow toward the mists of the river. When they came upon the ferryman he was having a quiet smoke in the bow of the boat. He did not look in the least surprised at their reappearance. He took his pipe out of his mouth. "So you're back," he said.

"There was not a single soul to meet us," reproached Mrs. Kilmerding, "unless you count old Silver."

Charon vouchsafed them an ironic smile. "I could have told you that if you had asked me. Why should there be?"

"But—but my husband, and Mr. Bowman's wife?"

Mr. Charon's eyebrows conveyed a vast indulgence.

"Look here, my man," cried Henry Bowman irritably, "it's all very well to be superior. You're an old resident and we're strangers. And what we want to know is just this: where—is—Heaven?"

The man Charon merely looked from Henry Bowman to Mrs. Kilmerding. But his glance seemed to lead Mr. Bowman, unresisting, along a straight, clear path. It was not a long path, for it ended at the feet of Mrs. Kilmerding. And in her face was everything Mr. Bowman had missed—tenderness and gaiety and the spice of wonder. There were the unknown paths he had longed to follow, the dances he had been afraid to dance, the youth he had given up too soon. There were the dreams he had not confessed, the tiny words too foolish to use, the impulses of his spirit too straitly forbidden.

Smiling, Mrs. Kilmerding slipped her arm through Mr. Bowman's, and in the greatest contentment they made their way once more up through the flowery meadow. And the dog, lolling out a happy tongue, ran in front of them, as if he too knew the way to Heaven.

PORTRAIT OF AN OLYMPIAN

BY ROLLO WALTER BROWN

IT IS difficult to think of Charles William Eliot as a human being. He was some sort of remote superman, was he not, who lived and acted quite beyond the scale of ordinary mortals? His years stretched well through three-quarters of the nineteenth century and quite through the first quarter of the twentieth. Only six of the twenty-nine Presidents of the United States had completed their terms of office before his birth; he had lived three years before Victoria became Queen of England; and he was almost ready to enter college when gold was discovered in California.

He lived when matches and sewing-machines and reapers were being invented and perfected, and when manufacturers were trying to put rubber shoes on the market and keep them there; when there were no railroads to speak of, no telegraph, no practical use for electricity, no scientific laboratories in the colleges, no surgery worthy the great name; and when a confessed belief in man's ultimate ability to talk over a wire or to fly in the air was often enough sneered at as proof of insanity. But he lived also when aircraft were circling the North Pole; when men were talking not merely over a wire but through the ether; when surgeons were performing the most delicate operations on limbs and brain; and when scientists were looking through solid substances with a new light in a way that in his early life would have been regarded as a defiance of the Creator. To the young who look upon the Victorian Era as just within the horizon of history, and who cannot remember the sky when there were no airplanes in it, the mere span of his life seems little short of eternity.

In like manner there is a seeming limitlessness to what he accomplished. He helped to develop the entire current system of elementary and higher education in America; he was prominent in establishing the beginnings of what today is regarded as modern medicine and modern science; he was the chief instrument in changing his own institution from a provincial college to one of the important universities of the world; he participated in every struggle in behalf of greater respect for human beings from the days of negro slavery to the fight for a World Court in 1925. Between eighty and ninety, when most men are in their graves and forgotten, he was in the thick of the struggle for all sorts of great causes in American life. In that last decade alone he published one hundred and ninety-two articles on important questions—and writing for the press was only one of his many means of making himself felt!

Little wonder that this record should amaze his contemporaries and disciples! But is there not something interesting in the human being from whom so much has emanated? Just what manner of man was it who experienced so much and contributed so much? If the record itself is astounding, might there not be something deserving of brief consideration in the personal method and the personal life of the man by whom the record was made?

II

It is not possible to approach an understanding of President Eliot without bearing in mind that, despite his persistent activity, he was much alone among men. It is true that his loneliness changed in quality as he passed through the succeeding phases of his life; but he never escaped it. Despite his intimate and loyal friendships, he somehow was a man apart.

In his earlier years—in truth, until he was well past what many men regard as middle life—his loneliness was that of the fighter who has the odds against him. In his later life, when the long stretch of years had healed the wounds of battle, he often spoke with mock-seriousness about those combative days: "No, I was never lonely; I always had a fight on my hands!" But when he was serious, his reference to them was different. "Can you fight?" he asked a young professor who had gone to him with a disconcerting problem.

"Why, yes," the man replied; "that is, I think I can."

"Can you fight when you are in the minority?"

"I have done so occasionally."

"Can you fight when everybody is against you—when not one man is ready to lend you support?"

"I am ready to try it if necessary."

"Then you need have no fear. But if you have convictions it will sometimes be necessary to do no less."

His willingness, even readiness, to engage in combat was stimulated by at least two sets of circumstances. In the first place, there was something in his appearance in youth and middle life—and to a lesser degree in old age—that induced antagonism in certain people. He was near-sighted—"no oculist has ever been able to procure for me full vision"—and moved about with head aloft in seeming disregard of other people; and the prominent birthmark on the right side of his face distorted his upper lip into a suggestion of superciliousness. For some reason, boys on the Boston Common enjoyed "belting" this aristocratic, arrogant-looking contemporary, and—perhaps for the same reason—he enjoyed giving them in return everything the occasion required. In college he was known for his persistence and his toughness of fiber. As a young tutor at Harvard he was known for the same qualities. One year, among the undergraduates there were not enough oarsmen to make up a crew for the City of Boston Regatta on the Charles. So they called upon Eliot—there seems to have been no occasion up to that time to invent eligibility rules—and he responded. He was tall and slender then—according to the records of the regatta he "weighed in" at one hundred and thirty-eight pounds—but he did his full share in winning the six-mile race—"six miles with three turns"!

Concerning his power as a teacher there were different opinions. But by the time he was thirty-five—he was then professor of chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology—it was proposed to make him president of Harvard. Much opposition developed. Some of his opponents said that if he were made president they would henceforth have nothing to do with the institution. He would wreck it with his over-aggressive, cold-blooded methods! There was doubt as to whether his nomination would ever be confirmed. At the very same time his wife lay dying. Heartbroken and alone he walked the streets, caring little whether he was made president or not. But his appointment was confirmed.

When he assumed the presidency he seems to have made every effort to reveal the catholicity of his views. His inaugural address—October, 1869—would still constitute an excellent school for college administrators. But the situation which confronted him in his new office called for heroic treatment, and he was not the one who would hesitate to administer it. So with a reputation already established for en-

joying a fight, and with a situation at Harvard that required many changes if the institution were to command the respect of the world of scholars, he very soon had a worse reputation for pugnacity than he had before he took up his duties. Many, to be sure, found assurance in his clear-sighted activity; but when the professor in the Medical School asked him why so many changes had to be made, and he replied, "There is a new president," many others were only convinced anew of the high-handed methods the new president meant to employ.

So he moved about in a world that was chiefly hostile. "In all the early part of my career as a teacher and an educational administrator," he said in an address before the Massachusetts Historical Society a few months before his ninetieth birthday, "I was much engaged in controversy, not to say combat, and that at home as well as outside Harvard. In all my public appearances during those years, I had a vivid sense that I was addressing an adverse audience." At home many of the members of his own faculty derided him and his educational schemes; students—some of whom later were made members of the faculty and became his staunch supporters—enjoyed poking at him the kind of fun that carried a sting; and in the outside world pretty nearly everybody welcomed an opportunity to make him a target. "One of the painful recollections of my life," one of his lifelong friends once said, "was to see men lying in wait for him and assailing him whenever he appeared in an educational meeting." To all the other reasons for denouncing him, the friends of Yale added yet one more by showing how Yale had not—at that time—adopted Eliot's pernicious system of letting college students choose their own course of study. Wherever he went he was grimly serene in the consciousness that most of the people around him were at heart his opponents.

That he was able to survive this stormy period—which reached into the last decade of the nineteenth century—may be attributed to two or three qualities of his character. He was tenacious. In his later years he confided to younger men that he believed much of his success in combat resulted from his ability to turn aside at once when he was utterly blocked, and take up for the moment some simpler struggle where the promise of victory was greater; then, when he had learned more strategy and had regained confidence in himself, to return to the major struggle, often enough greatly to the surprise and consternation of his adversaries. When he was once convinced that the idea for which he struggled was an essential one he did not often accept defeat.

Another quality which enabled him to survive was his loftiness. He did not become embroiled in little affairs. He insisted that every struggle in which he participated should be conducted on a high level. There was nothing insinuating in his method; he was not afraid to carry a position by frontal assault. He abhorred cunning, and he did not need it; for he was strong. Once after a lively session of the Harvard Board of Overseers, he good-naturedly reprimanded one of his friends on the board, "Why did you not come to my support when you saw so many against me?" The friend replied, "It was such good fun to see you flatten them out one by one, yourself."

In such struggles he was generous in hearing opposition and was ready to be convinced by it. But whether or not he was convinced, he gave his opponents a full hearing. When he advocated that college students under certain circumstances should be allowed to graduate in three years, he met strong opposition in the faculty. Whether he was moved wholly by a generous fairness, or partly by a boyish readiness to give every advantage and prove that he could still win, he gave the opposing members the use of the university printing press in order that they might have

every facility for combating his cherished scheme. . . . It must have been only his high sense of fairness; for at the end of the year, with these men's destinies in his hands, he promoted some of them to full professorships.

When men came close to him, moreover, whether as opponents or as allies, they found in him another quality which added to his ability to survive. He was, despite the casual observation that he was a hard and cold New Englander, a man of profound emotional experience. He suffered deeply when he suffered, and he enjoyed deeply when he enjoyed; and he had the great range of sympathy which goes with depth of feeling.

Early he was left with a family of children by the death of the first Mrs. Eliot, and for some years—some of the stormiest of his public career—he had to be not only president of Harvard, but father and mother in his own household. Then he met the spirited and beautiful Miss Hopkinson who was to become the second Mrs. Eliot—and he proved to be just as aggressive a suitor as he was a college president. How could it matter what the watchful ladies of Cambridge thought? He marched erect and in full view along Garden Street carrying a bouquet of flowers to the fascinating young creature!

She was beloved by her friends as a singer of unusual charm and as an irresistible mimic. When she became the second Mrs. Eliot she had her part in developing qualities in her husband that the less discerning had failed to detect in him at all. They began the day by singing: by singing hymns; by singing—according to veracious guests—the most orthodox hymns! They rode bicycles together—until President Eliot was well past seventy. They entertained their old and young friends in great simplicity and in great good humor. On Christmas Eve they welcomed the Harvard students who were so far away from home that they had to remain in Cambridge over the holiday season. No one who was a guest at one of those evenings can forget the group that gathered round the fireplace, with President Eliot warming his hands in rapt silence, Mrs. Eliot beaming with sly good humor, and Charles Eliot Norton, stooped with age into a great curve, reading with restraint and beauty the Gospel story of the birth of Jesus.

Mrs. Eliot put him through the paces of a happy, objective, and not too serious life. To the end of her radiant days she whimsically corrected him when he did not see according to her standards of humor. After the international celebration of his ninetieth birthday he was recounting with delight all that had taken place at the meeting. "But do you know, I couldn't hear a word of Peabody's prayer." With sunshiny humor Mrs. Eliot observed, "He wasn't speaking to you, dear!"

Beneath the austerity which his years of combat accentuated, she knew him to be full of the great tenderness once so generally ascribed to women. When stern college discipline was required he could enforce it; but he often did so with tears in his eyes. On one occasion when his conscience told him that he must support one of his deans who had dismissed from college the son of a widow who appeared at the president's house in her son's behalf, he finally withdrew from the conference. Later Mrs. Eliot came to explain that he was so moved he feared he could not talk. He was a sound sleeper; he boasted in his old age that he could go from the stormiest debate late at night and be lost in sleep in a few minutes. Yet occasionally when he arrived at University Hall in the morning he admitted that he had been unable to sleep for thinking about the tragic misfortune of young So-and-so.

That he was able to survive his long period of combat is not, then, mysterious. Most men are chicken-hearted; a tenacious man overawes them. Most men who undertake a struggle lose themselves in bickerings and in hot debates over non-essentials; a man who keeps his

head high and refuses to turn aside to enjoy the transient satisfaction of putting his adversaries in the hole, very soon finds that his fellows are looking to him for guidance. Most men expect an adversary to be without sympathetic understanding; a man full of tenderness for fellow-mortals—unregenerate though many of them be—takes away their cherished basis on which to oppose him. Sometimes it becomes an honor to know such a man, even if the acquaintance has come through opposing him.

III

"Do you suppose anybody ever called him Charley?" one man asked another as they talked about his serene loftiness at seventy. Perhaps, they thought, the second Mrs. Eliot may have done so, since she was always taking liberties with him. Still, as they turned the question over, even that seemed improbable. He was too much of a lawgiver to be thought of trivially. These two men had the greatest affection for him—one of them, greater affection than for any other man he had ever known—and they turned to him for counsel on every sort of problem. Yet they found it difficult to think of him as anybody's intimate.

Their feeling revealed the position occupied by President Eliot in his late middle life and earlier old age. His full height, his magnificent gray head, his deep, sensitively modulated voice, his firm but easy bearing, commanded profound respect. He had fought through many stormy years, and had developed a circumspect manner of looking at things. He had come to possess a rare capacity for disengaging not merely the essential things, but the things that give life its color, its bloom. So, despite all else that he did in this period, he came to be looked upon as a very august man who stood in a high place and dispensed wisdom on many matters. Not that he refrained from entering energetically into the affairs of the hour! But it was not in his character to participate in anything as a mere equal. He participated as a benevolent St. Bernard would enter into the play of puppies. Wherever he chanced to be, he towered above his associates.

Many people said he uttered commonplaces as though they were oracular. His adversaries—and he still had plenty of them—protested that he thought himself infallible. They invented such pleasant instances as "President Eliot says, 'I think it shall rain this afternoon.'" They asked if there might not be found somewhere one tiny instance of his being very, very slightly in error. Nevertheless, it is doubtful whether any man continued to be consulted on so many diverse matters. The education of little children; the best places to invest small sums of money; the merit of this or that long manuscript—on chemistry, philosophy, education, poetry; the thing to do when the son of a millionaire marries the daughter of a boarding-house keeper in Cambridge; the internal affairs of China; the training of ministers of the gospel; freedom of speech; the education of the negro; landscape architecture; the study of music and art in colleges for young women—with countless matters of such variety his days and much of his nights were taken up.

When he dealt with such matters there was in him a trace of the impetuous warrior, but of the warrior who has fought his way to a point of vantage. He stood in good-humored composure before a hostile audience of laborers in Faneuil Hall—the chairman promised punishment for any delegates who indulged in catcalls while President Eliot spoke!—and explained just why he was opposed to picketing. He dealt with the picturesque, electric Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, precisely as a vigorous grandfather would spank an obstreperous ten-year-old boy. He stood before theologians and told them of the religion

of the future and why it would "make Christ's revelation seem more wonderful than ever to us." He prepared—with aid—a five-foot shelf of books which he said would provide a liberal education for the men and women who mastered them. When architects and building committees could find no suitable inscriptions for public buildings and other monuments, he provided something lofty and enduring.

In truth, the great dignity and gravity with which he said everything led many to believe he had no sense of humor. He had. Often he revealed the subtlest humor. But, as Dean Briggs once observed, his humor was "unreliable." He was not pliant in the hands of a given occasion. There was sometimes a chasm between what the occasion would seem to call for and what President Eliot actually uttered. When a brilliant young scholar, about to be added to the teaching force at Harvard, was led to him for presentation and was fearful that his scholarship might not bear the unwonted strain, President Eliot bowed, and with grave serenity said, "I am very happy to meet you. But you are not large."

"No," the young teacher admitted, "I am not very large."

"Are you vigorous?"

"Why, yes; I believe I am stronger than my size indicates."

"Do you take exercise in the open air?"

"Yes, I walk several miles every day."

"It is a very excellent thing for a young man to do. Good-morning!"

But with all his top-heavy seriousness, men came to recognize in him the elements of greatness. He had rounded into that period of active life when a man's contributions are beginning to stand revealed—if they are probably ever to do so. Men began to sum him up, to speak about what they had seen him do. They had seen him change the Harvard Medical School from a careless institution where students attended instruction only four months in the year and were obliged to pass in only five chief departments out of nine—there are recorded instances where the graduates actually killed patients through professional ignorance—into one of the important schools of the world. They had seen him convert the Harvard Law School into an institution of which an eminent foreign jurist said, "It is without equal in any land." They had seen him, an amazing judge of men and a person unmindful of petty enmities and prejudices, surround himself on all sides with scholars of distinguished ability and great personal power. They had seen him become a strong ally in the development of a more adequate education for women. And atop all, they had seen his despised elective system—despite all the abuses to which it is open—go to every part of the country and become a means of liberalizing men's thinking.

There were, moreover, less official achievements. He had enforced upon the world a theory about the sacredness of every man's work; a ditch-digger might become a "minister" if only he put enough character into his digging. He had been the chief American figure in making parents and teachers and school committees see that a boy experiences vastly more of the educative process when he works at a subject in which he delights. He had given to religion a new vigor through abundant fresh air, and to science a touch of the sacredness of religion. He had been largely instrumental in winning the fight for greater social health throughout the country. He had become the accredited daily illustration of the effect of a serene spirit on physical health. And he had with great labor established in men's minds one thought which all the intolerance of a post-war period cannot wholly dislodge; namely, that professors in universities must have the right not merely to think but to express their thoughts; that the way to develop a great university is not to badger men into playing safe, but to place faith in their loyalty to the high pursuit of truth.

Could anyone except a great man

make all these contributions—and many more? Those who once ridiculed him and his ideas did not now protest when he was referred to as "the first citizen of the state," and later "of the nation." Why should not men turn to him for counsel? Merely a glimpse of him as he walked erect and at peace with his own spirit was enough to reveal an extraordinary man. A student who had gone to Cambridge from an obscure village in a remote part of the country said, a dozen years after, that it was worth all the money he ever spent in Cambridge just to see President Eliot come from the little red-brick house on Quincy Street, glance about in the morning sunshine with the admiring reverence of a child, walk to University Hall, respond with amused but benevolent dignity to the salutation of the negro boy who gathered cigarette stubs, and then, very erect, mount the steps and disappear in the building.

There was another informal proof of his accepted greatness: men were beginning to use him as a justification for reasonable conduct in daily affairs! "I was a sophomore," a man said twenty years after college, "and I had a sophomore's notions of what constituted fitness. I would not have been seen crossing Harvard Square with a package of groceries in my arm for any sum of money. In the course of the long vacation I chanced to be in Cambridge. The day was sweltering. Just before lunch time I passed the large grocery store formerly in the Square. I heard a familiar voice and looked up. President Eliot was coming from the door with an enormous watermelon under his arm. He moved off in the direction of Quincy Street. At a distance, I followed. Half way home he put the melon down against the roots of an elm, took out his handkerchief, and mopped his brow and cheeks. But he did not rest long. Evidently somebody wanted that particular melon for lunch. So he lifted it to his arms again and moved on toward the house.

"Nothing that Harvard College ever did for me was worth half so much as that five minutes of President Eliot's life. For he knocked out of me all the nonsense there was in me—and there was a great deal!"

Yes, there had been changes since the days when every audience he addressed was an "adverse audience." If by chance he paid the street-car fare of some Italian woman who had lost her nickel—as any man might be expected to do—the incident was good for several inches of space in the newspapers. People liked to say that a Symphony could not begin without him. And to have him present at a wedding was scarcely less an honor than being married in the presence of the Pope!

Yet there remained in him a lofty inscrutability that discouraged intimate approach. The multitude did not try to hobnob with him. They wanted to see him, but they were content to peer at him through the wrought-iron fence of the College Yard. Even among the graduates of his own university, among men who now respected him, admired him, and sometimes loved him, there was an inclination always to appoint a committee, or name a delegate, to bear their greetings to him. He was a very wise, very good man, they felt, and he could offer the most acceptable counsel to be found anywhere. But it was not easy to feel that he entered instinctively into the everyday tribulations of his less sternly self-disciplined fellows.

IV

As he traveled majestically into his latter eighties, the loneliness he experienced was of a new kind. The "adverse audience" of his youth had given way to an eager audience; the restraint of a public that admired his wisdom but never sought to become intimate with him gave way to warmth and an affectionate pride. Yet he was lonely.

He was still a fighter; he still gave out oracular wisdom; but he was a mellow old man who no longer aroused antag-

onism or induced restraint. A few people, it is true, maintained an attitude of bitterness toward him, and still contended that he was the greatest single disintegrating force in American higher education. But the overwhelming majority looked upon him as a prophet; or if not a prophet, at least one of truth's very high priests. Men delighted in his benevolent attitude toward everyone and—some of them—were ashamed to think that they had not discovered it before. They pointed to him as the great example of a man who could change his mind with scrupulous honesty if he thought the evidence warranted it. He stood before an audience in the First Parish Church of Cambridge—when he was eighty-nine—and stated that all through his forty years as president of Harvard, and for many years thereafter, he had believed that a layman should not represent the church publicly. But in view of the present needs of the church, he had become convinced that he had been wrong, and he wished to make a declaration of his change of belief. He decided that, despite all the good fellowship and poetry surrounding the use of wine—he had as president always served ice cream and sherry at the traditional meetings of the Divinity School faculty—it were better as a social-health measure to have national prohibition; and he was heard without being called either a Puritan or a fanatic. All else was lost in admiration for a man who could change his mind when he was nearer ninety than eighty.

In this period he ceased to give all of his thought to the future, and became pleasantly reminiscent. More than that, he confessed one day to his oldest associate in the Harvard community that he enjoyed the experience. He welcomed undergraduates to his house and told them about the early days. Occasionally he accepted invitations to sit with them in their own informal meetings, and delighted them by the hour.

As he turned more and more to his past, he found that other men were doing so—affectionately. One day a visiting lecturer at the university passed Memorial Hall on his way to lunch, and noticed many automobiles parked on every side. He slipped into the theater and found President Eliot—then nearly ninety—standing before a large audience, his head aloft, his hands clasped, and his thumbs moving steadily, while he discussed a problem in education. The visiting lecturer had not talked with him for a half-dozen years. So at the close of the meeting, while President Eliot waited twenty minutes for an automobile that was to carry him to a luncheon, the two sat alone on the stage in the high-vaulted, quiet theater and reviewed many matters. When they were ready to go, President Eliot said, "My age has affected my knees just the least bit; so if you don't mind, I believe I'll take your arm while we go down the steps."

They marched down the steps together and toward the exit, the visitor proud to have the magnificent nonagenarian firmly grasping his arm. As they stepped out into the sunshine, the visitor said to him, "When I was a student I used to enjoy seeing you on your way to work in the early morning, and I often thought I should like to tell you. Of course, I never did; but I want to tell you now."

President Eliot smiled, bright-eyed with a pleasure the visitor had never seen expressed in his face before. "Do you know," he said, for a moment half lost in sublime retrospection, "*that* is the great joy of living to be an old man. Not a few Harvard men have said much the same thing to me within the past few years. If I had died at seventy or eighty, I should have missed all that."

These expressions of a more intimate affection on the part of younger men became more numerous until they culminated in the national—even international—celebration of his ninetieth birthday. It is doubtful whether a private citizen had ever before been honored with a meeting of such official brilliance and spontaneous good will.

It is doubtful whether any man in any station ever received such an outpouring of expressions of high regard. He was delighted that there was nothing "mortuary" about it all, and entered upon his part with the enthusiasm of youth. He not only spoke at some length to all the assembled friends and dignitaries, but went a little later in the afternoon to the College Yard and there addressed the thousands of students assembled to do him honor. To the students he spoke with a vigor and cordiality scarcely surpassed in his most resolute years—he advised them not to wait too long to marry! Then he went to his own house and engaged in a less inclusive celebration there.

He had come into his own, had he not? On every hand he was told of the fruits of his long labors. Every public appearance was an ovation. Graduates referred to him affectionately as "a great old boy." People stopped and watched in wonder and admiration when he stepped cautiously but with a trace of the old vigor from his automobile and entered the First Parish Church.

But his contemporaries had gone. The gracious, beautiful Mrs. Eliot slipped quietly away into the shadows. With a few—very few—exceptions, all the people around him were younger—much younger—than he was. He sat in the long study upstairs and conferred with men about chemistry and the scientific mind; about the rehabilitation of agriculture in Bulgaria; about international good will; and, with great concern and enthusiasm, about the religious life of college students. But he could not move abroad so readily as he once could. And most of the men who came to see him knew little of the times he knew best and loved most.

In a new way, then, he was a man apart. People talked about him as if he were a very great, very benign curiosity: how old he was when their grandfathers were born; how long he had taught mathematics and chemistry before Darwin started all this discussion of evolution; and why he never went as ambassador to the Court of St. James. Good Cambridge ladies said, "It would be nice if he could die now before he becomes too feeble. It must be dreadful just to sit and wait!"

But he had been alone before, and he could wait. When men came in from their rushing, excited world to offer their respect, he was full of questions, stories, arguments. Was a man to give up his radiance of youth simply because he chanced to be a little past ninety? Just to know that there were still so many young fighters in the world was beautiful, very beautiful. When his eyes had become dim and his hand too palsied to hold a pen, a friend sent him a volume—just off the press—in which he had quoted from Whittier's lines to Oliver Wendell Holmes. President Eliot asked his secretary to send his thanks. "Tell him," he said:

> "'Yet on our autumn boughs, unflown with spring,
> The evening thrushes sing.'"

So he sat and waited. Occasionally there were flashes of the old will, the old impetuosity; there were so many things that ought to be done; but there was not strength. Then the serenity came again. It was something, was it not, to have fought so valiantly and, all in all, so successfully? It was something, was it not, to have contributed of one's best judgment so generously? It was something, was it not, to have men everywhere speak of one with grateful affection? Could one hope for more of what he himself had modestly called "the fortunate circumstances of life"?

So, much alone, he waited.

TWO POEMS

BY JOHN CROWE RANSOM

MORNING

JANE awoke Ralph so gently on one morning
That first, before the true householder Learning
Came back to tenant in the haunted head,
He lay upon his back and let his stare
Penetrate dazedly into the blue air
That swam all round his bed,
And in the blessed silence nothing was said.

Then his eyes traveled through the window
And lit, enchantedly, on such a meadow
Of wings and light and clover,
He would propose to Jane then to go walking
Through the green waves, and to be singing not talking;
Such imps were pranking over
Him helpless lying in bed beneath a cover.

Suddenly he remembered about himself,
His manliness returned entire to Ralph;
The dutiful mills of the brain
Began to whir with their smooth-grinding wheels,
And the sly visitors wriggled off like eels;
He was himself again.
Simply another morning, and simply Jane.

GHOSTS

THE loveliest are perished. And now uprise
Ghosts in this garden, that hollow and clamorous
Come as blanched lepers crying, "Do not spurn us,"
Ringing in my ears, wetting my eyes,
The obsequious phantoms and disbodied sighs.
Soon they are frightened, and go fast; a smoke
Which clung about my quince bushes, then broke,
And while I look is smeared upon the skies.

O Hilda, proudest of the ladies gone,
Wreathing my roses with blue bitter dust,
Think not I would reject you, for I must
Weep for your nakedness and no retinue
And leap up as of old to follow you—
But flesh hath monstrous gravity, as of stone.

OUR PREDICAMENT UNDER THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

AN EMINENT dry recently set out to write a book that the wets would read. So he called his book *Prohibition at Its Worst*. Ostensibly this title means to say that even at its worst prohibition to-day is a great blessing, but actually the purpose of this title is to make unsuspecting and narrow-minded wets buy the book because they think it will furnish horrible examples to confirm their prejudice. The author is Irving Fisher, Professor of Economics at Yale University. Nevertheless, the book itself is well worth a careful reading. It tells how Professor Fisher became a total abstainer. It then explains how he overcame his early scruples against prohibition by law. It proceeds to present statistics which are favorable to prohibition and to challenge certain unfavorable statist cs. It is the conclusion, however, which is illuminating, for it is there that Professor Fisher is inevitably brought face to face with the predicament of prohibition.

In essence Professor Fisher's conclusions are as follows: "Present conditions are intolerable and must be corrected." A liberalizing of the Volstead Act is unconstitutional, and the Constitution cannot be amended. The only alternatives are "enforcement or nullification." This is the predicament. Professor Fisher escapes from it by faith. He believes that prohibition can be enforced. Now I wonder if Professor Fisher realizes fully where his argument has led him. He has said that the only possible way of correcting "intolerable conditions" arising out of the Volstead Act is to enforce the Volstead Act fully. Here, in other words, is a law which cannot be altered to conform to experience or to change in public opinion. This law is immutable. For all practical purposes this law is beyond human control. However intolerable it may become, the only alternative is to enforce it or to defy it. This nation can choose to declare war and to make peace; it can write tariffs and it can alter tariffs; it can admit immigrants and it can bar immigrants. But in respect to prohibition it has lost its sovereignty. To prohibition in the form prescribed by the Volstead Act it is irretrievably committed.

That is Professor Fisher's argument and, if life were not stronger than logic, it would be unanswerable. It is true for example that the Eighteenth Amendment cannot be repealed. In order to repeal it there would be required two-thirds of the Senate and two-thirds of the House, and a majority of both houses in 37 states. A repeal could, therefore, be vetoed by 33 Senators, or by 146 Representatives, or by a majority in 13 State Senates. A repeal might pass Congress, it might pass 35 Legislatures, it might pass one house in the remaining 13 Legislatures, and still the Eighteenth Amendment would be intact. As long as prohibition has a majority in one branch of the Legislature in 13 states a repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is impossible. Repeal would have to be fought for in 96 state legislative bodies and the two houses of Congress. Out of

these 98 law-making bodies, 13 in 13 separate states possess an absolute veto.

It is also true that the Volstead Act cannot be liberalized without *nullifying the intent* of this immutable Eighteenth Amendment. There is no slightest doubt that the Amendment was intended to prohibit the lightest beer and the lightest wine no less than gin and absinthe. We, therefore, arrive by irresistible logic at the conclusion that the Volstead Act itself is immutable.

Having reached this point, we must examine Professor Fisher's claim that the Volstead Act should be enforced. The question is: can it be? What do we mean by enforcement? We do not mean the absolute disappearance of all liquor. No law is enforced absolutely. The penal law is broken by murderers and thieves. The tariff law is broken by smugglers. The commercial law is broken by swindlers. The tax laws are broken by tax-dodgers. Is a breach of the Volstead Act in the same category of law breaking? Well, *Harper's Magazine* does not publish articles by murderers, thieves, smugglers, swindlers, and tax-dodgers discussing the policy of the law they break. The opponents of capital punishment do not form associations of murderers. The free traders do not hold banquets attended by smugglers. The Secretary of the Treasury does not make speeches to tax-dodgers. But cabinet officers, senators, congressmen, governors, mayors, judges, chiefs of police, bankers, editors, and other pillars of society are openly convivial with men who make no bones about their defiance of the Volstead Act. Now a law which can be violated openly and without shame by men who are normally law-abiding may fairly be called a law which is not enforced.

Such a law is obviously in a different category from a law which is poorly enforced. The income tax law is, I believe, poorly enforced in the sense that many people liable to pay do not make returns, and that many who make returns cheat the law. But who ever heard of a tax-dodger saying, as Mr. Jerome D. Greene does in the *Atlantic Monthly*, that "disregard of the law" should be openly approved and encouraged by those who oppose in principle the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act?

It is no answer to say that bootleggers are out to make money and not to vindicate a principle, or that most drinkers have more thirst than they have conviction. All that may be true, and still every movement to enforce prohibition must reckon with the capital fact that in regard to this one law the conscience of the community in the wet centers tolerates and even approves the breaking of the law. The leaders of opinion do not wish to see the law enforced. They are glad to read that it is not being enforced. They take pleasure in contemplating the confusion of General Andrews. They would not lift a finger to help him. They would not think of reporting a violation. They would not willingly testify for the government. They will not convict if they are on a jury.

II

It is said that this state of mind exists only in the large cities. Granted. Assume that not more than twenty-five per cent of the population lives in large cities. Where are you then? You are then saying that the city population of the United States is openly defiant of one section of the Constitution of the United States. Assume for the sake of the argument that the farmers of the United States all obey it as much as they obey any ordinary law. It is not true, but assume that it is. Assume too that the inhabitants of villages and small towns are essentially law-abiding prohibitionists. And then face the fact that New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, San Francisco, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Detroit, and other great centers of population are wet in practice and wet in principle.

Is that important or is it not? Does

it not mean a good deal to say that in a nation overwhelmingly interested in business, the business centers are openly defiant of a part of the fundamental law? Even if it were a fact that by count of heads there are more drys than wets in the United States, still that would not mitigate the fact that in at least fifteen or twenty of the most powerful centers of American civilization the majority is greatly against the observance and enforcement of the prohibition law. The cities may be a minority, but if they are a determined minority it will not be easy to coerce them. When the object is to regulate personal habit and social custom, the majority which matters is the majority of the community concerned. A hundred thousand people living in twenty villages will in the long run find it impossible to coerce fifty thousand people living in one city.

There are no reliable figures by which one can measure the size of the opposition to enforcement, or the degree of enforcement. Professor Fisher cites the increase in Federal convictions from 22,000 in 1922 to 38,000 in 1925. The figures are meaningless. No one knows whether there were more bootleggers to catch in 1925 than in 1922. He notes the increase in total penitentiary sentences from 1552 years in 1922 to 3406 years in 1925. These figures are meaningless unless you know what nobody knows: whether the total number of bootleggers increased or decreased. Professor Fisher, with a recklessness that one hardly expects to find in a professor at Yale, announces that "the saloon has gone." He fails to mention that the speakeasy has come in. He estimates by an unknown method of calculation that the total consumption of alcohol today "is certainly less than 16 per cent of pre-prohibition consumption, probably less than 10 per cent, and possibly less than 5 per cent." If this computation were correct, Professor Fisher ought to be very happy. A law which is enforced 90 to 95 per cent is very successfully enforced. But of course Professor Fisher does not believe his own figures, for he declares at the conclusion of his study that "present conditions are intolerable."

Now if we could stop 90 or 95 per cent of all murders, robberies, swindles, and other kinds of crime we should feel highly elated about the administration of the law. Yet Professor Fisher finds it "intolerable" because the Volstead Act has reduced the consumption of alcohol to something like 5 per cent of what it was in the bad old days! The estimate is obviously nonsense; Professor Fisher knows it is nonsense. In making it he has yielded to the great temptation of the uncritical statistician which is to name a figure when there is no census of the facts upon which to base any figure.

The problem cannot be discussed intelligently in terms of figures. The reason is simple. On one side of the equation you have an absolute prohibition of all alcoholic drinks. On the other side you have a thirst for such drinks which cannot be measured. You have sources of supply through the diversion of industrial alcohol, through smuggling, through illicit stills and home brews, which are hidden, and cannot be measured. You have a machinery of enforcement of uncertain honesty and efficiency pitted against an intense consumers' demand, against the bootlegging industry inspired by high profits, against the ingenuity of the householders who can manufacture unlimited quantities of poor but thoroughly alcoholic concoctions in their own cellars and kitchens. The attempt to measure these elements is a statistical absurdity, for they are all variable and none can be counted. You might as well produce statistics on the number of daily conversations in the United States on the subject of the weather.

III

The real problem of prohibition enforcement turns on the intensity of the conviction in certain communities not merely that the law is a failure, but that it ought to be a failure. The ultimate

obstacle to enforcement is the will of an important body of American citizens that they will not submit to federal prohibition. They do not recognize the right of the federal government in the premises. They regard the Eighteenth Amendment as obnoxious to the genius of the rest of the Constitution. And they would regard the successful enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment as a destruction of some part of the soundest American tradition. That is the fact on which at last the whole question of enforcement is posed. There is a conflict between the will of the drys and the will of the wets; and when you look for the "facts" about prohibition you have to remember that they are not inert like a pile of bricks, but that the facts are created from day to day by human wills inspired by appetite, by self-interest, and by high conviction. That is why an increase in the intensity of enforcement will arouse an increase in the intensity of the opposition; why a victory for enforcement on one sector means merely the outbreak of violation on another.

It is an optimistic dry who thinks this conflict will subside and that the wets will grow weary of opposition. It is much more probable that the drys will grow weary of enforcement. After all, your teetotaler in Kansas can continue to abstain whether the law is enforced or not. The failure of enforcement does not interfere with his life. But the wet in Chicago has a personal desire to continue breaking the law. The teetotaler has to whip himself up to the effort of caring deeply what the wet in Chicago drinks at his meals. The wet pursues his own desires. The dry, in short, has to be vigilantly unselfish, if that is the proper name for it, but the wet has only to be lazily selfish. The forces of inertia are all on the side of the wets. In the long run ordinary human self-indulgence will, I think, prove stronger than a rather abstract determination to correct it.

Certainly at the end of six years of prohibition the opposition is more intense. There may be less alcohol consumed. One man's guess here is as good as the next man's. But that the wets are politically ever so much stronger than they were when the Amendment was ratified on January 16, 1919, no one can for a moment doubt. East of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio there are few States in which prohibition is not an issue. The Democratic Party in practically every State in that section is now a wet party. These States cast something like two hundred electoral votes. The Republican Party in this same section is either wet or hesitant or worried. There is no doubt that if the Amendment came up for ratification to-day it could not possibly pass. I have already said I do not think the Amendment can be repealed. I am now saying that it could not again be ratified. All this opposition adds immensely to the difficulty of enforcement. Politicians may say they are all for enforcement while the Amendment is in the Constitution. That is a glib formula. But in fact the stronger the opposition becomes politically, the weaker the enforcement machinery becomes. Local officials will not work so hard to enforce. Congress will hesitate to give the government new powers. Politicians will take good care not to make themselves unpopular by too much activity. That is the way popular government works. If a community is hostile to enforcement, the police look the other way, citizens will not supply evidence, juries will not convict, prosecutors will watch their step, judges will lean over backward in protecting the defendant's rights.

For all these reasons I say it is a fair assumption that we are faced with a law which cannot be enforced and which cannot be repealed. It is a curious dilemma created in part by a defect in the Constitution and in part by a lack of popular wisdom in dealing with the Constitution. By the test of common sense, by the test of popular sovereignty, this nation having decided to try the revolutionary experiment of prohibition

ought to be able to modify the law whenever experience shows that it needs to be modified. But the American Constitution is so constructed that it is virtually impossible to delete anything that is once in it. Theoretically, of course, it is just as easy to repeal an amendment as it is to pass it. But our history shows that in fact the veto of the minority is always strong enough to prevent repeal.

Because the Constitution is so difficult to change, it ought obviously never to contain any definite rule of human morality. It ought to remain purely and simply a charter defining the powers of government. Had the Eighteenth Amendment given Congress the power to prohibit liquor, instead of announcing that liquor was prohibited, the whole problem could be handled intelligently, and we should not be facing, as I believe we are, the necessity first of disobeying the Constitution and then of inventing a legal fiction to regularize our disobedience.

IV

However, the fat is in the fire. The Eighteenth Amendment is unrepealable and the human resentment against it unrepealable. Once again, as they have several times in the past, a considerable part of the American people find themselves in a constitutional straitjacket out of which they will have somehow to wriggle free. This business of wriggling free is sometimes called nullification. Technically, nullification is practiced when a state makes it a crime to enforce a particular federal law. Technically, therefore, the rebellion against the Eighteenth Amendment is not nullification.

But that the object of the movement against the Eighteenth Amendment is to nullify the intent of the authors of the Amendment, no candid man can deny. They meant to prohibit all intoxicating liquors throughout the United States. It is the intention of the wets to legalize some or all intoxicating liquors in those states where a majority desires it. That is the objective. The method may be a gradual failure to enforce the law in wet territory, and the reduction of the Eighteenth Amendment to the status of some of the old unrepealed Blue Sunday legislation. The method may be an amendment to the Volstead Act permitting each state to define intoxicating liquor. Many methods are likely to be employed. Their purpose is to change the practical effect of the Eighteenth Amendment even though its language remains the same.

Only those who have read American history through rose-colored glasses will be shocked at this prospect. This is a normal and traditional American method of circumventing the inflexibility of the Constitution. When the Constitution has come into conflict with the living needs of the nation, and when amendment was impossible, the method of changing the Constitution has been to change it and then get the very human Supreme Court to sanction it. The Constitution gives the Presidential electors the right to use their discretion in the choice of a President. They have lost that right. Yet the Constitution has never been amended to take away that right. The Constitution says that no man shall be Senator who is not thirty years old. Henry Clay entered the Senate at twenty-nine; Robert M. La-Follette, Jr., was younger than thirty when he was elected. The Constitution says that Representatives shall be apportioned according to population as determined by a census every ten years. There has been no new apportionment for sixteen years. The provision that slaves should be delivered up on demand was consistently nullified by many Northern States. The provision that the President shall make treaties only with the advice and consent of the Senate was disregarded in important instances both by Roosevelt and Wilson. The Fourteenth Amendment in so far as it provides a penalty for denial of the right to vote is dead. The Fifteenth Amendment is nullified in most if not all the Southern

States. If then the Eighteenth Amendment is somehow nullified in certain Northern States, there will be nothing novel or revolutionary about it.

I had some correspondence recently with a public man who was saying that the wet states, and New York in particular, were committing a crime by trying to nullify the Eighteenth Amendment. As he had just made a speech in Georgia on this subject I called his attention to the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. He replied that after extended study of the election laws of the South he had come to the conclusion that they are not in conflict with the Fifteenth Amendment. That is true. The South now has a set of election laws which have not been declared unconstitutional. Yet under those laws as they are administered, the Southern Negro is effectively disfranchised. The intent of the Fifteenth Amendment was to enfranchise the Negro.

The moral is plain. If liquor is legalized in the States which desire it, all that is necessary to make it constitutional is for the Supreme Court, bowing to public opinion, to find by the proper reasoning that the States are not violating the Eighteenth Amendment. Then they will not be violating it. They will be violating what the authors of it meant. But the Constitution, thank heavens, means whatever a living Supreme Court says it means. And the Supreme Court, thank heavens, is composed on the whole not of worshippers of a sacred text, but of jurists and statesmen and human beings.

No doubt all this will sound irreverent and disorderly to any man who thinks that a people is law-abiding when it obeys the literal injunction of its statutes and lawless when it disobeys them. The matter is not so simple. The history of law shows that it is beyond the wit of man to frame laws which are always clear and simple to follow. That is why so great a part of the evolution of law has come about not through the repeal and amendment of statutes but through judicial, through administrative, and through popular interpretation. Who can doubt, for example, that the Sherman Anti-Trust Law as interpreted by the courts, and as interpreted by the Attorney-General to-day is a very different law from that which Congress passed a generation ago? The real law lies not in the words of the law but in the action of the courts and executives. If the test of loyalty to the laws were loyalty to the original intent of each law, we should have to confess that we are a thoroughly lawless people. It is now, and always has been, impossible to obey literally the original intent of all the legal texts.

A community has not ceased to be essentially law-abiding merely because it refuses to practice literal obedience. There is such a thing as orderly disobedience to a statute, a disobedience which is open, frankly avowed, and in conformity with the general sense of what is reasonable. The opponents of the Volstead Act include, of course, bootleggers for profit and drinkers who want to drink. But they include also men and women of high conviction who regard federal prohibition as contrary to the genius of our constitutional system, who think of it as constitutionally immoral. It may seem as if they were in alliance with the bootleggers, but in fact the success of their campaign would be fatal to the bootlegging industry. If they were merely the agents of the bootleggers they would not be seeking, as they are seeking, a revision of the law which would put the bootleggers out of business.

The situation in which we find ourselves is due to a peculiar defect in our constitutional system which stops us from amending the prohibition law. That avenue of reform is closed. We are forced once more, as we have been several times in the past, to assert by disobedience, by agitation, finally by interpretation and acquiescence, the superior rights of experience over a legal text.

THE PROBLEM OF THE EDUCATED WOMAN

BY R. LE CLERC PHILLIPS

THE OTHER day there fell into my hands a printed collection of addresses made during recent years by the president of one of the most famous women's colleges in this country. I read them—with some difficulty, I admit—but I did not give them up until I reached the end. And then I fell to wondering if, perhaps, that sort of thing did not go a long way towards explaining the problem of the exceptionally intellectual and well-educated woman as it is met with here and in England. I mean, of course, her failure to attract the opposite sex and, as a consequence, to marry and—if the eugenists are right—to transmit to the next generation her valuable qualities of mind and character. (I need scarcely say that throughout this article I do not allude to the increasing class of girls who merely go to college, but solely to those who, naturally highly intelligent, go there for purely intellectual purposes.)

The matter and tone of these addresses were such that I can well understand that the average man would not desire much of the society of young women who had successfully absorbed both. Extremely exalted in their sentiments, learned, dull, and lamentably lacking in the desire or else the ability to descend to a discussion of ordinary human problems, ordinary human relationships as met with by young girls, these lectures radiated pedantry and desiccation of heart and spirit. The rather exaggerated loftiness of the ideas and opinions expressed in them reached a climax in the lecturer's judgments on the late Sir Arthur Sullivan. "We often think of him," she says, "in connection with the lighter phases of his genius, but his lasting and serious work is in the oratorios which he wrote—'The Light of the World,' 'The Prodigal Son,' 'The Martyr of Antioch,' his incidental music for the dramas of Shakespeare, his symphony, and in his songs and hymns. . . . But his music, however popular—even 'Pinafore' and 'The Pirates' and the other light operas—all has a distinction and refinement."

In an address devoted to Sullivan, that rather slighting "even 'Pinafore' and 'The Pirates'" is the only reference that the lady makes to those comic operas by which the name of Sullivan lives. While it may be perfectly true that the lecturer's personal taste leads her to prefer Sullivan's hymns to the music of "Iolanthe" or of "The Gondoliers," it is absurd to state that the composer's "lasting" work consists in these and in his oratorios rather than in his comic operas. It is not such a misstatement as this, however, that bears on the point I have in mind; it is rather the refusal—or the inability—to bend to the recognition of mere human nature. All over the civilized world men and women have found pleasure in the joyous melodies of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas; and among these men and women are vast numbers whose education and culture would attain to the standards of even a college president. But Sullivan's opera music, though lovely in its own way, is not lofty or "highbrow" or exalted; therefore, it would seem that it is the duty of at least one college president to damn it with faint praise.

I quote this Sullivan point in detail in an attempt to give a definite illustration of my meaning when I suggest that it is possible that it is the influence of women teachers and directors wholly out of touch with the world as it is, and with human nature as it is created, which is largely responsible for the problem of the highly educated woman. When all is said and done, it still remains the fact that girls from colleges have to live in the world as it is and not in a world such as a woman college president would perhaps like to make it. And the men available for them as husbands are creatures who almost without exception prefer Sullivan's comic operas to his hymns—or anyone else's hymns, for that matter. The question I raise is whether the exposure of large numbers of girls at an impressionable age to an influence that is frequently out of sympathy with any but the more exalted aspects of human nature is an altogether desirable state of affairs or one likely to bring ultimate happiness to the young women in question.

I think that it is idle to deny that very many women school teachers do not know life very well, and that their experience of men is necessarily extremely limited. It is the most natural thing in the world that this lack of knowledge and experience should be reflected in their outlook on life, and one of the accusations most frequently brought against them is their tendency to minimize the desirability of marriage in the eyes of their pupils. Sir Francis Galton, the eugenist, once told in a lecture of a case in which this tendency was given a vivid illustration. A visitor, he said, once asked a woman official in a certain women's college what became of the girl students after they had left college. The college official replied that one-third profited by their education, another third gained very little, and the remaining third were failures. "What becomes of the failures?" asked the visitor. "Oh, they marry," replied the college official.

It has frequently been said that in love a woman must meet a man halfway. A man is easily repelled when a woman whom he is ready to admire meets him with frosty glances and a sternly unbending demeanor. It is just possible that feminine reserve may sometimes be a little overdone, much to the ultimate detriment of the woman who practices it. Now, there is little doubt that women educators are very insistent on the desirability of feminine reserve. But there is all the difference in the world between the brazen pursuit of a man by a woman on the one hand and a readiness to accept his admiration with evident pleasure on the other. I do not believe that the women responsible for the higher education of girls realize this difference; and if they do, it is very uncertain indeed whether they are as competent (or as willing) to train their charges in the ideals of feminine amiability *vis-à-vis* the opposite sex as they are ready to strain every nerve to turn them into dragons of virtue.

I have vivid recollections of the headmistress of the school where I was educated. She inspired the girls with something like terror, and I do not doubt that she was extremely gratified by her success in this direction. Indeed, her personality was so forbidding that all the nursemaids in the district used her as a bogey with which to quell their charges when these were getting out of hand. "I'll take you to Miss Cocks if you don't behave," they would say—presumably with instantaneous effect. But while a character of this type may have admirable uses insofar as the discipline of girls is concerned, it is questionable whether a prolonged exposure to its influence will do much to render impressionable and imitative girls more attractive to men. I do not suggest, of course, that even a majority of the instructors in women's colleges have a forbidding personality; but it is probable that, taken as a whole, they are distinctly lacking in physical attractive-

ness, charm of manner, and social agreeableness as that term is understood by all persons who prefer Sullivan's "Mikado" to Sullivan's hymns. Perhaps these personal disadvantages are inseparable from the teaching profession —or rather, the women's half of the teaching profession. If so, then it seems to be a pity that every women's college does not employ on its faculty as a sort of counterbalance a thoroughgoing woman of the world who has been successful in love and whose triumphs constitute a refutation of the college president's frigid-reserve theory of training. How many elderly women there are who would be glad of a steady job and whose wide experience of life might be placed at the disposal of girls who before long must face the world as it is and not as it ought to be! It will be objected that these worldlings are not the type of woman whom it is desirable for young women to meet. But the type exists everywhere, and it is more than probable that, without knowing it, most young women have already met many specimens; they will certainly have to meet many more when they go out into the world. At any rate, the presence of a woman of the world, well versed in the whole art of human contacts, among a group of more or less desiccated women instructors might at least have an indirect influence on the students by humanizing, though ever so slightly, their regular teachers.

II

Of course, it is not to be suggested for one instant that the whole blame for the problem of the highly educated woman may be ascribed to the example and precepts of the woman college instructors. There are other factors in the case, although it is questionable whether any are much more powerful. There is, for instance, the very prevalent belief that over-much cultivation of the mind tends to cripple the emotions, thus making the intellectual woman less susceptible to inflame men or to become herself inflamed. There may be something in this, although there are many notorious instances of women of high intellect whose capacity for love affairs equalled almost anyone's. Madame de Staël was considered to be the greatest female intellect of her day; but her morals were as loose as they could be. Aspasia, Mary Stuart, Catherine of Russia, and George Sand were others whose very unusual brain capacity did not in any way prevent their indulgence in illicit love affairs. Nevertheless, it is very certain that women of wide and varied interests are not so likely to allow themselves to become dominated by love as are those women whose sole interest in life is bound up in the opposite sex. But it can hardly be denied that most men find the latter type of woman exceedingly attractive, and it is possible that they resent the existence of the ever-increasing proportion of women whose interests are not so bound up. I think that most women must have noticed at one time or another that air of incredulity with which a certain type of man—and a very prevalent type, too—receives any intimation to the effect that it is possible for women to be reasonably happy without the intervention of men. The type of man I have in mind is so obsessed with the belief that happiness can come to women only by, through, or with men that when told that certain women have found reasonable contentment in pursuits entirely unconnected with love or marriage, he is not able to credit the statement. The consequence is that when confronted with visible evidence of the fact his reaction is one of undiluted resentment.

Here, perhaps, we have one of the strongest reasons for the average man's dislike of the unusually intelligent and exceptionally well-educated woman. It is pleasant to him to believe that the welfare and happiness of one half of the human species depend on him and his fellows; and after having held this

opinion for so long and with such intense conviction, it is wounding to the vanity of the male sex to find that there are an increasingly large number of cases which seem to disprove its accuracy. Fom this point it is only one short step to something very near dislike of the women who have upset a belief so fondly cherished and so well calculated to give men a good conceit of themselves.

A good deal has been said concerning the unwisdom of giving young women an education which tends to make a certain number of them know more than the average man. Think of all the average men you know. (I lay particular stress on the word "average," since distinctly superior men do not enter into this consideration of the question.) Then try to recall whether you have ever once heard even one of them admit that any woman of his acquaintance was his mental superior. You may have heard a few proclaim the mental superiority of certain women over *other* men; but never have you heard them proclaim this superiority over themselves. With really superior men the case is very different. They not only recognize certain women—one has to admit that they are few enough—as being well in advance of the average man judged from the intellectual point of view, but they also appreciate this superiority. Therefore, it is highly questionable whether or not it is true that a girl's chances of marriage are injured by the fact that she is better educated and more intelligent than the average young man, since as long as the average young man fails to recognize this superiority, the case is really non-existent.

This does not mean that the higher education of women may not spoil their chances of marriage by making them far more critical of men than are comparatively uneducated women. After all, the purpose of education is to enable one to distinguish the best from the not-so-good and to turn one's back on the shoddy and second-rate. No one blames a highly educated man because he is more fastidious than, for instance, a farm hand; and it is just as inevitable that a highly educated girl should be more exacting about men than, let us say, a waitress or a saleswoman in the five-and-ten-cent-store. Naturally men are conscious of a critical spirit in educated women, even if the women themselves are exercising it quite unconsciously; and men are not accustomed so far to anything much more than an appraisal of their financial worth. The comparatively uneducated girl, on the other hand, has not acquired very high standards; indeed, it is quite likely that she much prefers low ones. Her interest in possible husbands or suitors is, in the main, directed to their financial status, and the fact that they keenly appreciate third-rate plays and ninth-rate novels would not bother her in the least, since she herself does not realize that the plays are third-rate and the novels ninth-rate. I think that the possession of certain standards as a result of their education has been a very real handicap to a very large number of women in so far as marriage is concerned; and it is a question whether they are worth to a woman the loss of popularity with men that their possession so frequently involves. That they may be to a certain number is scarcely to be doubted; but that they are to college women as a body is a very different matter.

Although it may be possible for a marriage to be reasonably successful in which the husband secretly looks upon his wife as something of a goose, it is quite certain that it cannot be so when it is the wife who finds her mate's mental equipment insufficient. One has heard of men whose contempt for the character of a certain woman has not killed their infatuation; but one has never heard of a woman who continued to love a man once she had learned to despise him. To see a brilliant woman married to an ignoramus is as absurd a spectacle as that of an elderly woman married to a man young enough to be her son. I

have known of two or three cases among my personal friends who, quite recently, have hesitated to accept offers of marriage because they were keenly alive to the fact that the wide discrepancy in the intellectual tastes of their suitors and themselves was hardly conducive to a reasonably successful marriage. There is, of course, a good deal to be said for education for its own sake; but there is also something to be said against a system which so frequently seems to leave college women stranded high and dry above the usual run of their male contemporaries.

III

Of course it is unfair all round—to the colleges, to young men and their dislike of feminine superiority (or "queerness" as I believe they prefer to call it), and to the products of the colleges—to discuss the problem of the intellectual woman and her failure to adjust herself to the conditions of life as it has thus far been lived by the ordinary woman without taking into consideration the factor of propinquity. Just at the age when girls are most likely to fall in love with fatal ease the college-educated girl is bending over books and burning the midnight oil in her attempt to acquire knowledge. At the same age the half-educated girl is going from beauty salon to beauty salon, trying a succession of Marcel waves, complexion tonics, rouges, and hair tints. Fortified by the knowledge that art has stepped in where nature has failed her, and with every cent she possesses spent on her back, she deliberately sets out to attract her contemporaries of the opposite sex. She dances with them, motors with them, plays games with them, dines with them, flirts with them, learns a hundred little tricks by which to enslave them, and finally marries the most suitable one she can find. What chance can the college-trained girl possibly have against such a competitor—a competitor who has had some three or four years' start in perfecting herself in the knowledge of running the male to ground? Of course she has none at all, and even with the best intentions in the world, she is hopelessly outclassed in the matrimonial market, for she is comparatively untrained and inexperienced. It is absurd to be hypocritical about such a matter as this; the pursuit of men requires practice and experience even as the successful pursuit of anything else, including the pursuit of women; but that is a different story.

It may be argued that the modern college girl sees quite as much of men while she is studying as is good for her. Very likely. But I am writing of the *highly intellectual* college girl and not of the girl who has just been to college. The college girl who makes a point of seeing as much of men as she can while at college is probably one of those girls whom Sir Francis Galton spoke of in the lecture to which I referred in this article—a "failure" in so far as her college education is concerned, who has to content herself with a husband and children as the penalty for her failure. The others—those who "profit" by their education—are likely, as soon as their college career is over, to seek some sort of position. And in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred the segregation to which they were submitted or to which they submitted themselves while at college is continued in their professional life. Schools for girls are very Adamless Edens; and it is into schools that so many highly educated college women drift. Social welfare work, settlement work, and newspaper work all attract large numbers of girls from colleges. They will meet few enough men in the first two fields, while those they meet on newspapers are not very eligible and are not, so it is said, much given to seeking wives from among the staffs of their papers. The stage—the happy hunting ground of girls who enjoy male society—has not been extensively invaded by college women; although why it has not is difficult to say, since no career offers greater prizes to an ambitious woman. Possibly the average of physical beauty in

college girls does not equal the average as found in actresses. Even Sir Francis Galton, who defended the higher education of women and believed that good mental endowment was in a large measure received from the mother, had qualms about the looks of the intellectual woman. "Women who study hard have, as a class," he said, "at least according to observant caricaturists—fewer of the more obvious feminine characteristics; but whether this should be considered a cause or a consequence, or both, it is difficult to say." And Miss Lilian M. Faithfull, the former head of the famous Ladies' College at Cheltenham, England, remarks in her recent autobiography that "plain dressing and plain features seem to accompany high thinking quite as much as plain living."

No one has yet settled whether certain very intelligent girls are encouraged to go to college because they are ugly and their parents feel that it would be preposterous to count on any man falling in love with them, or whether they have become plain and unattractive as a result of hard study and the general college system. I am inclined to think that the physical unattractiveness so often seen in the really brilliant college girl is largely the result of that aspect of college life to which I referred earlier in this article: I mean to a too facile imitation at a highly impressionable age of unattractive and desiccated teachers. Many of these women manage to impose themselves on their pupils—or at least on those who are not unduly skeptical on the point—as models of all that a woman should be. Frigid to the last degree in their deportment, inconspicuous to the point of drabness in their clothes, sober to the point of dullness in their conversation, they consciously or unconsciously desire to turn out their pupils in their own image. And all too often they succeed.

There is no need to dwell at any length on that aspect of the problem of the educated woman which has been more discussed than any—her ambition to have an independent career of her own. I think that the case is fully proved in the sense that a large number of girls do put aside the idea of marriage for the sake of a career. And I think that many of them later realize that they have made a mistake; but time has passed by and they find that what has been done cannot be undone, for with wisdom have come faded faces and diminished vitality. But it is curious to note that a characteristic that is rated so high in men, when possessed by a woman should have called down on them so much wrath and vituperation. The old cry of the men, "Why don't you go home and mind the baby?" is heard no more; it is long since out-of-date; but there still lingers on a smoldering resentment, breaking every now and then into roars of disapproval, against those women who, seeking and finding absolute independence in a career, are able to flout with impunity the authority of men. That is what economic independence has done for women, and there is little doubt that men have not been much pleased by it.

In the meantime, more and still more young women are pouring into the colleges, presumably with the result that the more or less wholesale segregation of highly intelligent and highly educated women will not only continue unabated but will even increase. Those of my friends who are college women are fully alive to their failure to attract men and they tell me that the matter is frequently discussed among college graduates. I have asked them to whom or to what do they ascribe their lack of success in the marriage market—to themselves or to men—and I gather that it is men they blame for the sorry state of affairs. As one of them said to me the other day, "A man likes to shine alone, without any other near-at-hand light to dim his luminosity. If a man marries a brilliant woman, as intelligent and well-educated as himself, his own luminosity suffers." There may be

something in this, although, as I have said, a man has to have a great deal of "luminosity" of his own before he is able to recognize any existing in women. My own personal conviction is that insufficient regard is paid to the fact that —hypocrisy aside—men have never demanded or cared for very high-grade women, and that the colleges, in the very teeth of this fact, are persisting in turning out a higher-class and more expensive article than men are willing to accept. I remember how deeply impressed I was when reading an article on George Eliot by the late Sir Leslie Stephen—certainly a "high-brow"—in which he declared that he, for his part, could well understand men's preference for the sinning Hetty Sorel when comparing her with the spotless, righteous, high-minded Dinah Morris. If this is the attitude of a man of high intellect, what must be that of the average male? Ever since the actress existed men have shown a positively invincible attraction to the type. From the Empress Theodora, who before her marriage played comic parts on the Constantinople stage, down to our own idols, whose conquests are household words, this preference has persisted. And yet the colleges insist on producing a woman who is the antithesis of the actress in mind, manners, and looks. Of course, it may be urged that actresses do not usually make very satisfactory wives. Perhaps not. But since college women so frequently fail to become wives at all, few will have the temerity to suggest their superiority in this matter. All that can be said is that while actresses marry, the college women remain unwed; and possibly it is a dim perception of this phenomenon which explains what has been termed the "revolt" of the modern young woman.

NIGHTMARE

BY ROBERT NATHAN

I RIDE the great black horses of my heart
With reins of steel across their flying hair;
So slow are they to halt, so swift to start,
The stormy-breasted stallions of despair.
Dark as the night, and fretful as the air,
Fleeter than hounds that go with bellies thinned—
My wrists of all their strength have none to spare
When those black hunters lean upon the wind.
What if the sudden thunder of their feet
Wakes like a dream some farmer from his rest?
Dreams had I too, farmer, before these fleet
Steeds of the night were broken from their nest.
Their weary flanks are green and white with foam;
Sleep, brother, sleep; I bring my horses home.

THE CHILD'S DAY

BY OLIVE SCHREINER

This story, largely autobiographical, was written by Olive Schreiner as the Prelude to a novel, *From Man to Man*, which she worked on at intervals for many years but left unfinished at her death in 1920. "Olive loved this book more than anything else she ever wrote, and, of the book, she loved the Prelude best," writes S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner, her husband.—*The Editors.*

THE little mother lay in the agony of childbirth. Outside all was still but the buzzing of the bees, some of which now and then found their way into the half-darkened room. The scent of the orange trees and of the flowers from the garden beyond came in through the partly opened window, with the rich dry odor of a warm, African, summer morning. The little mother groaned in her anguish.

Old Ayah, the Hottentot woman, stood at the bedside with her hands folded and her long fingers crooked, the veins on the back standing out like cords. She said, "*O ja, God! Wat zal ons nou zeg?*" ("Oh yes, God! What shall we now say?") and readjusted the little black shawl upon her shoulders. The window was open three inches, and the blind was drawn below it to keep out the heat. The mother groaned.

At the end of the passage in the dining room the father sat with his elbows on the deal table and his head in his hands, reading Swedenborg; but the words had no clear meaning for him. Every now and then he looked up at the clock over the fireplace. It was a quarter before ten, and the house was very quiet.

At the back of the house, on the kitchen doorstep, stood Rebekah, the little five-year-old daughter. She looked up into the intensely blue sky, and then down to the ducks who were waddling before the lowest step, picking up the crusts she had thrown to them. She wore a short pink-cotton dress with little white knickerbockers buttoned below the knees and a white kappie with a large curtain that came almost to her waist. She took the kappie off and looked up again into the sky. There was something almost oppressive in the quiet. The Kaffir maids had been sent home to their huts, except one who was heating water in the kitchen, and the little Kaffirs were playing away beyond the kraals on the old kraal heap. It was like Sunday. She drew a slight sigh, and looked up again into the sapphire-blue sky: it was going to be very hot. The farmhouse stood on the spur of a mountain, and the thorn trees in the flat below were already shimmering in the sunlight. After a while she put on her kappie and walked slowly down the steps and across the bare space which served for a farmyard. Beyond it she passed into the low bushes. She soon came to a spot just behind the kraal where the ground was flat and bare; the surface soil had been washed off, and a circular floor of smooth and unbroken stone was exposed, like the smooth floor of a great round room. The bushes about were just high enough to hide her from the farmhouse, though it was only fifty yards off. She stepped onto the stone slowly, on tiptoe. She was building a house here. It stood in the center of the stone floor; it was a foot and a half

high and about a foot across, and was built of little flat stones placed very carefully on one another; and it was round like a tower. The lower story opened onto the ground by a little doorway two inches high; in the upper story there was a small door in the wall; and a ladder made of sticks, with smaller sticks fastened across, led up to it. She stepped up to the house very softly. She was building it for mice. Once a Kaffir boy told her he had built a house of stones, and as he passed the next day a mouse ran out at the front door. She had thought a great deal of it; always, she seemed to see the mouse living in the house and going in and out at the front door; and at last she built this one. She had built it in two stories, so that the family could live on the lower floor and keep their grain on the top. She had put a great flat stone to roof the lower story and another flat stone for the roof on the very top; and she had put a moss carpet in the lower floor for them to sleep on and corn, ready for them to use, above. She stepped very softly up to the house and peeped in at the little door; there was nothing there but the brown moss. She sat down flat on the stone before it and peered in. Half, she expected the mice to come; and half, she knew they never would!

Presently she took a few little polished flat stones out of her pocket and began to place them carefully round the top to form a turret, then she straightened the ladder a little. Then she sat, watching the house. It was too hot to go and look for more stones. After a while she stretched out her right hand and drew its sides together, and made the fingers look as if it were a little mouse, and moved it softly along the stone, creeping, creeping up to the door; she let it go in. Then after a minute she drew it slowly back and sat up. It was becoming intensely hot now; the sun, beating down on the stone drew little beads of perspiration on her forehead.

How still it was! She listened to hear whether anyone from the house would call her. It was long past ten o'clock and she was never allowed to be out in the sun so late. She sat listening: then she got a curious feeling that something was happening at the house and stood up quickly and walked away towards it.

As she passed the dining-room window, whose lower edge was on a level with her chin, she looked in. Her father was gone; but his glasses and his open book still lay on the table. Rebekah walked round to the kitchen door. Even the ducks were gone; no one was in the kitchen, only the flames were leaping up and crackling in the open fireplace, and the water was spluttering out of the mouth of the big black kettle. She stood for a moment to watch it. Then a sound struck her ear. She walked with quick, sharp steps into the dining room and threw her kappie on the table and stood listening. Again the sound came, faint, and strange. She walked out into the long passage into which all the bedrooms opened. Suddenly the sound became loud and clear from her mother's bedroom. Rebekah walked quickly up the coconut-matted passage and knocked at her mother's door, three short, sharp knocks with her knuckle. There was a noise of moving and talking inside; then the door opened a little.

"I want to come in!—Please, what is the matter?"

Someone said, "Shall she come in?" and then a faint voice answered, "Yes, let her come."

Rebekah walked in; there was but a little light coming in under the blind through the slightly opened window. Her mother was lying in the large bed and her father standing at the bedside. A strange woman from the next farm, whom she had never seen before, sat in the elbow chair in the corner beyond the bed, with something on her lap; old Ayah stood near the drawers, folding some linen cloths.

Rebekah stood for a moment motionless and hesitating on the ox skin in the middle of the floor; then she walked

straight up to the strange woman in the corner.

"Ask her to show you what she has got, Rebekah," said her father.

The woman unfolded a large brown shawl, inside of which there was a white one. Even in the dim light in the corner you could see a little red face, with two hands doubled up on the chest, peeping out from it.

Rebekah looked.

"Was it *this* that made that noise?" she asked.

The woman smiled and nodded.

Her father came up.

"Kiss it, Rebekah; it is your little sister."

Rebekah looked quietly at it.

"No—I won't—I don't like it," she said slowly.

But her father had already moved across the room to speak to old Ayah.

Rebekah turned sharply on her heel and walked to the large bed. Her mother lay on it with her eyes shut. Rebekah stood at the foot, her eyes on a level with the white coverlet, looking at her mother.

As she stood there she heard old Ayah whisper to the father, and they both went out, to the spare bedroom opposite. The strange woman came and bent over the mother and said something to her; she nodded her head without opening her eyes. The woman made a space at her side and laid the white bundle down in it; she put the baby's head on the mother's arm. The mother opened her eyes then, and looked down at it with a half-smile, and drew the quilt up a little higher to shield it. Rebekah watched them; then she walked softly to the door.

"Please open it for me," she said. The handle was too high for her.

The woman let her out.

For a moment she stood outside the closed door, looking at it, her tiny features curiously set almost with the firmness of a woman's; then she turned and walked down the passage. She saw her father and old Ayah come out of the spare room. Old Ayah locked the door and put the key into her pocket, and they went back to her mother's bedroom.

Rebekah picked up her kappie from the dining-room table, put it on, and went out again onto the steps at the kitchen door. The sun was blazing in the yard now, the very stones seemed to throw up a red reflection. Standing on the top step in the shade, Rebekah shivered with heat.

Then she wandered slowly down the steps and across the yard. She could feel the ground burn under her feet, through the soles of her little shoes. She walked to her flat stone. The mouse house stood baking in the sun with all the little crystals in the rock glittering. She sat down before the house, drawing her skirts carefully under her, the rock burnt so. She drew her knees up to her chin, and folded her arms about them, and sat looking at the mouse house. She knew she ought not to be there in the hot sun; she knew it was wicked; but she liked the heat to burn her that morning.

After a while the little drops of perspiration began to gather under her eyes and on her upper lip; she would not wipe them off. Her face began to get very red, and her temples to throb; the heat was fierce. She looked out at the mouse house from under her white kappie with blinking red eyes. She could feel the heat scorching her arms through her little cotton dress, and she liked it.

By half-past eleven the heat was so intense she could not bear it, and there began to be a sound like a little cicada singing in her ears; so she got up, and walked slowly towards the house; but did not go in at the kitchen door.

She went to the back, where the wall of the house made a deep shadow, and went to the window of the spare room. It was her favorite place, to which she went whenever she wanted to be quite safe and alone. No one ever went there. The beds were generally left unmade till visitors came, with only the mattresses

and pillows on them, and under one bed she kept her box of specially prized playthings. She unclosed the outer shutters. The window was so low that she could easily raise the sash and climb in from the ground. She pushed it up and stepped into the room. It was beautifully cool there and almost dark: she drew up the blind a very little to let in some light. She was walking towards the bed under which her box was, when something struck her eye. On the large table in the middle of the room there was a something with a white sheet spread over it. Rebekah walked up to it: this was something quite new.

She drew a chair to the side of the table and climbed up. She lifted the top of the sheet. Under it there was another sheet and a pillow; and, with its head on the pillow, dressed in pure white, was a little baby. Rebekah stood upright on the chair, holding the sheet in her hand.

After a while she let it down carefully, but so turning it back that the baby's face and hand were exposed. How fast it was sleeping!

She bent down and peered into its face. There was a curious resemblance between her own small, sharply marked features and those of the baby. She put out her forefinger gently and touched one of its hands. They were very cool. She watched it for some time; then she climbed down and went to the wardrobe where the best going-to-town clothes were kept hanging. With some difficulty she unhooked a little fur-trimmed red cape of her own; with this she climbed back onto the chair and laid it across the baby's feet. It was evidently not warm enough, though the day was hot.

She bent down over it again. On the top of its head was a little mass of soft, downlike curly black hair; she put her face down softly and touched the hair with her cheek and kissed it. She dared not kiss its face for fear of waking it. She sat down beside it, motionless, for a long time, on the edge of the table. Seeing it did not stir, after a time she climbed down, and taking off her shoes and leaving them at the foot of the table, went on tip-toe to the bed and drew from under it her box.

It was a large soap box with an odd collection of things in it. On the top was a dried monkey's skin and a large alphabet book with colored pictures; below were different little boxes and bags; some held stones; one was full of brightly colored beetles and grasshoppers she had picked up dead; in one, all by itself, was a very large bright crystal, carefully wrapped in cotton-wool and tied with a string. Below, was an oblong-shaped, common brown stone about eighteen inches in length; it was dressed in doll's clothes and it had a shawl wrapped round it. Beside it was a small shop-doll with pink cheeks and flaxen hair, which she had got on her last birthday; but it had no shawl and its face was turned to the wood. The stone she had had two years, and she loved it; the shop-doll was only interesting. Besides these there was a round Bushman stone with a hole in the middle, which she had picked up behind the kraal, and a flat slate-colored stone with the impression of a fossilized leaf, which she found on the path going up to the mountain; and, at the very bottom in the corner was a workbox, with a silver thimble and needles and cottons inside, which she thought very grand; and two little brightly colored boxes with chocolates and peppermints with holes through them like whistles, which she had got on Christmas Day, but thought too pretty to eat; and there was also a head of Queen Victoria, cut out of the tinsel label of a sardine tin, and which she kept wrapped up in white paper.

She took all the things out of the box and handled them carefully, deliberating for a while. At last she selected the alphabet book, the Bushman stone, the silver thimble and a paper of needles, Queen Victoria's head, and a stick of chocolate. When she had packed the other things back, she went with them

to the table. She climbed up on the chair. She laid the thimble and paper of needles on the cushion on the left of the baby's head, and the Bushman stone and the tinsel Queen Victoria head on the right. Very gently and slowly she slipped the alphabet book under the baby's doubled-up arm; and then, turning back the silver paper at one end of the chocolate stick, she forced the other end very gently into its closed fist, leaving the uncovered end near to its mouth. Then she stood upright on the chair with her hands folded before her, looking down at them all, with a curious contentment about her mouth.

After a little time she got down and went to her box at the foot of the bed, and sat down upon it; to wait till the baby woke.

Her face was seamed under the eyes with lines hot perspiration and dust had left, and she was very tired. She leaned her arm on the bed and rested her head on it.

At half-past one it was dinner-time, and old Ayah could not find her. She often crept in the heat of the day behind the piano or into the wagon-loft, and fell asleep there where no one could discover her. So old Ayah put some dinner for her in a tin plate in the oven to keep warm.

Then everyone went to lie down; the shutters of all the doors and windows were closed, and there was not a sound in all the house but the buzzing of the flies in the darkened rooms.

Only old Ayah did not sleep to-day and was sewing a piece of white calico into a long, narrow, white robe with a stiff frill down the front for a tiny baby. She sat working in the dining room with the shutters very slightly apart to let in enough light.

When she had done it she went down the passage to the door of the spare room and unlocked it.

The first thing she noticed was that the outer shutters she had left carefully closed were partly open, that the window had been raised, and the blind was an inch or two drawn up. She walked to the table. The baby lay with the sheet removed from its face, and the Bushman stone, and thimble, and needles, and a picture, on its pillow, and the alphabet book under its arm, and the chocolate stick in its hand. She glanced round. Rebekah was still sitting on her box at the foot of the bed with her stockinged feet crossed and her head resting on her arm on the mattress, fast asleep; her shoes standing side by side at the foot of the table.

Old Ayah walked up to her and shook her by the shoulder. Rebekah opened her eyes slowly and looked at her dreamily, without raising her head.

"What are you doing in here? Couldn't you see, if the door was locked, that you weren't meant to get in here?" she said in the Cape Dutch she always spoke.

Rebekah sat up, still looking round vacantly; then in an instant all came back to her and she stood up.

"Aren't you a wicked, naughty child, letting all the flies and the sun come in! What have you been doing?"

"Oh, please don't talk so loud," whispered Rebekah, quickly, bending forward and stretching out her hand, "please, you'll wake it!"

"O Lord!" said old Ayah, looking at her, "what would your mother say if she knew you'd been in here playing with that blessed baby! You naughty child, how dared you touch it!"

"It's mine: *I* found it!" said Rebekah, walking softly up to the foot of the table.

Old Ayah came up too.

"Oh, please," said Rebekah, putting out her hand again, "*don't* touch it! Don't touch it! I *don't* want it waked!"

She looked up at old Ayah with full, lustrous eyes, as a bitch looks when you handle her pups.

"O my God!" said old Ayah, "the child is mad! How can it be yours? It's your mother's."

"It is mine," said Rebekah slowly,

"I found it. Mietje found hers in the hut, and Katje found hers behind the kraal. My mother found hers that cries so, in the bedroom. *This one* is mine!"

"O Lord, Lord!" cried old Ayah. "I tell you this is your mother's baby; she had two, and this one is dead. I put it here myself."

Rebekah looked at her.

"This one is dead: it'll never open its eyes again; it can't breathe."

The old Hottentot woman began taking the alphabet book from under its arm and the stick from its hand, and took the things from the pillow.

Rebekah did not look at her; her gaze was fixed on the baby's face.

"Here, take these things!"

But Rebekah raised out her hand, and touched the baby's feet; a coldness went up her arm, even through the sheet. She dropped her hand.

"Child, what is it? Here!—take your shoes!"

She thrust the shoes into her hand. Rebekah held them, but let them slide between her fingers onto the floor; she was still staring at the table.

Old Ayah gathered up the child's apron and put into it the things she had taken from the baby, and forced the shoes back into her other hand.

"Here, take them, I say, and go away! And get your face washed and your hair done, and tell Mietje to put on you a clean dress and white pinafore. What would your mother say to see you looking such an ugly, dirty little fright!"

Rebekah turned away slowly, with the gathered apron in one hand and the shoes in the other, and walked to the door. When she got there she turned and looked dreamily back; then she went out into the passage.

After she had had her face washed and her hair brushed, and had got on a clean starched pink dress and a white over-all pinafore, she went to the dining room. Old Ayah had put her plate of warmed dinner on the table ready for her, and she sat down on the bench to eat it. She felt better now she was washed and had a clean starched dress on.

The heat outside was still very oppressive, and only a little light came in through the cracks in the shutter; and the blue flies were buzzing round everywhere in the dark. She did not feel very hungry, and played with her dinner, but she drank all the water in her mug. Then she pushed her plate from her, found her kappie, and went out into the great front room. All was quiet there also, and almost quite dark. She took a large worn picture-book from the side table, and opened the double door, and went out onto the front stoep. The vine leaves on the front wall hung dry and stiff, and even the orange leaves on the great orange trees before the door hung curled and flaccid.

It was nearly three o'clock, and the heat was hardly less intense than at midday, though there was already shade on that side of the house. The hollyhocks and dahlias in the flower garden beyond the orange trees were hanging their heads, and the four-o'clocks were curled up tight though the trees sheltered them.

She walked down through the flower garden, on into the orchard beyond.

All was very still and brown there also. The little peach trees that stood in rows were shedding their half-ripe fruit, which fell into the long yellow grass beneath them, and the fig trees along the wall had curled up the edges of their leaves. Rebekah followed a little winding footpath among the grass to the middle of the orchard, where a large pear tree stood, with a gnarled and knotted stem. There was a bench under the tree, and the grass grew very long all about it. She looked round to find a spot where the tree cast a deeper shade than elsewhere. Here she walked round and round on the grass, like a dog, and then lay down on her back in the place she had made. It was like a nest, with the grass standing several inches high all round.

She drew up her legs, cocking one knee over the other, so that one foot waved in the air.

It was very nice. She lay for a while with her hands clasped across the top of her head, from which she had thrown her white kappie. The pear-tree leaves were so thick overhead you could hardly see any sky through them. She yawned luxuriously. Beyond the edges of the pear branches, here and there as you looked through half-closed eyes, were strips of blue sky, and some great, white masses of thunder cloud were showing in them, like ships sailing in the blue. She watched them for a while with her eyes half shut; then she took up the book that lay on the grass at her side, stood it open on her chest against her knee, and gently waved the foot that was cocked up in the air.

The book opened of itself about the middle at a certain page. On it was a picture: Peter, a great boy with a red face looking out through the top of the letter P, and at his feet was a little pig with a curled tail. Besides this there were in the picture, in the distance, fields and a stile, and a winding path leading far away over the hills; and in the foreground was a milestone with weeds growing around it; below was written "P stands for Peter and Pig."

She had had the book ever since she could remember; she had kept it very clean; there was no torn place or mark in it; but the page of *Peter and his Pig* was brown and worn round the edges. It was her favorite picture. Whenever she looked at it she wanted to make up stories. She had made one long story about it; how people were not kind to Peter and he had no one to love him but his pig, and how they both ran away together by that far-off road that went over the hill and saw all the beautiful things on the other side. She liked this book better than her new books. She stood it up on her chest and looked into the picture. But to-day it had no meaning; it suggested nothing. Then she looked away again beyond the edges of the pear branches, where two great masses of white cloud were floating in the blue; they dazzled her eyes so she closed them.

Presently she made a story that one of those clouds was a ship and she was sailing in it (she had never seen the sea or a ship, but she was always making stories about them), and, as she sailed, she came at last to an island. The ship stopped there. And on the edge of the shore was a lady standing, dressed in beautiful clothes, all gold and silver. When she stepped onto the shore, the lady came up to her, and bowed to her, and said, "I am Queen Victoria; who are you?"

And Rebekah answered her, "I am the little Queen Victoria of South Africa."

And they bowed to each other.

(The child under the tree moved her head very slightly, without opening her eyes.)

The Queen asked her where she came from. She said, "From a country far away from here: not such a *very* nice country! Things are not always nice there—only sometimes they are."

The Queen said, "I have many islands that belong to me: but this island belongs to no one; why don't you come and live here? No one will ever scold you here, and you can do just what you like."

Rebekah said, "I should like it very much but I must first go and fetch my books out of the ship" And when she had brought her books she said to the Queen, "Here is a little box of presents I have got for all the people who live on the farm where I used to live: for my father and my mother and the servants and the little Kaffirs—and even old Ayah. Would you please give it to them as you go past?" And the Queen said she would; and she said, "Good-by, Little Queen Victoria!" And Rebekah said, "Good-by, Big Queen Victoria!" and they bowed to each other, and the old Queen went away in the ship in which she had come.

Then she was all alone on her island. (She had never seen an island except a

lump of ground in the furrow, with some thyme and forget-me-nots growing on it; but when she grew up she found she had pictured that island just as a real island might have been!) The island had many large trees and bushes, and the grass and thyme and forget-me-nots grew down to the water's edge. She walked a little way and she came to a river with trees on each side, and on it were two swans swimming, with their long white necks bent. She had had a book with the picture of a swan swimming in a lake, and she had always thought she must die of joy if she should see a real swan swimming up and down; and here were two!

A little farther, on the bank of the river, there was a little house standing. It was as high in proportion to her as grown-up people's houses are in proportion to them. The doors were just high enough for her to go in and out at, and all things fitted her. One room was covered with books from the floor to the ceiling, with a little empty shelf for her own books, and there was a microscope on the table like her father's which she was never allowed to touch; but this one was hers!

Outside, in the garden, there were little rakes and spades that came as high as her shoulder. (Rebekah had always had to dig with a man's spade that made her arms ache.) At the side of the house there were all the things lying one uses for building houses; and a pile of bricks; and a bit of bare ground where you could make as much mud as you liked and make more bricks. But she hadn't time to stay and make bricks then. She went on farther.

Presently she came to a place where the trees hung very low down over the water and the grass was very thick; and there, from a large white bush, hanging right over, and nearly touching the water, she saw a snow-white pod, nearly as long as her arm. It was like a pea pod, but it was covered all over with a white, frosted silver. She reached down over the edge and tried to pick it. It was very heavy; at last she broke it off, and carried it away in her pinafore, and she sat on a bank with it on her lap. She pressed with her finger all up and down the joint, and slowly the pod cracked and cracked, and opened from one end to the other, as a mimosa pod does.

And there, lying inside it, as the seeds lie inside the pod of a mimosa tree—was a little baby! It was quite pink and naked. It was as long in proportion to her, as a Kaffir woman's new baby is in proportion to a Kaffir woman when she first finds it. She tried to lift it out, but it was tied to the pod as the mimosa seeds are, with a little curled-up string. She broke the string and lifted it out, then she wrapped it up in her pinafore and skirt and put its head on her arm and carried it home.

(The book which was still standing up against her knee, here fell over softly onto the breast of the child under the pear tree.)

After a time she half opened her eyes and looked up. Above her was the pear tree, with its stiff branches of dull green leaves. Slowly she raised herself into a sitting posture and looked round.

All about lay the parched yellow grass, and the little dried peach trees, with their shrivelled leaves and dropping yellow peaches. Everything was brown and dry; she stretched herself and yawned.

Then she stood up. Suddenly she saw a herd of little pigs a short way off, feeding under the peach trees. They had got in through a hole in the wall and were eating the fallen fruit among the grass. They would soon make their way up to the flower garden.

With a shout and whoop she rushed off after them, waving her kappie at them by one string. The little pigs squeaked and grunted and scattered in all directions. She chased them till she had got them in a herd all together, and drove them out through one of the gaps in the sod wall. Then she stood on the wall and shouted frantically after them, still waving her kappie, though they were

all running as fast as they could, with their little curled-up tails. She stood on the wall and waved till they disappeared behind the kraals.

The severest heat of the afternoon was now past, and there was a certain mellow haziness beginning to creep into the afternoon air. She shaded her eyes with her hand and looked away over the flat below the homestead, where the thorn trees grew. There seemed a kind of soft, yellow, transparent veil over it all; and there were little gnats in the air. Presently, as she stood dreamily gazing, she saw some figures moving far away in the flat below the house, near the great dam with the willow trees. The foremost figure carried something on its shoulders; it looked like Long Jan the Kaffir. Then came her father, and then two Kaffir boys with something over their shoulders that looked like spades. She could not see well; they were so far away and the soft yellow haze made things dreamy. They passed through the new lands, and then they went out of sight, behind the great willow trees which grew round the dam.

She stood still, looking out at them very drowsily, thinking of nothing in particular, and hardly noting them.

Suddenly a small shrill voice called from the back steps of the house, "Get down from that wall, child, will you! Standing there with nothing on your head! You'll be burnt as black as a Kaffir before your mother gets up. Put your kappie on!"

It was old Ayah, who had come to the back door to throw water into the pigs' wash.

Rebekah climbed from the wall on the garden side, and walked away; but she did not put her kappie on; she tied it round her waist by its long strings, and walked back to the pear tree. Everything seemed a little bald and empty; she had no wish to make more stories, and there was nothing to do. It seemed to her, all at once, that it was a very long afternoon. Then there came back to her the picture of her mother lying in the bed with the baby's head on her arm, which she had been trying to put from her all day. She saw the embroidered wrist of her mother's nightdress, and she saw her mother drawing up the cover to shield the baby's head. She tried to think of something else.

There was a strange little blind footpath among the grass under the pear tree on the left side. It was a few feet long, trodden hard and flat, and led to nothing. She had made it by walking up and down there when she and Charles, her imaginary playmate, made stories and talked.

She began to walk up and down in it now, rather dragging her feet. By and by she and Charles began to talk; she talked in a quite audible voice, now for Charles, and then for herself. They told each other no stories, but they began to discuss a little about the house of stramonium stalks they were going to build; he said what he thought was the best way of making the roof would be with stramonium branches, she said she thought peach branches would be stronger and better. But neither had much of interest to say that afternoon.

It began to get cooler now. The large white butterflies that had sat with folded wings during the great heat, were beginning to hover over the brown grass; and there was a faint movement in the air, which showed that the evening cool was going to begin.

Then, as she walked, her eye caught sight of a white ball sticking on the bark of the pear tree. She walked round to the stem to look at it, and broke a bit of dry bark off to get it out. It was a softy fluffy ball. She put it on the ground, and opened it carefully with two sticks, bending over it, her knees drawn up almost to her chest, and all her little white knickerbockers showing. Inside of it were little gray things that looked like tiny spiders' eggs. She examined it carefully and long, sticking her under lip out over the upper. It was very curious. She was going to examine it more closely, when she caught

sight of a row of black ants walking across her own footpath, like a file of little soldiers, one after the other; each one had a pink egg in its mandibles. A few inches farther was another line of little black ants returning across the footpath, probably to fetch more of the eggs which were in some nest hidden in the grass. She wheeled round, still on her heels, with a hand on each knee to balance herself, and watched them closely. Presently a huge ant, like those running up and down the stem of the pear tree, dashed into the path from the grass and seized one of the tiny ants that were carrying the eggs. The ant dropped the egg. The large ant held it exactly in the middle with its large nippers. In an instant she started up, drew her lips tighter, and seized a stick of straw, and tried to divide them; but the large one held so tightly she found she would crush both. She took two withered leaves and softly tried to separate them. The large one caught the leaf with its nippers and the small one got free; it ran away to look for its dropped egg. The large one was clinging angrily to the leaf, and trying to bite it. She bent intently over it, watching it.

Suddenly she looked up. She had a curious feeling that someone was looking at her! She looked round and up into the pear tree, still balancing herself carefully in her half sitting position; there was nothing there but the green dried leaves, and all about nothing but the long brown grass, in some places partly trodden down, in others still standing upright.

She looked back at the ants. Then she glanced round again inquiringly. Two feet from the round spot in the grass which she had trodden down to lie in, was the head of a large yellow cobra. Most of its body was hidden in the grass; but its head was out, and it was watching her. It was the color of the grass, pale yellow with brown marks. Had it been there all the afternoon? She stood softly upright and stared at it. It looked at her with its glittering unblinking eyes. Then it began to move. Krinkle! krinkle! krinkle! It drew its long body out over the grass, with a sound like a lady walking in a stiff starched print dress. She gazed at it in fixed horror, motionless.

She was not afraid of snakes. When she was three years old she had carried one home in her pinafore, as a great treasure, and been punished for doing so. Since she understood what they were, she was not afraid of them, but they had become a nightmare to her. They spoiled her world. Krinkle, krinkle, krinkle!—it moved away over the grass towards a hole in the sod wall, winding its long six feet of body after it.

She seized her book and ran up the path through the orchard. According to rule, she should have gone to the house and called people to look for it and kill it. But she ran quickly through the flower garden and up the steps onto the front stoep; then she stood still. Her heart was beating so she could hear it; she had a sense of an abandoned wickedness somewhere: it was almost as if *she herself* were a snake, and had gone krinkle! krinkle! krinkle! over the grass. She had a sense of all the world being abandonedly wicked; and a pain in her left side. When her heart had stopped throbbing quite so loud, she opened the door slowly and went into the large front room.

No one had remembered to open the shutters that afternoon though it was almost sunset; it was dusky in the room even with the door open. On the wall hung two great framed pictures of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, in regal dress. She always played the Queen was herself, and the Prince, Charles; and once, when no one was about, she had put a chair on the side table and climbed up onto it, and kissed her own hand, and put it high up where she could touch Charles' face with it.

But to-night she did not look at them. The chair in which her mother always sat stood empty beside the little work table, and the footstool before it was

covered with dust. She opened the drawer of the table and took out a calico duster and carefully dusted the chair and stool. When she had put the duster back, she opened another drawer and took out a spelling book. She drew her own little square wooden footstool between her mother's chair and the open door and sat down on it, with her spelling book in her hand. She began to learn a short column of spelling which she should have learned in the morning. She held up the book before her so that the light from the door might fall on the page, and spelt out—

"T-h-e-i-r—their."

She repeated it a few score of times; then she went on to—

"T-h-o-s-e—those."

And then turned to her multiplication table. It was printed on the cover of the book. She was learning six-times. She repeated slowly over and over to herself—

"Six times six is—thirty-six,
And six times six is—thirty-six."

The soft, fading evening light was creeping over the orange trees outside the door.

She drawled slower—

"And, six times six is—thirty-six,
And, six times six is—thirty-six,
And, six times six is—thirty-six,
And, six times six—is—thirty-seven,
And, six times six—is—thirty-seven."

She repeated it slowly about a hundred times, sometimes right, and sometimes wrong, looking out dreamily all the while over the book, through the open door, her mind almost a complete blank; then she paused. In a moment, something had flashed on her! She knew now what those figures had meant which she had seen walking down in the flat in the afternoon when she stood on the sod wall. She knew now what it was Long Jan was carrying; she knew why her father walked behind him, and the two Kaffir boys had spades over their shoulders. In an instant, she knew well, and with an absolute certainty, that if she went down to the great dam behind the willow trees beyond the new lands, she would find there a little mound of earth, and that the baby from the spare room would be under it. All day she had not let herself think of that baby since old Ayah had driven her out of the room. She knew, also, something else; she knew at that moment—vaguely, but quite certainly—something of what birth and death mean, which she had not known before. She would never again look for a new little baby, or expect to find it anywhere; vaguely but quite certainly something of its genesis had flashed on her.

She stood up in the quickly darkening room; put her multiplication book back into the drawer, and walked straight to the door that opened into the dining room, and closed it behind her.

In the dining room also it was getting dark now, though it looked towards the west and the window was open, and here also it was very quiet. This was generally the noisy time of the day, when there was a stir and a bustle everywhere: her mother was generally giving out rations, and the herds and maids who had come from the huts to fetch their food stood about the storehouse door outside laughing and talking. The Kaffir maids who worked in the house were generally chatting loudly in the kitchen; and the little Kaffirs, who might not approach at any other time, often stood about the kitchen steps waiting for their mothers; and from the milking kraal you could hear the men shouting to the cows and calves, and calling to one another; and the dogs felt the excitement and barked; and above everything could always be heard old Ayah's voice, in a shrill, small key, giving orders everywhere, which no one ever obeyed. But to-night it was all quiet: you could only hear the lowing of the cows and the bleating of the sheep. The men hardly shouted. The rations had been given out early in the morning, and the little Kaffirs had been told not to come about the back door.

Through the great square window the

twilight was beginning to come in. She would not go to her mother's room, and she had nowhere else to go. She sat down on a deal bench without a back that stood against the wall. No one came to light the candles; and you could see the dim outlines of the hall clock in the corner, and the wooden chairs and tables standing out as shadows from the whitewashed walls. Presently, as it grew quite dark a bat came in at the window and flapped about from side to side and went out again. Then the room grew pitch dark. Rebekah drew her legs up under her onto the form, and leaned her head back against the whitewashed wall.

By and by the two Kaffir maids came in from the milk-house, each carrying a bucket of milk. They had a lighted candle. They went through the dining room into the pantry; they were laughing and talking softly; the light from the open pantry door came back into the dining room.

Presently old Ayah came in from the mother's bedroom.

"What are you sitting here all alone in the dark for, child?" she said.

She went into the pantry, and came out with a large basin of bread and milk sop, and a little pannikin of pure milk. She set them down on the side of the table next to the bench with a tallow candle beside them in a low candlestick.

"Why didn't you eat your dinner, little white face?"

Rebekah sat upright; old Ayah pushed the table a little nearer to her, and she began to eat. She had not known before that she was hungry. Now she ate ravenously and drank at the milk out of her pannikin.

Old Ayah went back into the pantry and scolded the maids in Dutch because the wooden milk-pail was leaking. Very soon the maids and old Ayah came back to the dining room, and rested the pail on the end of the dining table to examine what was gone wrong. One of the maids held the lighted candle, while the other was chewing tallow to put in the cracks.

"What's the baby like, old Ayah?" asked the maid holding the light, as old Ayah examined the leak.

"A fine child," said old Ayah, without looking up. "She'd make four of *that* child when she was born. Its hands are nearly as large as hers now."

The maid who was chewing the tallow pressed some down on the open seam.

"Where has *she* been all day?" she asked, nicking her head at Rebekah.

"Oh, God knows!" said old Ayah; "I've hardly seen her. You might as well try to keep your eye on a *mier-kat* among its holes as on *that* child."

They talked of her to her face as if she were a stone wall.

Rebekah kept on eating her supper, gazing straight into her basin, and taking large mouthfuls.

"Look at her now!" said the first Kaffir maid, "How she eats! She's trying to swallow the spoon!"

"*Sy's 'n snaaks se kind!*" said old Ayah. ("She's a strange child!")

Rebekah kept on eating steadily and looking into the basin. It hurt her so that they talked of her.

When they had done stopping the hand-pail, the two maids went to the kitchen, and old Ayah went back to the mother's room. Immediately they were gone Rebekah pushed her basin with what was left in it from her and leaned back on the bench. She drew up one leg, leaned her elbow on the bench, and rested her head against the whitewashed wall. She was very tired. She watched the tallow candle fixedly; it was burning up red, and flickering a little, as the moths and night flies that came in through the open window fluttered round it. It seemed so long since she had got up in the morning. It was her bedtime, but no one came to tell her to go to bed.

Then she began to watch the wick of the tallow candle more fixedly as it burnt larger and redder. She pressed two of her fingers on her eyes, half closing them; then she saw two candles; she took them away, and there was only

one. She wondered how that was, and tried it again. When she moved one finger a little the one light went up slowly and stood over the other; she moved the other finger, and they came so close they were almost one. She took her hand away and looked at the candle, half closing her eyes; she did not see two candles now, but only four long rays of red light, the two higher ones darker and the two lower lighter. She was slowly getting very interested in it.

She held up her hand and let the light shine through her fingers; the hand made a long dark shadow on the wall to the left of the room. Why was the shadow so much longer than the hand, she wondered, and why did it fall just where it did? She moved her hand and watched the shadow move. If only one were grown up, one would know all about these things! She dropped her hand on her side. Perhaps even grown-up people didn't know all.—Perhaps only God knew what lights and shadows were!

She lay still watching the candle. The wick had burned so long it was beginning to droop and turn over a little on one side. The next morning she would get up early before anyone was up and begin learning her multiplication table and spelling; perhaps she would know it before evening. She would not play once the whole day or make up stories. She would learn the whole day. It would all help to make you grow up quickly, and know everything!

It was half-past eight now. Her eyelids began to droop; she only kept them open with a strong effort: she could not bear to go to sleep; but her head bowed, nodding even though she leaned it against the wall.

Suddenly she sat bolt upright; her eyes opened widely. They seemed to grow larger and larger at each instant. She listened intently. From her mother's bedroom there came a sound, a loud, wailing cry. Rebekah got off the bench and stood rigid and upright. Her small sharp-cut face, pale before, became now a deadly white. There was silence for a moment; then another cry, then another, and another, each louder and longer than before. Her hands doubled into fists; she turned a bright pink. The crying went on. She raised her chin; her throat swelled till it looked like the full throat of a tiny woman; the veins stood out like little whipcords. She drew in the corners of her mouth. Again there was a cry, but this time fainter. A dark purple flush came up over her forehead; her eyelids drooped. She rushed out at the door, striking herself against it. She flew up the dark passage to the door of her mother's room. She tried to reach the handle, but it was too high. With hands and feet she struck the panels of the door till they rebounded.

"Let me in! Let me in! I say, let me in! I will—I—will—I say—I will come in!"

The baby inside had left off crying.

Rebekah heard nothing but the surging of the blood in her own ears. Old Ayah opened the door.

"Let me in! Let me in!—I will come in!"

Old Ayah tried to put her back with her hand.

"Leave me alone!—Leave me alone!" she cried; "You are killing it like the other one! Leave me alone, I say! Leave me alone!"

Old Ayah tried to hold her fast, but she caught the Hottentot woman's skirts and twisted them round with her arms and legs.

The little mother from the bed asked in a sleepy voice what was the matter.

"Don't ask me what is the matter!" cried old Ayah indignantly, in Cape Dutch. "Ask the Father of all Evil! This child is mad!"

She wrenched her skirts free from Rebekah's grasp and thrust her into the room. Rebekah stood on the ox skin in the center of the floor, vibrating from the soles of her feet to her head.

The candle was on a stand beside her

mother's bed, and threw its light full on her, as she lay with the baby's head on her arm, and her hand with the white frill thrown across it. On the right side of the great four-poster bed they had pinned up a red cotton quilt, with great lions and palm trees printed on it, to keep off the draught from the open window; and the quilt reflected a soft red light over the mother and child. In the far right-hand corner of the room was Rebekah's own little cot, where she had slept ever since she was born.

"God only does know what possesses this child!" said old Ayah, fixing her twinkling black eyes on Rebekah and talking at her. "If she were my child, I wouldn't let her come into the house at all, where respectable people live who like to be indoors. I'd just tie her fast with a chain to a monkey post outside, and let her go round and round there. Then she could eat Kaffir beans like a baboon, and climb, and scream as much as she liked!"

"What did you make such a noise for, Rebekah?" the little mother said gently. "Did you think they were hurting the baby?"

Rebekah said nothing; the blood was leaving her head and running into her heart, and she felt faint.

"Twisting a person's clothes almost off their backs! Can't one even wash and dress a child without this little wild thing coming howling, and dancing round one?" Old Ayah smoothed out her crumpled skirt.

"Do you want to see the baby, Rebekah?" asked her mother.

Rebekah walked unsteadily to the foot of the bed and stood beside the great wooden bedpost.

Old Ayah took up the baby's bath and walked out of the room with it, muttering that some children ought to live with the baboons.

"If you would like to come and see the baby, you can climb up," said her mother drowsily, with half closed eyes.

Rebekah waited a moment, then she clambered softly up onto the bed, and sat down at the foot, half kneeling, with her back against the post. Her mother, who was very tired, had re-closed her eyes. The baby's red face pressed against the mother's white breast. The light shone on them both.

Rebekah drew up her knees and clasped her arms round them, and sat watching.

"It's drinking, isn't it, eh, mother?" she said at last, very softly.

"Yes," said her mother, without opening her eyes.

"It's *your* little baby? Eh, mother?" she whispered again softly, after a long pause.

Her mother nodded dreamily.

Rebekah stroked her little skirts down over her knees.

"It *must* drink!" she said after a time. "It *must* have milk, eh, mother?—It's your little baby, eh, mother?"—she added after a long pause.

But the little mother made no answer; she had dropped away into sleep.

Rebekah sat watching them.

By and by the baby moved its hand which struck out from the white-flannel wrapper about it: it opened its fingers slowly; it stretched them out one after the other and closed them up again into a fist. Rebekah watched it intently.

Presently she leaned forward, resting one elbow on the bed, and slowly stretched out her other hand, and with one forefinger touched the hand of the baby. Her mouth quivered; she sat up quickly, and watched them again. She leaned her head back against the post at the foot of the bed and sat gazing at them, her eyes never moving.

At half-past nine old Ayah came in again bringing in the hot water bottle and an etna to warm the gruel during the night.

"My fatherland's force! You not in bed yet! Are you going to sit up till morning?"

The mother woke up. "Have you been sitting here all this while, Rebekah?" she asked gently.

Old Ayah put the warm-water bottle at the mother's feet.

"She'd never go to bed if she could help it!" old Ayah muttered. "It's my belief, if you came in at three o'clock in the morning, you'd find her sitting up in her bed, talking to the spiders in the dark. She'd talk to the stars if she hadn't anything else to talk to, just not to go to sleep like other children!"

"Mother," said Rebekah in a very slow, clear voice, stroking down her knees; "mother,—will you let me have *your* baby to sleep by me for a little while?"

She spoke each word slowly and distinctly, as one who repeats what they have carefully prepared.

"No, dear," said the mother; "it's too small; you can't have it to sleep with you yet."

"Have it to sleep with you!" said old Ayah. "I should think not! Why, you'd kill it!"

"I should take great care of it," said Rebekah, very slowly, still stroking her knees, her eyes very wide open and fixed steadily on her mother; "I wouldn't lie on it nor let it fall. I only want to take care of it and teach it."

"Teach it! Teach it, indeed!" said old Ayah, tucking in the mother's feet; "You just want to teach her to be a naughty tomboy like you. We'll take care she doesn't play with you and learn all your wild ways."

Rebekah stroked her knees more heavily. "I didn't mean to teach her anything wrong," she said slowly; "I wasn't even going to teach her to hate *you*."

"Hate me!—Rather!—I should think not! What next! Why should you teach her to hate me?"

Rebekah turned her eyes onto old Ayah and gazed at her. "Because *I* hate you so!" she said.

"Don't quarrel with her any more, Ayah," said the mother; "the child really doesn't know what she is talking about; she's half asleep already.—Come, get off the bed, Rebekah, and go and undress.—You can't have the baby."

But Rebekah sat motionless. Slowly the tears gathered under her eyelids. She closed them, and the tears lay in large heavy drops under the lashes without falling.

She raised her face with its closed eyes to the canopy of the bed.

"Oh, I can't bear it!—I can't bear it!" she said slowly. "What shall I do?—What shall I do?—Oh, what shall I do?" She moved her upturned face with its closed eyes slowly from side to side.—"I meant to love it so! Oh, I meant—all my things—my Peter book—all my stones. Oh, if you will let me love it!" The bed shook, but no tears fell from the closed eyes. She stroked her knees with both hands. "It's not any use!—you see—it's not any use!—I have tried!—I have tried!—Oh, I wish I was dead—I wish I was dead—I wish I was dead!"

Even old Ayah looked at her in silence.

"The child is really three-parts asleep," said the mother. "It's been a long trying day for her, running about with no one to look after her. She is but a baby, though she is so old-fashioned. Get off the bed, Rebekah, and old Ayah will undress you."

But Rebekah felt her way to the foot of the bed and slid down.

"I can undress myself—" she heaved.

She stood on the floor in the middle of the room with her eyes still closed, the lids swollen and fastened together, and unbuttoned her things one by one, letting them drop on the floor, until she stood there in her little white shift; her small naked shoulders still vibrating. Old Ayah brough her her nightdress.

"*Dis 'n snaaks se kind!*" she muttered. ("'Tis a strange child!")

Rebekah slipped it over her own head, and then, with her hand stretched out, she felt her way to the bed in the corner. She climbed up over the side of the cot and lay down. The long vibrating movement still went on; it was almost as if a man were crying.

"I can't have that," said the little mother. "She'll go on with it half the

night in her sleep. I know the child. I think she dreams of things. Take the baby and lay it by her just for a little while. It's been a long day, and she's very tired."

Old Ayah shook her head forebodingly; but she took up the baby, wrapped it in its shawl, and carried it across the room. She turned back the cover and made a place for it beside Rebekah. The child stretched out her arm for its head; the Hottentot woman laid it down on it and drew the cover up over both. Then she turned and went out, to fetch the gruel and the night-light.

The elder sister slipped her hand under the shawl till she found the baby's hand; she clasped her fingers softly into its tiny fingers, and held them. With the other hand she tried to draw its body up close against her.

Presently there was a queer quavering little sound, as though someone were trying to sing; but nothing came of it; then all was quiet.

When old Ayah came back in fifteen minutes everyone in the room was quiet and asleep.

She put the gruel and night-light down on the drawers, and came to the bedside to remove the baby. But when she turned down the cover she found the hands of the sisters so interlocked, and the arm of the elder sister so closely round the younger, that she could not remove it without awaking both.

Old Ayah shook her head and drew the cover up softly. She blew out the candle, and put the night-light down on the floor beyond the bed, and walked softly towards the door of the room, with her naked yellow feet, her figure casting a long dark shadow on the wall. When she got to the door as she passed out she turned and looked back. Along the floor the night-light shone, casting deep shadows into far corners, especially that in which the two children lay!

But they were all sleeping well.

THE FAILURE OF PHILOSOPHY

BY WILL DURANT

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WHY is it that philosophy is no longer loved to-day? Why have her children, the sciences, divided her inheritance and turned her out of doors, like another Lear, with an ingratitude unkinder than the winter's wind? Once the strongest men were willing to die for her: Socrates chose rather to be her martyr than to live in flight before her enemies; Plato risked himself twice to win a kingdom for her; Marcus Aurelius loved her more passionately than his throne; and Bruno burned at the stake for loyalty to her.

Once thrones and papacies feared philosophy and imprisoned her votaries lest dynasties should fall; Athens exiled Protagoras, and Alexandria trembled before Hypatia; a great pope courted timidly the friendship of Erasmus; regents and kings hounded Voltaire from their lands and fretted in jealousy when at last all the civilized world bowed before the scepter of his pen. Dionysius and Dionysius' son offered Plato the mastery of Syracuse; Alexander's royal aid made Aristotle the most learned man in history; a scholar-king lifted Francis Bacon almost to the leadership of England and protected him from his enemies; and the great Frederick, at midnight when all his pompous generals had gone to sleep, held high revelry with poets and philosophers, jealous of their boundless realms and their timeless sway.

Ah, those were great days for philosophy when bravely she took all knowledge for her province and threw herself at every turn into the forefront of the mind's advance. Men honored her then; nothing was held nobler than the love of truth. Alexander rated Diogenes second only to Alexander, and Diogenes bade Alexander stand aside lest his royal carcass should hide the sun. Statesmen and thinkers and artists listened gladly to Aspasia, and ten thousand students made long pilgrimages to Paris to learn from Abelard. Philosophy was not then a timid spinster hiding in locked towers from the rough usage of the world; her bright eyes did not fear the day; she lived dangerously, and made distant voyages into unknown seas. Could she ever, in those years when she held court before monarchs, have contented herself with the narrow boundaries within which to-day she has been imprisoned? Once she was a many-colored light that filled with warmth and radiance the profoundest souls; now she is the ignominious satellite of fragmentary sciences and scholastic disciplines. Once she was proud mistress of all the intellectual globe, and counted the loftiest among her happy servitors; now, despoiled of her beauty and her power, she stands by the wayside desolate, and none so poor to do her reverence.

Philosophy is not loved to-day because she has lost the spirit of adventure. The sudden uprising of the sciences has stolen from her, one by one, her ancient spacious realms. "Cosmology" has become astronomy and geology; "natural philosophy" has become biology and physics; and in our own day the "philosophy of mind" has budded forth into psychology. All the real and crucial problems have escaped from her: no longer does she concern herself with the

nature of matter and the secret of vitality and growth; the "will" whose "freedom" she debated in a hundred wars of thought has been crushed in the mechanism of modern life; the state, whose problems were once her own, is the happy hunting ground of petty souls, and less than ever honors the counsel of philosophy. Nothing remains to her except the arid deserts of metaphysics, and the childish puzzles of epistemology, and the academic disputes of an ethics that has lost all influence on mankind. Even these wastes will be taken from her; new sciences will rise and enter these territories with compass and microscope and rule; and perhaps the world will forget that philosophy ever existed, or ever thrilled the hearts and guided the minds of men.

II

And as philosophy has been written these last three hundred years it might well deserve this dishonor and oblivion. For what has philosophy been since Bacon and Spinoza died? For the most part it has been epistemology, the scholastic theology of knowledge, the technical and esoteric, the mystic and incomprehensible dispute about the existence of the external world. The intelligence that might have made philosopher-kings has gone to erudite analyses of the reasons for and against the possibility that stars and oceans and bacteria and neighbors exist when they are not perceived. And for two hundred and fifty years this battle of the frogs and mice has been going on, with no appreciable result for philosophy or life, and with no profit for any man but the printer.

Something of the blame for all this belongs to that simple, almost naïve remark of Descartes, *Je pense, donc je suis*. Descartes had hoped to begin his philosophy with a minimum of assumptions: he would call into question, by "methodic doubt," all the beliefs and even the axioms of men, and would try to build a consistent system of knowledge from the single premise, "I think, therefore I am." It was a highly dangerous thing to make being depend so upon thought; wits would be sure to conclude that on this basis existence was an aristocratic privilege, and cynics might with its authority deprive an entire sex not only of a soul (as Weininger was to do) but of reality.

But the chief damage done by Descartes was to philosophy. For to erect an exposition of the world upon the fact that one man thinks is to create such a mess of difficulties that the arachnid subtlety of ten generations of epistemologs has been spent, almost in vain, on the task of disentanglement. First of all, this "I" or "ego" of Descartes was conceived as a spiritual, non-material "soul." Now a body, presumably, can be moved only by contact with other bodies; how then could this incorporeal spirit act upon the molecular substances of the brain? From this pretty *impasse* came the marvels of materialism, idealism, and "psychophysical parallelism." The parallelist argued that if mind and brain are so different, neither can act upon the other, and the two series of events, material and mental, cerebral and intellectual, must be separate and distinct, without influence upon each other, but miraculously parallel. The materialist argued that since the "mind" undeniably acts upon the body, it must be of like substance with the body, as corporeal and material as the bile. The idealist argued that since the sole reality we could be sure of was the one with which Descartes had begun—the reality of thought—all other existences were real to us only as perceived by our senses and constructed by our minds; the body was a perception, and matter was merely a bundle of ideas.

So the merry war began; and now there is war only but no merriment. Occasionally an epistemolog is found who is capable of smiling, like Bradley or William James; occasionally one is found who understands that his 'ology is only a game and, therefore, plays it with a worldly twinkle in his eye, like David

Hume. But never was there, for the rest, so deadly solemn a tribe; from John Locke to Rudolf Eucken they have kept their faces straight and made them longer with every generation, as if to be in keeping with their dismal discipline. Bishop Berkeley announced that nothing exists unless it is perceived—by man or God; so far as we know, the Bishop did not smile, though we may have our suspicions of so clever an Irishman.

Now no doubt it is truistically, tautologically, platitudinously true that nothing exists *for any mind* but that which *that* mind perceives. But what a world away this is from the proposition so often confused with it, that nothing exists unless it is perceived! That confusion was necessary and valuable to philosophers who trembled at the coarse materialism of Holbach and Moleschott and Büchner; it was brilliant of Berkeley to get rid of all materialism with one strategic blow simply by proving that matter does not exist; it was a towering masterpiece of logical prestidigitation, and gives us fair warning that persons studying philosophy should keep both eyes on the philosopher. But it was a trifle dishonest; even a bishop might have hesitated at such a pious fraud. "That which distinguishes man from animals," says Anatole France, "is lying and literature"; and very little of this idealistic epistemology comes under literature. It takes an English Hegelian bred on the most respectable dogmas, or a German professor puffed up with fairy tales, to preach such a philosophy without laughing up his sleeve. Frenchmen, who love clarity and dislike hypocrisy, and Americans, who are uncomfortable in the clouds, do not digest such nonsense easily. The man of the world suspects that the world was there before man came, and will survive his going. The trees will still age and wither, and the seas despoil themselves when they will have long since been unseen.

This does not mean that there is no problem in epistemology. God knows that there are problems a-plenty there, as perhaps some other time we shall have a chance to see. But these puzzles of the relation between subject and object, of the mode in which the knower knows the known, of the objective and the subjective elements in knowledge, of the objectivity of space and time, and the degree in which the qualities which we ascribe to objects belong to objects or to the minds that perceive them—these, in their details, are puzzles for the science of psychology, fields for repeated and accurate observation and experiment; they are no more specifically problems for philosophy than the analogous mysteries of metabolism, or the chemistry of roast beef. Every problem belongs to philosophy as much as this one, and this one belongs to it only in its relation to all the rest; it is a villainous accident that this one actor in the great drama of ideas should have usurped nearly all the roles and mouthed nearly all the lines in modern philosophic thought.

Almost as bad is the presumption that the function of philosophy is to serve as a critique of scientific method. Here too the wish surreptitiously fathers the thought: unable to show the unreality of matter, apologetic professors decided to show the unreliability of science. The admissions of Mach, Pearson, and Poincaré that the conclusions of science were merely "shorthand" formulations of the "habits" of a nature never completely observed, and that these conclusions might at any time be violated and overthrown by wider observation, were seized upon as the Achilles' heel of the murderer who had killed the cock robins of theology; here was a noble chance to show that reason is fallible, that science gives us not certainty but only probability, and that *ergo* all the dear dogmas of our childhood's creed might be taken out of the museum, reclothed in carefully unintelligible phraseology, and sold to the next generation as only slightly damaged goods. Gentlemen arose on every side who sedulously examined the

axioms of mathematics, the concepts of space and time, of number and measurement, of quantity and quality; and who concluded, from learned abracadabra, that there was a Santa Claus after all.

Is it any wonder, after all this indecent sleight-o'-hand, that honest men are chary of philosophers? Of what use is all this logic if its syllogisms are but the dishonest disguise of secret hopes? "Metaphysics," said Bradley, "is the finding of bad reasons for what we believe upon instinct; but to find those reasons is no less an instinct." Sometimes it is the finding of bad reasons for what we want others to believe. Voltaire was honest enough to say that he wished his maid and his cook to accept the orthodox beliefs of their place and time; it slightly lessened the chances, he thought, of their pilfering his jewelry or poisoning his food. A philosophical theory, said Lotze, is an attempt to justify "a fundamental view of things which has been adopted in early life." Philosophers "all pose as though their real opinions had been discovered through the self-evolving of a cold, pure, divinely indifferent dialectic . . . whereas in fact a prejudicial proposition, idea, or suggestion, which is generally their heart's desire abstracted and refined, is defended by them with arguments sought out after the event." So wrote the honest Nietzsche.

Perhaps we have here the *caput Nili* of the faults that disfigure philosophy: it dishonors truth in the very search for it. It becomes the apologist of a transient dogma, and falls tragically short of that intellectual conscience, that patient respect for the evidence, that uphill attention to negative instances which distinguish a scientist like Humboldt or Darwin, or an unprofessional "literary" philosopher like Leonardo or Goethe. The Scholastics, who are wrongly rated as philosophers, having been primarily theologians, set the fashion of subordinating the search for truth to the promulgation of the Faith; their gigantic *Summas* were official Yellow Books issued by the Propaganda Office of the Vatican in the war on heresy. *Philosophia ancilla theologiæ*, they frankly said; philosophy is the chambermaid of theology. And though the great fathers of modern philosophy—Bacon, Descartes, and Spinoza—protested against this philosophic harlotry, their grandchildren of our day have largely surrendered to the old tradition.

A theology is a necessary garment to clothe the cosmic ignorance of the human mind; but fashions change in it as in other forms of dress. Man is continually reconceiving God in terms of man's own growing moral stature; the warlike Jehovah of cruder days does not satisfy a soul that has once heard the Sermon on the Mount. Better morals require better gods; and the development of man inevitably leaves a wake of outgrown theologies behind it. Religion does not die, but all religions do. A philosophy which takes as its secret or open assumptions the dogmas of a passing faith has hitched its wagon to a falling star and will be prematurely buried in the earth.

Out of this theological taint the other faults of philosophy grow like the mysteriously multiplying illnesses of a diseased heredity. To what is the obscurity of philosophy due if not to its imperfect honesty? No doubt some measure of the darkness which encompasses modern thought is due to the elusiveness of truth and the abstruseness of cosmic considerations; but obscurity of that sort alone would not keep human interest away. Shelley is obscure, but who does not honor him, at least with the lips? Woman is obscure, but what man this side of decay is not lured into the everlasting enterprise of penetrating that obscurity and solving that mystery? No, there is another and quite different obscurity in modern philosophy. When a man romances he is harder to understand than when he tells the truth; for every fact there are many possible imaginings; and only an expert can make his mendacity as consistent as the truth.

But experts in mendacity do not become philosophers; they are too urgently needed in the service of diplomacy; and divine philosophy is left with inferior novelists, whose plots fall apart at the first touch of the living world.

In the end it is this initial dishonesty that breeds the sterile intellectualism of contemporary speculation. A man who is not certain of his mental integrity shuns the vital problems of human existence; at any moment the great laboratory of life may explode his little lie and leave him naked and shivering in the face of truth. So he builds himself an ivory tower of esoteric tomes and professionally philosophical periodicals; he is comfortable only in their company, and dreads even the irritating realism of his home. He wanders farther and farther away from his time and place, and from the problems that absorb his people and his century. The vast concerns that properly belong to philosophy do not interest him, they frighten him; he does not feel any passion for pulling things together, for bringing some order and unity into the fertile chaos of his age. He retreats fearfully into a little corner and insulates himself from the world under layer after layer of technical terminology. He ceases to be a philosopher, and becomes an epistemologist.

It was not so in Greece, where philosophers professed less, and undertook more. Parmenides pondered nebulously over the mystery of knowledge; but the pre-Socratics kept their eyes with fair consistency upon the firm earth and sought to ferret out its secrets by observation and experience, rather than to create it by exuding dialectic; there were not many introverts among the Greeks. Picture Democritus, laughing philosopher; would he not be perilous company for the desiccated scholastics who have made the disputes about the reality of the external world take the place of medieval discourses on the number of angels that could sit on the point of a pin? Picture Thales, who met the challenge that philosophers were numbskulls by "cornering the market" and making a fortune in a year. Picture Anaxagoras, who did the work of Darwin for the Greeks and turned Pericles from a wire-pulling politician into a thinker and a statesman. Picture old Socrates, unafraid of the sun or the stars, gayly corrupting young men and overturning governments; what would he have done to these bespectacled seedless philosophasters who now litter the court of the once great Queen? To Plato, as to these virile predecessors, epistemology was but the vestibule of philosophy, akin to the preliminaries of love; it was pleasant enough for a while, but it was far from the creative consummation that drew wisdom's lover on. Here and there, in the shorter dialogues, the Master dallied amorously with the problems of perception, thought, and knowledge; but in his more spacious moments he spread his vision over larger fields, built himself ideal states, and brooded over the nature and destiny of man. And finally in Aristotle philosophy was honored in all her boundless scope and majesty; all her mansions were explored and made beautiful with order; here every problem found a place and every science brought its toll to wisdom. These men knew that the function of philosophy was not to bury herself in the obscure retreats of epistemology, but to come forth bravely into every realm of inquiry, and gather up all knowledge for the co-ordination and illumination of human character and human life; they understood that the field of philosophy is not some petty puzzle hiding in the clouds and destitute of interest or influence in the affairs of mankind, but the vast and total problem of the meaning and value and possibilities of man in this boundless and inexhaustible world.

III

All this being what philosophy is not, or should not be, it remains to say what philosophy is, or ideally might be. Can we restore the Queen of the Sciences to

her ancient scope and power? Can we again conceive philosophy as unified knowledge unifying life? Can we outline a kind of philosophy that might make its lovers capable of ruling first themselves and then a state, men worthy to be philosopher-kings?

Technically, as we defined it long ago, philosophy is "a study of experience as a whole, or of a portion of experience in relation to the whole." At once it becomes clear that any problem can be the material of philosophy, if only it is studied in total perspective, in the light of all human experience and desire. The mark of the philosophic mind is not so much subtlety of speculation as breadth of vision and unity of thought. For Spinoza's *sub specie eternitatis* let us substitute *sub specie totius;* the two outlooks focus on the same result, as the eyes meet on the object seen; but whereas man can gather his own experience into a relatively ordered whole, to see things from the standpoint of eternity is the prerogative of the immortal gods, who perhaps do not exist.

The relation of science to philosophy needs no further clarification: the sciences are the windows through which philosophy sees the world, they are the senses of which it is the soul; without it their knowledge is as chaotically helpless as sensations that come to a disordered mind, making an idiot's lore. Spencer was right: philosophy is the most generalized knowledge. But he was wrong: it is not merely knowledge; it implies the difficult and elevated vision in which mere knowledge is lifted up into a total view that orders and clarifies the confusion of desire; it involves the strangely different quality called wisdom.

Without science philosophy is impotent; for how can wisdom grow except on knowledge fairly won, with honest observation and research, and recorded and charted by impartial minds? Without science philosophy becomes decadent and dishonest, isolated from the flow of human growth, and falling more and more into the dreary futility of scholasticism. But without philosophy science is not merely helpless; it is destructive and devastating. Science is descriptive: it looks out with eye or telescope, with microscope or spectroscope, and tells us what it sees; its function is to observe carefully the fact at hand, and to describe it objectively and accurately, regardless of the result to man. Here is nitroglycerine, or chlorine gas; it is the business of science to analyze them calmly, to tell us just what these compounds or elements are and what they can do. If they can kill whole cities, if they can destroy the fairest shrines of human art, if they can lay waste and bring to nothing an entire civilization, with all its treasured loveliness and wisdom—science will tell us how it can be done scientifically, expeditiously, and with the least expense to the tax-payers, should they survive. But whether civilizations ought to be destroyed—what science tells us that? Whether life is sweetest when engrossed in acquisition and possessed with possessions, or when it is absorbed in creation and construction; whether it is better to seek knowledge and disillusionment or the passing ecstasy of beauty; whether we shall try to forego all supernatural sanctions in our moral life; whether we shall view matter from the standpoint of mind or mind from the standpoint of matter—what science shall answer us here? How shall these ultimate choices of our lives be clarified except by the light of our whole experience, by that wisdom to which knowledge is mere raw material, and in whose total vision all the wealth of all the sciences finds place and order and a guiding significance?

Science is the analytical description of parts; philosophy is the synthetic interpretation of the whole, or the interpretation of a part in terms of its place and value for the whole. Science is a committee of ways and means; philosophy is a committee on resolutions and program; facts and instrumentalities have worth and meaning only in relation to desire. That the desires themselves should be

consistent, that they should become ordered parts of a harmonious personality, an integrated life—that too is the task of philosophy, and one of its highest goals.

Of necessity philosophy is more hypothetical than science. Science itself must use hypothesis, but only as its starting-point; it must, if it be science, issue in verifiable knowledge, objectively independent of individual utility or whim. Philosophy, on the contrary, uses science and fact and verified knowledge as its starting-point (if it does not it is high time it should); and it proceeds to make vaster hypotheses about ultimate problems on which no verifiable data are at hand. It is a perilous and imaginative completion of knowledge; it fills out with experimentally unprovable assumptions the gaps in our scientific knowledge of the world. In this sense every man is a philosopher, even *malgré lui:* the most cautious skeptic, the most modest agnostic, or the most matter-of-fact "behaviorist" philosophizes, at the very time that he protests to all the world that philosophy is impossible. If an agnostic could live with such perfect neutrality as neither to believe nor to disbelieve in God, if he could divide his thoughts and actions impartially between acceptance and denial, he might achieve a breathless and motionless moratorium on philosophy, a state of philosophic coma, a cosmic unconsciousness. But this is too difficult and inhuman; we find that we actually take sides; we live denial or we live acceptance; we behave as if we had chosen one or the other horn of those terrible dilemmas which constitute philosophy. *Fingimus hypotheses:* we make hypotheses, even as Newton did. The lure of the absolute draws us ever on.

Shall we admit that philosophy perpetually contradicts itself in the historical succession of systems, that philosophers are all a-rage with fratricidal mania, and are never content until they have destroyed every rival claimant to the realms and throne of truth? How can a man occupied with life spare time to unravel these learned contradictions, or to pacify this war? Do not these philosophies cancel one another out? Consider Omar's experience:

> Myself when young did eagerly frequent
> Doctor and saint, and heard great argument
> About it and about; but ever more
> Came out by the same door wherein I went.

Well, perhaps Omar was romancing; perhaps he did not really come out by the same door wherein he went, unless, like a good Mohammedan, he had left his wits with his shoes at the temple gate. No man can frequent the company of the great philosophers without changing his mind and widening his views on a thousand vital points. Indeed, what was it that altered Omar's childhood faith into a skeptical worship of beauty and the grape? What is it that lends majesty to Omar's verse if it be not philosophy?

Let a man study the history of science and he will discover there such kaleidoscopic changes as make the vacillations of philosophy melt away in the scope and depth of its agreements and fundamental unanimity. To what distant star has our famous Nebular Hypothesis flown?—does contemporary astronomy countenance it, or smile in its clouded face? Where are the laws of the great Newton now, when Einstein and Moskowski and other disreputable foreigners have upset the universe with their unintelligible relativity? Where is the indestructibility of matter and the conservation of energy in the chaos and dispute of contemporary physics? Where is poor Euclid, greatest of text-book makers, now that mathematicians forge new dimensions for us at their own sweet will, juggle infinities of which one can contain another as its part, and prove that in physics, as in politics, a straight line is the longest distance between two points? Where is eugenics now that infantile environment replaces heredity as the passing deity of science? Where is Gregor Mendel now that "unit characters" are in bad odor

with geneticists? Where is the kindly destructive Darwin himself, now that evolution by fortuitous and continuous variations is displaced by the speedier method of mutations?—and are these mutations the illegitimate offspring of mating hybrids?—and are we to be forced back, for our explanation of evolution, to the transmission of acquired characters?—shall we find ourselves returning over a century to embrace again the neck of Lamarck's giraffe? What shall we do with the laborious laboratories of Professor Wundt, and the questionable questionnaires of Stanley Hall, now that no "behaviorist" can write a page of the latest and most scientific psychology without scattering the entrails of his predecessors to all the constellations of the zodiac? Where is the new "science" of history now that every Egyptologist makes his own ladder of dynasties and dates, differing from the others by only a few thousand years; and every good anthropologist laughs at Tylor and Westermarck and Spencer, and the poor be-knighted Frazer knows nothing about primitive religion now that he is dead? What have our sciences come to? Have they suddenly lost their infallibility, and their eternal truths? Can it be, even, that the "laws of Nature" are only the hypotheses of man? Is there no certainty or stability in science any more?

Perhaps if we desire stability of mind and soul we shall have to seek it less in science than in philosophy. These differences among the philosophers are due rather to the changing terminology of their times than to the hostility of their ideas; indeed, in great measure they are due to the inconstancy of science itself, with its passionate devotion to some hypothesis for a while, and then its satiety, and apathy, and flight to the novel face of some younger theory. What marvelous agreement there is, after all, in the judgments of the greatest thinkers on the vital problems of human life, when the varied fashions of their speech are resolved into their essential thought! Santayana modestly announces that he has nothing to add to Aristotle, but will offer merely an application of that older philosophy to our time; could a modern physicist, or a modern biologist, or a modern mathematician speak likewise of any scientist among the Greeks? Aristotle's science is contradicted at almost every point by the science of to-day; but his philosophy will remain illuminating and profound when the science of to-day shall be a thing of scorn and ridicule, deposed and cast out by the passing infallibilities of another age.

IV

We may feel, then, that philosophy is still *Regina Scientiarum*, and would be everywhere recognized as such if she clothed herself in her ancient majesty, brought all the sciences into her service, and took all knowledge as her instrument. The world is her subject-matter and her specialty. But as a wise queen assigns the various provinces of her kingdom to skilled governors, and these apportion among subordinates the task of accumulating data and dealing with details while they and the ruler confine themselves to the organization of intelligence and enterprise; so philosophy divides her empire into many realms, and in her paradise there are many mansions.

The first realm of her kingdom, and the vestibule of her home, is called by the unalluring name of *Logic;* as if philosophy deliberately hid her beauty from strangers' eyes, and bade all suitors pass through this ordeal first, and prove their worthiness to share her "dear delight." For the pleasures of philosophy are like the heights of love, to which no sullied soul can come. How shall we know truth when we behold her, if we have not learned to picture at least her semblance, and have not pondered the tests and trials by which we shall assure ourselves of her "real presence"? How shall we answer Pilate's tantalizing question? Shall we follow our frail, adventurous reason, our profound and obscure intui-

tion, or the brute verdict of our eyes and ears and groping hands? How shall we cleanse our senses and our thoughts of all distorting prejudices and all deceiving "idols," keeping all the lamps of our intelligence alight, that every passing truth may come to us and find welcome and an ordered place? How shall we train ourselves, like athletes, for the pursuit and love of wisdom?

And then, still distant from the throne and center of the kingdom, lies another realm of trial, home of the great dragon *Epistemology*. If our feet lagged in the weary paths of logic, here our eyes shall be almost useless in the dark; we shall stumble into many a marsh, and perhaps we shall wander too near the mouth of the dragon, and be charmed by his majestic language, and suddenly be swallowed up in his cavernous vacuity, becoming epistemologs forever. But we must face this test too, and answer in some forgivable way the riddle of knowledge, the problem of the reality and honesty of the world that we perceive. And then perhaps we shall pass on and stand humbly in the court of the Great Queen.

A lordly realm is *Metaphysics*, dark also, and illumined only by the light we bring, but full of treasures for the soul. Here Nature hides her secret essence, and puzzles us with a hundred lures. Here philosophy reveals something of that "highest music" which she sang to Pythagoras; for through her now Nature becomes conscious, and criticizes her own purposes, and becomes a meaningful thing. Here we may ponder the problems of matter and life, of brain and mind, of materialism and spiritualism, of mechanism and vitalism, of determinism and freedom. What is man?—a thing of coils and springs and tangled wheels, moved from without by the blind forces of earth and sky?—or, in his small and ridiculous way, a creative god?

Another realm is called *History*, where a hundred thousand menials and some geniuses bring their lore from distant times and lands, that we may look upon it all in unity and learn its lessons. Is there any meaning in the past? Are there any laws of growth and decay, marking and perhaps determining the rise and fall of nations, of races, and of civilizations? Here we shall come upon Montesquieu and Buckle discoursing of the influence of geography on the fate of peoples; here Condorcet, about to die, will console himself with the thought of progress, and the indefinite perfectibility of man; here Hegel will show us his dialectical sleight-o'-hand, and Carlyle will tell us of his heroes; here the great chauvinists will sing the strength of their races' seed, and will curse the coming of the barbarians; here Marx will frighten us with a mountain of figures and arguments for the economic determination of history; and here perhaps we shall find one or two seekers who will explain to these splendid monomaniacs that their truths are but facets of the fact, and that history and nature are more varied than they have dreamt of in their philosophies. And off in a corner we shall find the gloomy Nietzsche singing his song of Eternal Recurrence, and Spengler passionately proving the downfall of the western world

And then if we pass on to still another realm we shall hear discourse on *Politics;* for a moment we shall be dismayed, fearing that we have discovered America. But it cannot be, for these men discuss democracy without reverence, and anarchism without fear; they love socialism though they know its failure, and they honor aristocracy while despising its injustice to unpedigreed ability. And sometimes they speak with the enthusiasm of youth of a fair land called Utopia, in which only wise men rule, and every city is rich and beautiful.

With that last word still making music in our souls we enter into the heart of the realm, and gaze upon philosophy herself, as she reveals to her lovers the beautiful, the immortal, and the good. For philosophy has a secret jealousy of art, and envies her creative passion for beauty; here, and not in science, is her great rival for the possession and loyalty

of the noblest men. Wisdom might gracefully yield, admitting it is wiser to worship beauty than to seek truth; for eternal truth is so proudly elusive that perhaps we shall never be allowed even to touch the hem of her garments, while beauty, knowing that she must die, welcomes and rewards our adoration. So philosophy modestly studies beauty, while art reveres and re-creates her; art knows her in the ardent intimacy of love, in the fair strength of architectured temples, and the voluptuous splendor of sculptured forms, and the warmth of color, and the music of words, and the concourse of sweet sounds; but philosophy, alas, knows only the problems of beauty: whence beauty comes, and what it means, and whether it lies in the form itself or only in the hunger of our hearts. And this is the realm of *Æsthetics*, made dreary for centuries by scholastic minds, but still full of wonder and delight.

Here, also in the center of the kingdom, is the realm of Morals or *Ethics;* again a region arid with academic abstractions, but in some ways the richest of the mansions of philosophy. For even higher than the life of art is the art of life; and ethics is the lore of the art of life. Here philosophy lifts her varied knowledge into living wisdom, and from her many mansions gathers guidance for mankind. What is the best life after all? Of what good is goodness, and what right is there in power? Does the highest virtue lie in the wisdom of Socrates, or Nietzsche's bravery, or the gentleness of Christ? Shall we be Stoics with Zeno and Spinoza, or Epicureans with Epicurus and Renan? Is pleasure the aim of life? Is love immoral except within the law? What is justice, and what does justice say of our industrial world? Here if anywhere are vital questions, in which entire civilizations may find their fate involved; here are dilemmas that touch every state and every heart; problems by the side of which science, with its bookkeeping and its shorthand, its liquids and solids and gases, seems something remote and inhumanly cold, something not so much allied to life as unwittingly in league with death.

But then death too belongs to philosophy; and when all other debates are stilled, thought turns fearfully to consider the Great Enemy, and philosophy enters the portals of *Religion*. Theology is the study of supernatural beings, and their relationship with man; of these beings philosophy has nothing to say. But of man's relationship with the sum of life and the totality of things, of his origin on this earth and his final destiny, philosophy would speak, though with a timid modesty commensurate with human ignorance. It is concerned with the question of immortality as it is concerned with every vital issue; perhaps we might define philosophy as a matter of life and death. And finally it is concerned with God. Not with the God of theology, conceived presumably as outside the realm of Nature; but with the God of philosophers, the law and the structure and the vitality and the will of the world. If there is any intelligence guiding this universe, philosophy wishes to know and understand it and reverently work with it; if there is none, philosophy wishes to know that also, and face it without fear. If the stars are but transient coagulations of haphazard nebulæ, if life is a colloidal accident, impersonally permanent and individually fleeting, if man is only a compound of chemicals, destined to disintegrate and utterly disappear, if the creative ecstasy of art, and the gentle wisdom of the sage, and the willing martyrdom of saints are but bright incidents in the protoplasmic pullulation of the earth, and death is the answer to every problem and the destiny of every soul—then philosophy will face that too, and try to find within that narrowed circle some significance and nobility for man.

V

Well, then, is all this philosophy useful? It is a shameful question to ask;

we do not ask it of poetry, which is also an imaginative construction of a world incompletely known. If poetry reveals to us the beauty our untaught eyes have missed, and philosophy gives us the wisdom to understand and forgive, it is enough, and more than the world's wealth. Philosophy will not fatten our purses, nor lift us to dizzy dignities in a democratic state; it may even make us careless of these little things. For what if we should fatten our purses, and rise to the highest office, and yet all the while remain ignorantly naïve, coarsely unfurnished in the mind, brutal in behavior, unstable in character, chaotic in desire, and blindly miserable?

Perhaps philosophy will give us, if we are faithful to it, a healing unity of soul. We are so slovenly and self-contradictory in our thinking; it may be that we shall clarify ourselves, and pull ourselves together into consistency, and be ashamed to harbor contradictory desires or beliefs. And through this unity of mind may come that unity of purpose and character which makes a personality, and lends some order and dignity to our existence. Philosophy is harmonized knowledge making a harmonious life; it is the self-discipline which lifts us to a divine serenity and freedom. Knowledge is power, but only wisdom is liberty.

Our culture is superficial to-day, and our knowledge dangerous, because we are rich in mechanisms and poor in purposes. The balance of mind which once came of a warm religious faith is gone; science has taken from us the supernatural bases of our morality, and all the world seems consumed in a disorderly individualism that reflects the chaotic fragmentation of our character. We face again the problem that harassed Socrates: how shall we find a natural ethic to replace the supernatural sanctions which have ceased to influence the behavior of men? Without philosophy, without that total vision which unifies purposes and establishes the hierarchy of desires, we fritter away our social heritage in cynical corruption on the one hand and in revolutionary madness on the other; we abandon in a moment our pacific idealism and plunge into the co-operative suicide of war; we have a hundred thousand politicians, but not a single statesman; we move about the earth with unprecedented speed, but we do not know, and have not thought, where we are going, or whether we shall find any happiness there for our restless souls. We are being destroyed by our knowledge, which has made us drunk with our power. And we shall not be saved without wisdom.

BIG BUSINESS ON TRIAL

BY JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE

UNDER the system known as Big Business the United States has become vastly prosperous. Factories are busy; department stores, chain-store organizations, mail-order houses report record-making sales; wage earners receive more money than at any previous period and live on a scale of luxury undreamed of in European countries. Optimistic writers and speakers at trade conventions treat the present system as permanent and congratulate America on a business acumen superior to that of rival nations. Yet in the midst of this prosperity one finds in private interviews with thoughtful executives of Big Business a tendency toward worry, a questioning if Big Business can maintain the pace it has set.

A composite report of many such interviews might be set down as follows:

"Twenty-odd years ago, when the theory of Big Business and mass production first began to be put into practical effect, we tacitly promised that if the American public would buy standardized, machine-made goods, the cost of living would be reduced for everyone. Yet we have not been able to make good this promise. In some few instances mass production has reduced prices; but in a far greater number of cases the public actually pays more for goods than it did formerly. The cost of living is vastly higher in the United States than in countries in which mass production is not practiced. Every commercial problem is eventually decided by one thing—price. Unless Big Business finds some means of curbing the rising tide of price, it is not unthinkable that Big Business may be wiped out of existence and the pendulum swing back to a system of small business and individually owned enterprises."

For the average reader it will be necessary to explain the precise meaning of the term "Big Business." It may be described roughly thus: Big Business is any combination of capital and talent designed to produce and sell in large quantities and more economically than is possible under a system of small enterprises. A manufacturing enterprise is Big Business when it produces some specialty which it sells throughout the country and on which it can control the price to some extent. A "chain store" organization that maintains branches in widely scattered communities, and thus comes into competition with local merchants, is Big Business. In a limited sense a city department store is Big Business because it is in effect an assemblage of individual shops operated under one roof and management for purposes of economy.

Strictly speaking, the United States is the world's only Big Business country, and the only country in which mass production in manufacturing has been adopted as a settled policy. The manufacturing plants of Great Britain and Continental Europe are small compared with ours and deficient in automatic labor-saving machinery. European retailing is still in the hands of independent small shopkeepers. The few European enterprises that might be classified as Big Business are sharply differentiated from ours in one vastly important par-

ticular. Almost invariably the large enterprises are controlled by some individual or by some family. With us the majority of the larger corporations are managed by executives who have little financial interest but who have been chosen for their qualifications as business getters; as producers of dividends for the stockholders.

II

Big Business in America may be said to date from approximately the beginning of the present century, and came about through very human causes. The days of pioneering were over. The World's Fair at Chicago and the Spanish War had quickened the imaginations of millions of people; men began to see the Unites States as a whole and to conceive the idea that their enterprises might be expanded beyond the confines of their particular sections. At this time also many of the so-called captains of industry who had made their business beginnings during the California gold boom or the Civil War period were beginning to drop out of active affairs; the usual procedure was to incorporate their holdings and to sell stock to great numbers of people as investment. The captain of industry retired; Big Business took his place.

Although the early years of Big Business saw much mud slinging and political recrimination, the inevitable result of the change was a tendency toward stabilization of industry and, particularly, a much needed stabilization of prices. The captain of industry who owned his enterprise could do as he pleased. More often than not he was a fighter by nature and in his trade wars juggled his prices up and down in most erratic fashion, intent only on putting his competitor out of business at no matter what personal cost. But the salaried successor of the captain of industry, engaged for his ability to produce regular dividends for a multiplicity of stockholders, operated for safety and regularity rather than for spectacular coups. From this necessity some of the larger manufacturing corporations began the practice of setting a fixed price on their product and advertising to the public that the product might be purchased from local storekeepers at that price.

This was really the beginning of what is known as National Advertising. Before that time the bulk of the advertising appearing in periodicals of national circulation had direct cash returns as its object. The manufacturer of clothing, of tooth brushes, of side-bar buggies advertised his wares and invited the public to send cash or money order direct to factory. The newer form of advertising, introduced by Big Business, invited the public to patronize home-town storekeepers. Older readers of American magazines will recall the publicity connected with the sale of the works of art known as Roger's Groups. In accordance with the methods of the time the invariable message was, "Send check or postal note to 52 Union Square, New York City." The Roger's Group passed out of the picture in the eighteen nineties and is now an object to be displayed in public museums; but were it still an active item of commerce its publicity would be "Roger's Groups, $15.00 at all Department Stores and Art Shops."

This newer form of National Advertising tended to reduce the prices of commodities. The manufacturer who asked buyers to send money direct to factory gained his sales at a far greater percentage of expense than the manufacturer who induced storekeepers throughout the country to stock his products and act as his selling agents. Mass production was not possible under the direct-by-mail method because sales were necessarily limited. But the manufacturer whose goods were sold by ten thousand active retailers had a large and steady demand which made possible tremendous savings in his factory operations.

Not only did National Advertising and

mass production create a tendency toward lower prices, but they served to bring about a stabilization of values that had formerly been sadly lacking. Older readers will recall that few retail shopkeepers marked their goods in plain figures or adhered to a fixed price. Even in many large city establishments the buying of merchandise was often a matter of haggling between client and salesman. Often indeed articles were marked only with a cipher indicating the cost, and the salesperson's salary depended on his ability to secure the greatest possible profit. In small towns and in remote communities where there was little competition merchants ordinarily exacted high prices. As there were no standards by which people could judge values, suspicion inevitably crept in. The small-town citizen usually believed the merchants of his community to be "high priced," and held firmly to the idea that he could save money by purchasing in larger places. Always the small town was handicapped in its development through the tendency of its citizens to spend their money away from home.

Big Business and National Advertising changed all this. Formerly the manufacturer who supplied the retailer with merchandise assumed little responsibility once the merchandise had left his factory. Under the new system the manufacturer guaranteed his product to the public, and for his own protection insisted that the retailer should not charge exorbitant prices. There is no excuse to-day for the small-town dweller to accuse his local dealers of being "high priced," for he is informed through printed publicity what the price should be and he knows that merchants everywhere are under compulsion to exact only economic profits.

This stabilization of prices brought about by Big Business had another effect which vastly influenced American life. Under the old system of retailing, when each purchase resolved itself into a battle of wits between client and salesman, retail shops were necessarily small affairs whose sales were limited to the amount of merchandise that could be sold by the proprietor and a few expert salespeople working under his personal supervision. As National Advertising brought about fixed retail prices and the public was educated to the belief that haggling was not necessary, the retail stores of the country expanded greatly in size and importance. Small shops, manned by expert men salespeople, developed into great department stores where the plainly marked merchandise piled on counters made it possible for customers practically to wait on themselves. A further evolution was the "chain-store" system where personal salesmanship is still more eliminated and where immense savings are made possible by huge purchases of merchandise from manufacturers. The latest development is the "self serve" chain-store organization in which is apparently embodied every element of economy; for not only does the organization purchase its goods in enormous quantities but eliminates altogether the expense of personal salesmanship.

Big Business has, apparently, done everything possible to make good its original promise that standardization and mass production would reduce the cost of living. It has followed all accepted rules of logic. Yet the stubborn fact remains that the cost of living has gone up, not down. In many cases the public pays more for articles made under a system of automatic machinery and mass production than it paid when the articles were fabricated largely by hand and in small quantities.

III

Let us see if we can locate the reasons for this astonishing upset of accepted rules. A modern department store will furnish the most easily understood example. Back in the eighteen nineties when the department-store idea began to spread throughout the country, small

merchants everywhere saw disaster ahead. The department store effected economies impossible for the small dealer. It bought in larger quantities than he, and thus secured its merchandise at a lower price. Because its number of departments were under a single management it saved in executive cost, in bookkeeping, in rental, in deliveries. Yet those small merchants who did not lose their heads from fright learned that even with these things against them they could successfully compete with the Mammoth Store. On the item of purchases alone the big department store logically should stifle its little competitor. One may cite a certain metropolitan establishment that employs six thousand people and is reported to do an annual business of sixty million dollars a year. Its management is held up throughout the country as a model of efficiency. With its immense buying power it doubtless acquires its goods twenty per cent cheaper than does the little shopkeeper. Yet within the shadow of this great establishment there are scores of small shops each manned by a proprietor and half a dozen assistants, selling at competitive prices and yet earning satisfactory profits for their owners.

A similar situation exists in every city in America. The fact is that Big Business has difficulties undreamed of by the casual observer. Foremost is the problem of delegated authority. The president of the mammoth establishment may be a business genius of the highest order, but his genius is diluted to the vanishing point by the time it filters through his army of department heads, floorwalkers, salespeople, accountants, delivery men. But the little shopkeeper across the street has no such problems. Everything is done under his personal supervision, promptly, efficiently. He cuts off an expense here and there, trims his sails to the shifting winds of trade. He pays more for his merchandise than does his big competitor, but makes up the difference through intensive, personal effort. There is for him no waste of delegated authority.

Every business problem is eventually settled by price; and if there ever occurs a swing back from big retailing to little retailing it will be because of the big establishments' mounting expenses of operation. For a number of years department-store records show increasing costs in selling their merchandise. The latest available report of the Harvard Bureau of Business Research gives the average selling cost of a group of the largest department stores in the country as in excess of thirty per cent, the highest figure recorded in department-store history.

It goes without saying that an uneconomic situation is reached when the cost of vending a dollar's worth of merchandise is in excess of thirty cents. Competition is largely responsible for this situation. Constantly, in the race for volume of sales, new features are installed as business getters. Free deliveries are extended; rest rooms, writing rooms, nurseries are maintained; radio stations are equipped. These are refinements that were not thought of when the department-store idea first came into being. The little dealer cannot offer these luxuries, and the public does not expect it of him. A number of department-store executives have told the writer that they have practically abandoned the idea of reducing overhead expenses, and count for profits instead on cheaper buying of their merchandise. Many of the larger establishments have combined to establish co-operative buying agencies in order to secure lower prices from manufacturers through massed purchases. In some instances department-store executives charge manufacturers rental for the space that the manufacturer's merchandise occupies upon the store's shelves. Frequently the manufacturer pays a portion of the salaries of the store's salespeople.

Manifestly, such practices are only in the nature of stop-gaps and do not

solve the problem that harasses Big Business in its fight to maintain itself against a return of the system of small business and individually owned enterprises. Big Business came into being on a platform of economy. Big Retail Business only shifts the burden to Big Manufacturing Business when it seeks its profits by depressing the prices of manufacturers or by insisting that manufacturers share the expenses of selling goods across the retail counter.

Big Manufacturing Business already has troubles of its own. Massed production in itself is economical; but massed production entails massed selling; and there lies the problem that must be solved before any Big Business organization may say positively that it has arrived.

There is, let us say, a manufacturer of brass door knockers who has established a local reputation for beauty and excellence of product and who turns out twenty door knockers per day. These cost him one dollar each to manufacture, and he sells them for two dollars. On this basis he makes a satisfactory living as he employs only a couple of assistants, and his selling expenses are practically nothing because people come voluntarily to his workshop and buy his product.

The time arrives when this manufacturer wishes to retire. The live business men of his community form a corporation to take over his enterprise and sell stock to several hundred people as an investment. It is decided to erect an immense factory building, to install automatic machinery, and to increase the output of door knockers to ten thousand per day. By manufacturing in such quantities each door knocker will cost only fifty cents instead of one dollar as formerly.

On paper the project appears thoroughly sound and it seems the stockholders must receive large returns on the money they have invested. But in order to dispose of ten thousand door knockers per day it is necessary to form a country-wide selling organization. The stockholders elect as president a gentleman who has no financial interest in the corporation but who is reputed to be a go-getter and a salesman of surpassing attainments. After a careful survey of the business situation this gentleman reports to his stockholders that sales resistance is very pronounced in the door-knocker field and that an energetic campaign will be necessary to sway public taste—to make people, as he expresses it, "door-knocker conscious." The stockholders, interested only in receiving dividends on their investments, inform the president that any plans he makes will be satisfactory to them so long as he earns profits.

Fortified by this expression of confidence, the president embarks upon a campaign of the utmost vigor. In a dozen principal cities he establishes offices, each in charge of a branch manager chosen for his ability to overcome sales resistance, and each held responsible for a certain volume of sales in his territory. Above these branch managers is a general sales manager who darts constantly from one office to another to urge greater activity, to commend, to threaten, to devise ingenious methods of salesmanship. From the factory is sent out a corps of skilled demonstrators to visit retail stores where the door knockers are sold and to stress the importance of door knockers on the stores' customers. The stores are authorized to sell door knockers on the installment plan. Lecturers are sent to address woman's clubs throughout the country to spread the gospel of more and better door knockers as a means of elevating the standards of American culture. As a crowning gesture of his campaign the corporation president announces National Door-knocker Week and calls upon right thinking citizens to place in abeyance all ordinary matters that the Week may properly be observed.

By such methods the door-knocker corporation manages to dispose of its output of ten thousand per day, but at

enormous cost. In order to pay dividends, the price of its door knockers is advanced to four dollars. But at this price the sales resistance becomes more pronounced than ever, and still more expensive selling activities are necessary in order to dispose of the factory output. Then it is that little business begins to cut into Big Business. Small factories are started in various communities whose owners cater only to local demand and who can vend their door knockers at the old price of two dollars each, a figure that the great corporation cannot duplicate. Eventually this competition grows to the point where the corporation, committed to a policy of mass production and high-powered selling, goes bankrupt. Its stockholders lose not only their promised dividends but their capital as well.

Even the tyro in business can see why a Big Business enterprise so conducted should have failed. There was not a natural demand for ten thousand door knockers per day. It was possible by go-getter tactics to force such a number on the public, but such a pace could be maintained only by a too extravagant outlay. When the time was ripe little business simply stepped back into the place from which it had been evicted.

Records of American business during the past twenty years reveal a multitude of failures that have come about through causes similar to those described. It is such occurrences that thoughtful executives have in mind when they discuss the chances of a continuation of our system of Big Business. In 1900 our percentage of commercial failures was about equal to that of England and France. During the past fiscal year our bankruptcies totalled in excess of twenty thousand—more than double the number of England and France combined. Were the actual business delinquencies taken into account, the disproportion would be still greater, because in America it is customary for creditors to make compromises with debtors; while in Europe the business enterprise that cannot pay one hundred cents on the dollar is ordinarily compelled to go into bankruptcy.

It is a commonplace of business that many commercial failures result from what is called "overselling." A corporation, for example, whose annual business amounts to a million dollars may pay substantial dividends. But should its management embark upon a policy of expansion and decide to push the annual business up to a million and a half, it may lose money. The cost of securing the last half million can easily eat up all profits, and more.

Big Business is inevitably more tempted to "oversell" than is little business. The head of a corporation that has ten thousand stockholders works under the constant pressure of earning dividends. The individual who owns his enterprise in its entirety is under no such compulsion; he may operate for long periods at bare expense if he considers such a policy advisable for the permanent good of his enterprise.

IV

The past few years in particular have been a test of Big Business' ability to hold its own; and, to put it plainly, the results have not always proved reassuring. During the War and the boom period immediately following many industrial plants were tremendously enlarged to take care of increased business that was believed would be permanent. In many cases the increased volume was transitory, brought about by the unusual conditions of the times, yet corporate ambition dictated the extraordinary efforts to maintain production at full capacity.

One of the most spectacular failures of recent years was a direct result of such efforts, the bankruptcy proceedings bringing out the following facts: the corporation in question had for a long period enjoyed an exceedingly profitable business and in 1919 its management erected new factory buildings with capacity three times greater than formerly. Then followed the depression of

1920–21, and for several years thereafter the corporation was unable to pay dividends. Had it been a private enterprise it is likely the owner would have admitted his mistake, taken the loss incidental to the dismantling of his unnecessary equipment, and proceeded as before. As it was, however, there were several thousand stockholders, each eager for dividends on his investment, and a reorganization was decided upon. A new president was elected, a gentleman who came to the office with an impressive record as a business getter in former positions and with the fixed belief that a policy of more and better selling was the remedy for all business ills.

The new president inaugurated radical changes in policy. Where the corporation previously had maintained half a dozen branch offices, more than twenty were established, each with its corps of high-powered salesmen. It was the president's idea, as he expressed it, to fine-tooth the entire country. At one time ninety salesmen were employed in the state of Texas alone. Dealers who handled the corporation's product were assigned certain quotas that they were obliged to buy under threat of having their sales contracts taken away and given to competitors. The high-powered salesmen did not depend upon railroad transportation; each was furnished an automobile at the expense of the corporation in order that he might the more often call upon the dealers to urge, exhort, threaten.

By these methods the corporation's volume of business actually was doubled, but dividends were farther away than ever. Where selling had formerly been done at a cost of twenty per cent, the cost mounted to more than thirty-five per cent. Credit losses multiplied, for many of the dealers went into bankruptcy, unable to sell the quota set by the corporation. Eventually the time came when it was impossible to maintain the volume of sales even under forced draft; and when the tide turned retrogression was swift. It was impossible to find dealers to take the place of those who had been forced into bankruptcy. A large proportion of the dealers who remained solvent refused to renew their sales contracts because of resentment over the importunities of the high-powered salesmen. When the corporation itself fell into bankruptcy its creditors received only a few cents on the dollar. Its good will, which should have been a valuable asset, had been dissipated by ill-advised go-getting.

One hesitates to compare one's own country unfavorably with other countries, but this sort of business activity does not take place in European business circles; it is, unfortunately, prevalent enough with us to cause uneasiness among those business men who see in the rising tide of American commercial failures a menace to our present commercial system.

Very recently the American business periodicals carried a news story concerning the sales campaign of a certain corporation which manufactures what may here be called Musical Gadgets. Although it is announced that the campaign will be of national scope, thus far the operations in only a single city, St. Louis, have been described in detail. On a certain date the forces of attack gathered in the Missouri metropolis. Executives of the corporation, working in conjunction with local shopkeepers who sell Musical Gadgets, had already prepared plans by which the city was divided into sections after the methods of the Liberty Bond campaigns during the War. An army of young ladies were engaged for preliminary work, and when all was made ready these descended upon the householders of St. Louis. According to the accounts in the trade press, as each young lady rang a door bell and the portal opened, she spoke the words in which she had been coached by the corporation's sales-manager:

"Good morning! I am Miss Blank and I am taking a musical census and I should like to inquire if you have any children."

Having thus established relations, the "census taker's" next question as quoted in the business press was as follows:

"Have you a Musical Gadget in your home, and if so, what make is it?"

The "census taker" set down in her notebook the precise status of the family in relation to the Musical Gadget industry and proceeded to other households. Each evening she turned her reports over to the sales-manager at campaign headquarters. Within forty-eight hours eager salesmen were on the doorsteps of the householders already visited by the "census takers," these salesmen being accompanied on their routes by automobile trucks loaded with Musical Gadgets for immediate delivery. Time payments were urged if the householder was not able to pay cash. According to the trade press, twenty-five thousand St. Louis homes were visited by the "census takers," and more than six thousand sales were reported.

The trade press gives the number of sales made during this astonishing campaign, but reports nothing as to the expenses of selling. Certainly the costs must have been out of ordinary. But no matter what the cost, other industries must adopt equally intensive methods or lose their share of the country's income. Executives of Big Business who do not approve of strong-arm selling are forced into it by those who do. Big Business itself is still an experiment, an adventure in economy. If too hectic methods prevent its carrying out its early promises the pendulum may easily swing back to the old system of little business and individually owned enterprises.

In the United States there are said to be more than fifteen million persons owning corporation stocks, and each of these is financially interested in the success of Big Business. Every uneconomic enterprise that increases the costs of Big Business is an assault on the fortunes of the fifteen millions.

SHE HAD TO BE RIGHT

A STORY

BY FRÉDÉRIC BOUTET

Translated from the French by Coburn Gilman

MONSIEUR PERRETIN came home earlier than usual. His wife, who was sewing beneath the droplight by the spread table in the little dining room, deduced from the slowness of his movements and the impassivity of his face that he was in a state of violent excitement.

Monsieur Perretin was red haired, lean, and clean shaven. In order to succeed in life he pretended to be utterly cold-blooded and took every possible opportunity to display a great deal of practical shrewdness and plain common sense. He imagined that this was the way the great American captains of industry behaved. Madame Perretin, who was irritated by this pose, called it his wooden behavior. She did not in the least believe in her husband's plain common sense, nor in his impassivity, nor in his extensive business affairs which were always going to bring in a hundred thousand francs the following week. She was grateful to him for many good qualities, but she obstinately refused him those which he desired to possess. She thought him blundering, visionary, impulsive, haphazard, and absolutely incapable of making a success of any enterprise whatsoever. She would have preferred him to be a mere clerk without initiative or responsibility. He reproached her for not appreciating him; it was the one thing about which they quarreled.

Ordinarily when Monsieur Perretin came home at the end of the day he spoke of his numerous projects and his high hopes; this evening he was more impassive than ever and spoke about the weather.

"Come now, Edmond, what's up?" Madame Perretin interrupted. "Stop pretending to me that you are perfectly calm. What happened to-day? Tell me at once."

"I'm not pretending anything, my dear Alice," Monsieur Perretin replied in a slow drawl from which he could not quite banish a quaver of suppressed excitement. "I am acting perfectly naturally. . . . Even to please you, it is impossible for me to turn into an excitable idiot."

Madame Perretin was too curious to argue.

"Please don't keep me waiting," she begged. "What's the news?"

"Oh, just a small matter," he said with indifference. "That Terrache business . . . I spoke to you about it. . . . Well, it's closed."

"It's closed? You have put over a deal?" Alice cried. "Oh, how delighted I am!"

She threw herself into his arms. Monsieur Perretin, mortified by the implication of her remarks, continued, "Yes, as you say with an astonishment that is scarcely flattering, I have 'put over a deal.' A small matter, I repeat, eight thousand francs for my commission; but other transactions, decidedly more extensive . . ."

"We shall see. While we are waiting,

here is a real success. But why didn't you tell me about it as soon as you came in?"

He made a gesture of feigned indifference.

"As a matter of fact I should have begun with that. But, my dear Alice, what can you expect when a man is in business? One thing succeeds, another fails. I am too accustomed to these ups and downs to be excited about them."

Alice did not tell him that this was the first time she had seen him succeed. She asked:

"It's closed? You are sure it's closed?"

He smiled with superior certitude. She began again with animation:

"So there's money coming to us. What luck. How are we going to spend it?"

"We will discuss that after dinner," said Monsieur Perretin. "And don't forget to give me back the brokerage contract which I gave you to take care of. The first thing to-morrow morning I will take it to Duroy who will pay me the money."

"What contract?"

"Why, the one I had for the Terrache business which calls for the eight thousand francs."

"But you have not given it to me."

"What, I did not give it to you? . . . Alice, you know perfectly well that I gave it to you and asked you to lock it up with our papers in the secretary."

"Certainly not. I remember perfectly that you showed it to me and that then, right before my eyes, you put it back into your pocketbook."

Monsieur Perretin's hands were trembling. No longer dreaming of affecting indifference, he took his wallet from his pocket, opened it, emptied it. The paper for which he sought was not there.

"You see. You see," he said to his wife.

"I see that you have lost it," she cried.

"But you are mad! I gave it to you. It is in the secretary."

"I tell you no! You did not give it to me! I have not put it away. Moreover, I'll prove it to you."

Followed by her husband she darted into the bedroom. They took an inventory of the contents of the secretary, unfolding one by one the papers they found there and taking out the drawers to make sure that the precious document had not slipped behind.

"You see," Alice continued sharply, "there is nothing here. I was sure of it. I saw you put the contract back into your pocketbook on top of a green paper."

"Yes, the notification about the taxes that I had to pay at the time. But I did not put the contract in my pocketbook, I gave it to you."

"Don't insist, and don't be stubborn. You have lost it and do not try to accuse me. I'm not responsible."

"But a folded paper can't be lost out of the pocket of a wallet."

"Certainly. It can be dropped when you are taking out another paper, it can be torn without your noticing it; it can . . . how should I know? One fact is certain: that you put that paper back into your pocketbook and that it is not there any more. And you say that you are not bungling, disorderly, and forgetful. And you think yourself capable of big business. Ah, ah, ah, it's a fine business you carry on. I congratulate you. You succeed in one enterprise and then you find a way to fail despite yourself. Because you *have* failed, haven't you? Have you any claim without that contract?"

Monsieur Perretin made a vague gesture. He did not even dream of having the slightest hope, knowing well that without the written agreement Duroy would pitilessly refuse to pay him. Overwhelmed, he tried to gather together his memories. His first impulse had been to ask his wife for the document, convinced that he had given it to her. Now he was not at all sure. Had he really put it back in his pocketbook? He no longer knew. Always a prey to

chimerical dreams of fortune, he had frequent moments of absent-mindedness which he carefully concealed.

"Ah, you are beginning to come to your senses," Alice said again suddenly, having almost followed the course of her husband's thoughts. "You remember that you did not give it to me. Then at least be frank, admit it. Admit that you don't know what you do and that you cannot trust yourself in the most important matters. . . . By chance, by luck, I don't know how, you succeed in putting over one deal, one, and only one, and you ruin it like this, stupidly. . . . Oh, it is too exasperating. . . . What a fine American business man you make. . . . You may be proud of yourself. And you consider yourself superior to an honorable employment that would assure us a substantial and reliable livelihood. No, when I think of it . . . a deal closed . . . money to be had for the asking . . . then you lose the contract . . . just that. That, that is the last straw!"

She continued for a long time growing more and more irritated, more and more sarcastic and insulting. They scarcely touched their dinner. She resumed her reproaches during the evening, recommenced them the next day, and pursued them on the days that followed with an augmenting bitterness. She could not grow accustomed to this event which became a significant catastrophe for her. She saw her husband with new eyes and now felt for him a contempt devoid of indulgence.

One morning when Alice was alone at home the bell rang at eleven o'clock. It was the postman with a registered letter. On the envelope the young wife recognized the writing of one of her married friends who lived in the country.

The envelope contained a folded paper and a card; Alice read the card:

"My dear,

"Thank you for the last books you sent me. Do not worry, I will take good care of them. I have begun Max Didier's *Passionate Child.* It is very interesting and very well written; but I found between the pages a paper which is perhaps important and which I am hastening to send back to you."

Without reading farther Alice nervously unfolded the paper. She was amazed. It was the contract. Suddenly she remembered everything: how her husband came home and gave the document to her; how she went into the bedroom and sat down before dinner to finish the palpitatingly interesting last chapter of the *Passionate Child;* how she placed—and forgot—the contract between the leaves of the book she had sent her friend the next day.

For a moment she sat speechless and motionless. So she had been wrong, so she had lost the contract, so she had been scatter-brained, careless, and obstinate.

She thought how unbounded her husband's triumph would be. She thought of the daily quarrels she had picked with him and of the scornful reproaches with which she had overwhelmed him. And as a result of all these things she thought of how humiliating her relationship with him would be in the future.

Suddenly she heard the noise of the front door. He was coming in. Distracted by shame, tormented by anguish, she took two steps to confront him and blurt out the truth at once. But she stopped. . . . It was more than she could bear. . . . She returned quickly to the fireplace, lighted a candle, hastily burned the contract, and crushed the cinders between her hands until she had reduced them to an impalpable powder.

A MAYAN ADVENTURE

BY WILLIAM McFEE

WORD coming to the capital that a guide would arrive at Zacapa, I went down.

From Guatemala City the narrow-gauge train descends the mountains by a series of perilous and picturesque spirals, in which the great ribs of the Cordillera have been alternately bored and bridged. Each station, after the manner of mountain countries, bears on the board the distance from the capital and the height, in meters, above sea level. And an hour before you reach Zacapa (225 meters) at a place called La Reforma, the train leaves the huge convolutions of the ranges and runs over a dry hot desert-land whose whitish-gray surface is broken only by the eternal cactus and the shadowy forms of limestone mountains to the westward. And on the edge of this arid plain which is called La Fragua, stands Zacapa, the principal town, the *cabecera* as they say, of that *departamento*. Here the two trains, one ascending from Puerto Barrios, the other coming down from the capital, meet and halt for lunch—an occasion, the one vivid moment of the day, Zacapa's one glimpse of the outside world. Here, while mechanics hastily confer around a smoking axle-box, dragging charred rags from the blackened bearings, while passengers hurry across the dusty tracks to the bar, the local population can absorb their supply of worldliness to last them until to-morrow. Out of windows loll cosmopolitans from Barrios and El Progreso, passing the time of day with Zacapans and perhaps a visitor from Chiquimula. Gringos, gulping whisky at the bar, or mutton and frijoles at the coarse white tables of the restaurant, do not see the rapid drama of the place. This is a pity; for here you have an example of how the day of a community preserves the deliberate tempo of feudal times hour after hour, until with a sudden rush and roar, it toboggans down into the twentieth century for half an hour, and the people become alert, vivacious, avaricious, commercial, argumentative, vindictive, social, gay, prophetic, and finally valedictory before returning once more to their usual immobility, as the trains shriek and gather speed and rattle away, leaving Zacapa to her medieval repose, lulled only by intermittent bangs of iron on iron in railroad shops and the self-conscious hacking cough of a switching engine bunting a couple of flat-cars on a siding.

Here, at this moment of the day, my guide and I, leaving opposing trains, made each other's acquaintance and adjourned, for conversation and refreshment, to the long barracklike hotel beside the line. We eat and take our leisure. The trains, being late, propose to make up time by limiting the lunch recess to fifteen minutes. The through passengers hurry their meals and drinks and go back through the dust and heat to the furnacelike cars and sit there—for another quarter of an hour!

Zacapa is, or will be a junction. Vast piles of girders and rails are stacked beside the tracks. Long barrows of creosoted ties glisten in the heat. From this point a railway is going into the neighboring republic of El Salvador, which is about the same area as the

State of Connecticut, and which will then be in communication by direct route with the Atlantic Ocean. Ladies and gentlemen from San Salvador, instead of enduring the fatigue of an automobile or mule journey over the mountains, will take train for Puerto Barrios direct, and the hotels and restaurants of New York will be even more congested by light-hearted Latin-Americans.

And Zacapa is, moreover, the midway depot for all repairs. In the hotel live the men who work in the shops; for the native town is a little way up the dusty road and is no place for what is known among the Nordics as "a white man." These gentlemen are very conscious of their race. I suppose one does become so, living like a grain of grit in an oyster, in an alien land. The phrase does not quite do the situation justice. It might be better to report that they keep to themselves, by reason of language and occupation and culture. In all the world there is no pathos like this of the wandering exile come to rest for a few months in some out-of-the-way corner of the world.

In this place, moreover, at mealtime, you can study one of the everlasting problems of humanity, the differing ways in which men eat. The food is the same and the equipment provided no less adequate than in an average restaurant in any American city. Yet these waifs of the industrial world, these mechanics, steam-fitters, machinists, and smiths, devour their food with a furtive voracity one might reasonably associate with famished and escaping highwaymen. Their looks are in accordance with this fantastic hallucination. They strike the casual spectator as tortured and desperate men who were driven to evil ways in their youth because some stern parent had punished them for eating peas with a knife.

All this, of course, is fanciful. They are merely the proletariat living in a frontier hotel, American plan, and in a hurry to get to their favorite chairs on the front porch, hoist their feet to the rail, and invest the remainder of the meal-hour in comforting cigarette smoke and supine meditation. In this, perhaps, after all lies their pathos. They lack the sinister fascination of bandits, and for them there is no one calling from behind the ranges. They not only have no faith in fortune, they have no faith in themselves. They are what used to be called in New Orleans "floaters." They are flotsam, caught here for a moment by the chance felicity of decent wages and a hobbling contract, brooding upon the inescapable bondage of the capitalist system, and presently moving onward, perhaps to distant regions or possibly towards home; but with no ascertainable delight. Indeed they are the loneliest of men, these failures without a continuing city; and this accounts in some measure for the austerely tragic lines which crease the three-days-old stubble of their battered faces.

The guide, who is a very different person indeed, and in no way to be identified with illiterate cowpunchers, roustabouts, itinerant machinists, and engine men, has been away in conference with a muleteer whom he has brought with him from the hot lands, and now proposes that we go straight over to Chiquimula in a car he has hired, and lie there for the night, starting for the frontier at an early hour next day. To this, having no ideas at all on the subject, I agree, and presently we see a car come to a stop beyond the garden where the hotelkeeper, who is also the barkeeper, and perhaps the guardian of some immemorial traditions of his race and family, is now nursing the dry dust back to life with a thin stream of water from his hose. He, too, one leaves with regret. He has the bluntness of speech which so many sharp people affect under the illusion that if you snap a stranger's head off he is less likely to take advantage of you. He eyes us as we load the baggage into the car as though he meditates turning the hose on us and running us out of town. This again is fantasti-

cal. He has no feelings about us at all. He thinks more of one of his stricken plants struggling desperately to live in the saline soil of *La Fragua* than of all the northern visitors who ever came to Guatemala. We rush off in a cloud of dust and Zacapa, the native town, appears up the road.

Much is made, among the *intelligentzia* of North America, of the eternal monotony of modern townships. It is true, so they say, that one Midwestern city is so like another that the inhabitants might change during the night and be none the wiser or the worse. The *intelligentzia's* inference is, not only that this is bad, inartistic, stultifying the national and individual genius of our race, but that in other lands of more ancient culture and civilized development one finds a pleasing variety and individuality in urban architecture.

Which is true in the sense that Pisa and Florence, Avignon and Rouen are sharply individual and expressive of their histories. But so are New York, Chicago, New Orleans, and San Francisco. And if the small American town is standardized, so is the small town of most countries. Indeed, the very capitals of Latin America are almost as much alike as so many automobiles. The streets, the churches, the public buildings, the atmosphere, of Bogotá, Medellín, San José (Costa Rica), Tegucigalpa, and Guatemala City are indistinguishable at first glance. And in the case of the *cabeceras* of the provinces of Guatemala, still more when contemplating the villages threaded along the trails, the monotony and absence of all peculiar human character in their design evokes a painful analogy to the vast ants' nests hanging on the trees or the formidable cactus hedges which oppress the eyes mile after mile with undeviating cruelty.

So Zacapa escapes criticism by reason of its exact conformity to the conventional design. We change to a car in which the owner has more faith, and we discover that in addition to ourselves, our baggage, and stores, we are to carry to Chiquimula on our front bumper a hundred-pound cake of ice in a sack of sawdust. At the last moment another person is introduced. My guide is acquainted with him and informs me that he is no less a dignitary than Manuelo Velez, who farms nine hundred acres of valuable banana land in the Montagua valley, and who is now on his way to visit one of the innumerable branches of his family in Chiquimula.

II

Conversing with this gentleman, via the guide, who good humoredly translates, we leave Zacapa. It appears that Señor Velez, who has not yet been beyond his native frontiers, has the New York complex. He wants to see New York almost as passionately as I want to see Copán, but for different reasons. When he is requested to give those reasons he rubs his thumb softly against his forefinger, making that sign by which, apparently, all men are conquered. My desire to see Copán is not regarded as good conversational timber. What? Ride on a mule four days to see a few old stone idols? Well, if your worship pleases. But New York, now, is a place. *Por Dios!* A friend of Señor Velez there, mark you, earns seventeen dollars, gold, per day. What is he? Well, he is a *maquanista.* He is skilled in melting one piece of iron to another piece. Ah, an electric welder. Then he works on piecework, and works hard. I look at Señor Velez, with his fine smiling countenance scorched russet and black by the tropical sun, and I conclude that if he had any inkling of the life a welder leads he would abandon these yearnings for New York. The fundamental cause of such discontents lies in the lack of interior resources. The foreigner's imbecile delusion that by rushing to New York he will achieve fame, fortune, and everlasting happiness, can be cured only at home. And perhaps it is a certain curiosity as to those same "interior resources," as well as a

desire to see Copán, which inspires this pilgrimage now in progress towards Chiquimula.

The car is an old one of honorable name, but it is obvious, from the complainings of her entrails, that she is in dire distress. It may be mentioned here with propriety that, although Spaniards make good engineers and mechanics, Spanish Americans are notorious for their callous disregard of the common decencies due to machinery. Those who have shuddered when a green woman driver changed gears should watch a Guatemalan chauffeur take a one-in-four grade on high, see him let the engine stall, bring the car up with a squeal and a jerk, after slipping back a few yards, start the engine by stamping on the starter, letting her race to the limit before slapping in the clutch with another jerk which tears the very ball-races from their seatings, and scours the tires against the sharp grits of the road, and then, stepping on the accelerator, go roaring to the top of the grade with the wheels skirling and screaming like shrapnel on a double hairpin turn, missing a downward-moving bullock cart by an eighth of an inch, and take the ensuing declivity with a racing engine and smoking brakes.

So with us on the road to Chiquimula, but retribution overtakes even a fast motor-car driver. We had stormed height after height over what is one of the best pieces of roadmaking in Central America, and we had but one more ascent to carry before charging into Chiquimula, when apparently the pains of dissolution came upon our car, the death rattle sounded ominously beneath us, and with the snarl and snap of gears stripped to their very bushings we began alarmingly to roll backwards down the hill. The brakes no longer held, which was not surprising. With the inventiveness born of necessity we leaped nimbly to the road and, seizing each a sizable bowlder, brought the car to rest. Here, on a hot hillside, with nothing save cactus in sight and our hundred-pound bag of ice beginning to sweat into the dust, we turned to and helped the chauffeur open the transmission box.

There was nothing in there, as any engineer with a heart in his bosom could have told him, but two good handfuls of scrap metal. We disposed our baggage and stores in the shade of the car and waited. There were more cars than one would have imagined. One, laden with Chiquimulans, roared past, covering us with dust and, not having very good brakes, I fancy, did not stop. Then came to us out of that car's dust cloud a fast touring car piled with ferocious-looking men. There were neither fenders, bumpers, nor top to that car, nor for that matter had she a windshield. She was stripped of upholstery save for seats, and a naked foot could be seen dangling through the floor and twitching its toes near the muffler. A lean businesslike car, and at the wheel a lean businesslike *Americano* surrounded by a close-packed congregation of assorted ruffianly humans.

The halt was purely one of courtesy because, as the driver remarked, he clearly couldn't take on any more. He would, however, send help. To this we assented and, alluding to the ice, warned him Chiquimula would drink warm beer that night if they left us on the highway. This he perceived with a single backward glance at the precious burden, and then with slightly curious and appraising scrutiny of the stranger-gringo, shot away towards the town.

This, it appears, is the routine of the road. Our Samaritan was an engineer of the new line to El Salvador, which is to go through Chiquimula. In fact the roadbed and culverts are ready, and very strange it seemed in the early dawn next morning to cross a railroad without any rails on it. Very strange and yet very heartening to one who believes strongly in communications and who thinks these long shining tracks as important in their way as the pinnacles of a shrine.

However, other Samaritans were

abroad that day on the mountains, and as we sat and smoked and tentatively tinkered with the car there came upon us almost a visitation. It was only an absolutely brand new four-cylinder vehicle, and no doubt the builders had innocently sold it as a five-passenger touring car. They little recked how a Latin American would push such definitions aside. In that car were seven full-grown people, with a boy on each running board, a bird in a cage, a gramophone, and several bundles. It transpired that it was owned by the brother-in-law of our car's owner, and the chauffeurs and my guide at once went into conference. There was the ice, and there was myself, to say nothing of Manuelo Velez, who spoke on his own behalf, sonorously and at length. It was agreed that we be taken in to Chiquimula at once.

I imagined some sort of bargain had been struck whereby some of the passengers were to give up their places. On the contrary, they made room with the utmost good humor. The ice reposed beside the hood, our baggage, bedding, tents, stores, and so forth were doled out to various half-visible humans, doors were opened so that we could sit half in, on the feet of the others, and half out, on the bodies of the boys holding the bundles on the running board. All told, fourteen souls, we started.

Again an illusion is to be recorded. It was supposed by this reporter that a five-passenger four-cylinder car would, with fourteen persons and a large amount of baggage, proceed with discretion over a somewhat indifferent road into Chiquimula. Nothing of the sort entered the lively brain of our new chauffeur. He would show us! He did. His speedometer revealed a steady rate of twenty-eight kilometers, his balloon tires were squashing flat over the stones, his axles literally crashed into the bottom of the car at every bump, and he tore into the town with his horn blaring and every bone in our bodies aching. We were arrived at our point of departure—Chiquimula, and the burgesses would have cold beer.

All this is recorded without any rancor towards an alien civilization. It is merely a mild comment upon that peculiar temperament of the Latin-American driver, who rarely owns what he drives, and who makes every trip a sort of destruction test of his machine. The average life of a car in these countries is short, not only because of the severity of the grades and the roughness of the way, but because no human persuasion can get it into a driver's head that twenty miles an hour in such circumstances is something nothing on earth can stand. So in Guatemala City I have seen superb eight-in-line cars of latest model standing outside the hotel, the sales-room luster still on their flanks and fenders, but with their springs sagging and unresilient, their rims twisted in wry smiles and grins, their ponderous tires slashed and blistered, and their shock-absorbers hanging negligently, like broken suspenders, below.

Here we take leave of our friends the chauffeurs, of Señor Velez and his passion for New York and, entering our hotel through an archway, forget an age of mechanism. It is—one notes in stark homemade lettering on the whitewashed wall, lettering done with an excess of red paint, so that it has run down like blood—the Hotel of the Saviour.

And it is a peaceful place, with a courtyard containing a well. There are vines growing up the poles of the overhanging eaves, and there are chairs and tables, with three green parroquets having a great time with a piece of melon on the reddish tablecloth. There are hens followed by hurrying pullets walking about delicately, and one of them is drinking moisture from the sides of the porous stone filter suspended in a framework over an earthenware jar. In the shadow are vast empty rooms with a faint light filtering through bars revealing only wide bare floors and a grateful coolness. In the rocker a woman

with her long black hair over her shoulders is suckling a babe. Under the table a cat, engaged in the same line of business, has abandoned her innocent and insatiable progeny with an air of sublime maternal languor. One suspects that in the stable across the yard, where a swishing tail is occasionally visible, the process of nourishment is maintained.

Our *mozo* proceeds to open our cases of provisions and hold each can up to the light. It is to be observed that the Hotel of the Saviour does not profess to offer a wide variety of dishes. There is, in Latin America, a singular lack of culinary art. As we go on we shall find other lacks, but this will suffice for the present, that four out of five countrywomen will spoil any dish they set out to cook. A superabundance of grease, a lack of real butter or cheese, and primitive cookstoves, combine with ignorance to achieve an almost incredible mess at mealtimes. And the cook of the Hotel of the Saviour may rest happy in her splendid isolation because, having been given a can of Bartlett pears to form a dessert, when she had nothing but mangoes in a state of putrefaction, she put those pears in a pot and brought them to a boil, and afforded us no small measure of consternation when the ensuing pale gray soup was served.

There are always eggs, however. How could it be otherwise when every step one takes imperils foraging fowl, when they watch with baleful animosity from under a chair the stranger's every mouthful? The processes of nature, our great mother, become vaguely disquieting as one sees hens snatch and devour pieces of fried chicken, or wolf fragments of egg. These people have not yet reached a stage of civilization when their fowls are fed. Each has to go out and scratch a living for itself. Dogs and pigs are in much the same case. And the reason is these folk have all too little for themselves. In the midst of fertility they are hungry. And the reason again is that they are isolated communities and have to be self-contained, even weaving their own cloth and growing their own grain. They have fine churches but no roads. They have great piety and great ignorance. And everything they do involves a maximum of effort with a minimum of effectiveness. All of which is very interesting to a stray gringo going to Copán.

And after dinner as we cross the great square in front of the great church, which has half its roof off and the nave full of broken tiles and plaster, we note what is in Central America an unusual phenomenon. At a corner there is a book store. Or rather it turns out to be a public library. It is only a room with a couple of tables and walls lined with books, but it is occupied by several dark-haired gentlemen reading industriously. It is a municipal affair apparently, and a beginning. The reason for such enterprise becomes clearer as we pass a long low building with very strong bars to its unglazed shuttered windows, which is the State Normal School for Girls of the Departamento of Chiquimula. Young ladies are seen entering and leaving, walking in twos and threes up the street, with bobbed hair and rolled stockings. Let us hope these excrescences of pseudo-modernity will pass and leave them their education and passion for understanding the world in which they live.

Our goal, however, is not the Normal School, but the café whose ice we escorted from Zacapa. We crave cold beer. Alas, we are late. There is ice but all the beer has been drunk. This beer, by the way, is a peculiar decoction. A German brewery exists in the capital and brews good beer. Excellent beer is imported. But this beer which circulates in the rural areas is made with local water out of synthetic materials brought from Hamburg in condensed form. It is insipid and poor. So we have recourse to a bottle of Scotch which we have with us and devise a marvelous beverage from the juice of limes, sugar, and soda water. Those whose palates

have not been entirely debauched by bad gin can now look forward to a virile and heartening experience.

As we return it is night. The great church is no longer a shabby anachronism but stands up against the starry sky like a fortress of God. Around us are reared the high mountains over which to-morrow we shall pass. . . . The houses are dark. The *Librería* is closed. The air is hot and still, and as we reach the corner by the Hotel of the Saviour there is no living thing abroad. Far down the street of ankle-deep dust a faint light glows in a window. While the guide moves cautiously within our room with an electric torch I look about me. There is a murmur as the torch fails to act any more, and I am glad. That sharp efficient beam was out of place. We are, really, in the Middle Ages. Nothing of our own time remains save perhaps our self-consciousness. The guide, lighting a candle, suggests that we had better lock the door. To this I object. I cannot believe that anybody will try to murder us here. I leave the door open. There is a draft. The guide observes that we shall be moving out at four-thirty. If we are not murdered, I say sleepily. He blows out the candle. From my bed I can see the sky through the open door. It is dark, dark blue. After a while I become aware of a figure which has filled the lower part of the doorway. I can make out a man's form with a big hat. It remains motionless, looking into what is, to him, only an enigmatic blackness. It continues to remain motionless. My curiosity causes me to make some faint sound as I move. I cough slightly. Silently and slowly the figure moves away and the long oblong of starry blue is clear again. What does he want? I wonder to myself. The next day the guide tells me he was a robber. I'm not so sure. Perhaps he was just curious, having heard of our arrival. Perhaps he was a good-natured ghost watching over us, as we lay, on our pilgrimage to Copán, at the Inn of the Saviour.

III

In the pallid half-lights of the courtyard, visible only because we are in darkness, there are strange and confusing movements, and with the odor of coffee, bacon, and guttering candles, the pungent reek of dung assails our nostrils. Now and again there is a distinct sound, the ring of a saucepan in the kitchen, the stamp of a hoof in the courtyard, the shuffle and chink of harness. Bent forms are busy with the baggage, cigarette smoke curling over their shoulders, in the light of a lamp carried in by the long-haired woman, whose babe gazes at me over her shoulder with innocent incredulity. She says breakfast is ready, and no announcement could be more welcome. These strange sights and sounds, these fortifying odors invite the spirit of man, and stimulate his body juices. There are eggs of course, and bacon, and coffee, and strangely enough, asparagus-tips. The can was opened in error in the darkness, but it turns out, as we journey towards Copán, that we have a large supply of asparagus-tips. Milk may fail and butter and tea, but of asparagus-tips in lonely regions we can eat our fill. We put them in soup, serve them with corned beef, and spread them in sandwiches. And this morning they are a notable addition to the eggs.

It is yet dark as we mount, and the pack-mule having been loaded up, stirrups adjusted to our personal fancies, we clatter through the archway, heads bent, and turn down the street. Very vague indeed, and soundless in the confusing deep dust of the roadway, like the thoughts of a half-awakened mortal, we move towards the outskirts of the town, towards the light which pervades the distances without making them visible to us among the high walls of cactus. Day does not break up here among the mountains. It is rather a luminous infiltration, a clarifying of the night, and the earth appears, wan and not very hopeful, all around us.

For a while the road is a wide gully,

a purely natural thoroughfare upon which nobody has ever spent a single peso for upkeep. It is now dry. In a month's time it will be a roaring torrent with occasional islands of mud and trees. Soon the trail starts upward, and by full daylight we see spread before us the valley up which the railroad has come from Zacapa. We have to cross the range into the next valley, that of the Copán River which flows into the Montagua at Zacapa. Up this latter valley the Mayan pioneers must have come from Quirigúa in their search for corn lands. And it is at the end of the first day, after crossing the intervening mountains, as we amble slowly along, having done thirty-seven steep and precipitous miles, looking for a place to camp, that the mind first takes hold of the main problem.

In spite of what the professors may say—and they say a great deal—a man cannot use their learning if he is unable to imagine those antique days. The very faculty they decry is the one essential for getting any single human soul interested in what they are doing. And especially is this true of Americana. We who are of European race, Aryan, and Semite, have our roots over there. Out of the Mediterranean Sea comes all that we have and are. And unless we can discover something which will ignite our imaginations when we think of these strange predecessors in America, the whole story hangs like a distant and transparent phantasy, beyond the focus of our contemporary intelligence.

So the first need in approaching the Mayan problem is to feel the mood, and to sense the atmosphere of the scene. Exciting fables of human sacrifices made to stone serpent gods while the sound of thuttering snake-skin drums strikes the assembled people with terror to the earth, tales of lovely white girls offered up by priests in terrific headdresses of purple and crimson feathers are all very well if you have that sort of maggot in your brain. But they seem to give a somewhat melodramatic quality to a civilization which lasted, by the way, for a good many centuries, a civilization in which it may be doubted whether as many human beings died violent deaths as perish in these United States every year; a civilization in which the struggle for existence never quite receded for anybody, and whose culture seems to have been largely identified with agriculture. The European who has been fed on a rich journalistic diet of banditry, college-boy murders, pastoral shootings, and political peculations would get a more balanced impression of our life in the United States by a sojourn in the Connecticut Valley or in some quiet township on the shores of Long Island. In the same way those who would understand the Mayan world can conveniently shed the lurid fabrications of the Sunday newspaper supplements and fiction-writers' brains, and take into consideration the Copán Valley and the folk who live in it to-day.

There had been moments during the day when we climbed even above the pine trees which grow so straight and tall upon the high sierras, the mules had scrabbled in the cindery volcanic tufa, and we could see clear over into Honduras, where the configuration of the whole valley was vaguely comprehended. This was not often. The insignificance of man in the midst of these "barbarous and abrupt" waves of earth, piled in a cumulative and stupendous succession of over-topping barriers, is part of the lesson one has to take in. Over these passes came the Mayas, groping fearsomely in the darkness of their ignorance, seeking the fertile valley. Lava has rolled over those high places from the long-dead cones standing stark about us, and the earth rumbled and shook beneath their feet. What terrors they must have survived when at last they came down to the sulphurous streams and lush vegetation of the bottom lands!

So came we, not so fearsomely but very tired with our thirteen-hour journey and, seeing no sign of a village,

stopped at a wayside house of mud and thatch to ask for lodging. To this the woman who lived there assented, when she found we carried food and bedding, and bade us welcome. The mules, having been that way before, needed no urging through the wattled gateway.

Now the interest of such a sojourn lies in the fact that these people live very much as they must have lived along the Copán River in Mayan times. Our hostess is a widow whose sons are married and live with her and work her land, which extends from the trail to the river a quarter of a mile below. She does not know how much land she has—probably all she can farm. As things go here she is well-to-do. Her cornfields are now being cleared for the planting. Some are burning already, as we can see by a sullen glow turning to sudden glares not far away. She has a canoe in a thatched house, a sugar mill, and a vast cone-shaped oven for baking bread. She has a couple of lime trees and a dozen enormous mango trees whose foliage is hung with yellowing fruit. She is, in her quiet way, a matriarch. Her grandchildren are visible at times, watching us shyly from around corners as we wash. Others are coming slowly through the fields with jars of water from the spring.

As night falls we go out to the back, and under a lean-to thatch which is part stable, part kitchen-yard, we sit at a rough table and eat. For light we have a couple of sticks burning, laid across an earthenware jar and tended by one of the children whose olive face and large dark eyes gleam in the flare. Not a candle in the house. Tremendous shadows leap up the mud walls as one reaches for the butter. Silhouettes like Assyrian bas-reliefs appear when cigarette smoke is inhaled and expelled, or a match box raised for an instant in a formal position. This sort of thing is worth remembering when one studies the peculiar proportions of the ancient figures. They lived in darkness, those people, and the stirrings of art, the travail of creation must have been a superb agony, tearing a man's soul like a demon, so that he forgot his belly-need and went mad with the mystery.

At this altitude the air is cool at night and the entire absence of stagnant water, due to the steepness of the slopes, has eliminated the mosquito. The guide, trained for years to regard sleeping out in the noxious air of the lower Montagua Valley as one of the deadly sins, is much concerned by my amateur refusal to crawl under a mosquito bar. I do not want that foggy integument between me and the thatched roof of this mud hovel. From my bed I can see the stars and the glow of an enormous brush fire on the mountains. I can see obliquely into one of the rooms, where a tiny wick floating in a saucer of grease burns before a picture of the Virgin. Near it, faintly illumined, is tacked a brilliantly colored portrait of Gloria Swanson, cut from a magazine. Above, in shadow, in a big gold frame, hangs an enlargement of the matriarch and her dead husband. There are faint cries as one by one the children are put to rest. Gigantic shadows are flung athwart the recesses of that room. Someone is moving in the out-house where the mud kitchen range is being raked out ready for the morning. At last all is still. The red glow fades out of the hillside. Only the river whispering over the stones and the stamp of an animal in the byre as the breeze shifts a little. Only the faint radiance of the wick in the saucer, symbol of an undying faith in God.

IV

One of the charms of such a life (for an alien transient) is that each day is a mystical unity born in darkness with the tang of wood smoke and sharp animal odors. It may sound amusing to those who never rise before ten o'clock, when the day is a juiceless and oppressive problem, but to rise at four, not only once but as a matter of regular habit, results in an enlargement of spiritual resources. Under the surface of the

resisting animal body and brain, one is aware of a vitality of soul, a sharp savor of living, which those who rise late can never acquire. So this morning, as we fumble with baggage and saddle-gear in the twilight, eager to be on the road to Copán, I wonder artfully whether the law of compensation doesn't run even here, whether there is not a symbolical significance in the story of the early bird, who not only got the material worm but spiritual aggrandizement as well.

The trail does not follow the bottom of the valley, however. It goes over the mountains again, up to the pine altitudes, and time and again we see the earth spread in grandeur before our eyes. Always, far down to the right, we see the fissure through which the river runs westward towards Zacapa. Here and there humble folk scratch a bare living out of the pockets of earth caught among the spines and ridges of volcanic rock. We pass a cairn of stones and a wandering *mozo*, who has joined our cavalcade on foot, mentions casually that we are now in Honduras. Yon heap of bowlders is the frontier between the two republics. Never was a boundary more easily crossed. I am reminded that in Chiquimula we had called on the *alcalde* and obtained from him for two paper pesos (about five cents) a document authorizing us to pass freely into the next Republic. It seemed a singularly futile gesture of government, since we heard later our cairn was more likely the grave of a robber and the little heap with a pole sticking out of it, farther down, our true boundary.

Again I am reminded of those sad places, the country cemeteries. So precious is available land that the graves are strung along the trail, their little black crosses and pasteboard inscriptions touching the heart with their despairingly ephemeral fragility. Now and then one sees a squat white-marble tomb with some initials and a date; and we are astounded at the labor it must have entailed to drag those slabs over the mountains from the quarries near Zacapa. But we forget these recent obituaries as we come out upon a flat clear space on the very summit of the range, so that we look eastward into the depths of the valley. Reared in that high place we see a stone.

It has been restored in a rude, effectual fashion. A square shaft or stele closely covered with half-obliterated glyphs of the Mayan calendar, it was found broken and prostrate save for the bottom portion which was sunk in the earth. The archeologists have propped it up again with a log of pine, and it stands in the position those ancient astronomers had designed. Due east, against the sky line, on the range beyond the river, which comes round from the north behind the city, there is another stone like this. They form the two points of an immense astrolabe or, if you like, sun-dial, by which the Mayan calendar was adjusted and corrected. On the twelfth day of this month of April, standing behind the eastern stone, the sun sets exactly behind the western monument—and the fires in the brush are even to-day started all over the countryside. The fields will be cleared and hoed and planted before the endless rains begin.

We take the trail again and, descending the precipitous flanks of the sierra, are soon in the valley. Along the way lie sculptured stones which have been there for a long time. They are of the same greenish-white stone, like cheese, of which all the Mayan monuments at Copán are fashioned. We hurry on and pass the rough wooden gates of the modern village. It is now very hot. The pitiless sun beats down on deserted streets of cobble. At length we stop outside a thatched hovel where a woman with sharp black eyes agrees to take us in.

It is decided that we must visit the ruins at once. We lunch and set out along the hot empty streets and across a vast blazing plaza. At the corner is a store with a Union Jack, incorrectly designed, hanging straight, like a piece

of tin from a rake-handle. Under the trees and in front of the *Commandancia de Armas* are Mayan altars, worn to undecipherable decrepitude by generations of villagers using them for park seats. A score of pigs, suddenly attacked by a couple of mongrel dogs, stampede across the plaza, swerve suddenly to the left, plunge through a gateway, and vanish. The dogs run off and lie down again in the shade. The senseless violence of the performance staggers one. We pass on, out of the village gate, and take our way through grass seven feet high, to the river. It is hot, yet at regular intervals a cool breeze blows gratefully through the grass. And then, with a queer feeling of having been secretly observed, we find ourselves facing the great stone face of a god, carved in the body of a tall column.

Above the waving grass, in an everlasting immobility which conveys the impression not of death so much as of trance or enchantment, the gray shapes of other *stelæ* are visible. This is the sunken court. Around us are vast piles of rubble hidden in the grass and covered with huge trees whose roots are sunk in among the masonry of these man-made pyramids of stone. Suddenly we come upon a strange scene. One of the sculptured shafts is surrounded by a little stage. A calico screen bellies in the breeze, keeping the sun from the head of an elderly person who is painting the portrait of the figure on the stone. He has a long roll of thin canvas and, as he has painted, the picture has been rolled up, out of the way. From the staging across the ornate apron of the figure is strung a line on which an archeologist's extra shirt is hung to dry.

But the essence of the scene is this, that the painter is reconstructing, in color and shape, the figure which was looking out across that sacred court below the great pyramid some fifteen hundred years ago, when Copán was one of the great cities of America, when the Saxon thanes with their dreadful "hosts" were burning and butchering their way through Roman Britain, when Mahomet's Bedouin cut-throats were overrunning Syria, and Cairo did not exist, and when the Merovingian bullies sat in their Frankish city of Rouen and thought they ruled the earth.

It would be useless to describe the images of these Mayan *stelæ* by comparison. They do not resemble Assyrian or Egyptian sculptures. They assume in the dense tropical growth an air of indestructible placidity. One cannot evoke unaided the scene upon which they stared fifteen or eighteen centuries ago. We have no gauge of their thoughts. There is, as Professor Morley says, no Rosetta Stone to unlock the mystery of the inscriptions.

But there is inspiration in that painting which the elderly person hastily rolls up so that I am unable to see it any more. It was an extraordinary glimpse I had into the past. The stone figure is grotesque and the nose, eyes, and lips are worn into a deceptive amiability by the ceaseless rains of Honduras. Only the body, with its cumbrous stunted limbs heavily encrusted with ceremonial regalia, and the superb feathered headdress, are still sharp and clear, and in the deeply cut folds of the carving the red and blue paint can be seen. In that drawing, as it must have been in those days, the face, so large for the body, is no longer grotesque. It is formidable; and in the stone-paved court, with the templed pyramids around, the priests in their stiff hieratic garments passing towards the great plaza, the painted stone must have made an extraordinary impression upon the humble, ignorant people of the valley.

We leave the elderly person, who is bothered by the difficulties of keeping his little awning in position. The placid stone face stares past the westering sun into eternity. We climb the Great Mound. Here the guide who is supposed to be responsible for our safe return is concerned because I insist on vanishing into a triangularly shaped hole in the masonry. To reach it one has to

get down into what must have been a vault below the temple whose chambers are in ruins above. The trees grow up and slowly wrench the sculptured stones asunder. The guide protests, but I assert my resolution to have a look at the far end of this narrow tunnel. So I go through, on hands and knees. There is a delicious breeze rushing past. I reach the end and peep out. A hundred and fifty feet below is the Copán River, sweeping by in a wide swift-flowing curve which has cut a third of the great pyramid away.

We go down and bathe in the pleasant waters, reflecting upon the wisdom of the men who built that enormous aggregation of cut-stone and rubble in the way of a rapid river. Their wisdom devised calendars so accurate that we are amazed at their skill at computing the movements of the heavenly bodies through stone sighting-tubes in their temples, without any knowledge of glass lenses. Their wisdom, as far as we know, concerned themselves and their immediate destinies. Why they should have abandoned these cities of the mountain valleys and moved up into the waterless peninsula of Yucatan, there to begin building over again, is something we may never know, although recent discoveries west of Chichen Itza may disclose that long-sought key to the explanatory glyphs, that "Rosetta Stone" without which all Mayan archeological work will remain a series of barren calendrical puzzles.

And that evening, while the storekeeper, who had made that funny, ill-proportioned Union Jack, tells us of the last time he and his store were looted by a revolutionary "general," and how he has to pay a dollar a gallon for the kerosene in his lamp, the thought persisted that there will always be a difference between our attitude towards these lost peoples and our interest in European vestiges. To say that the Roman, the Goth, the Gaul, the island-Britons have vanished is true; but their blood flows in our veins. Their laws and customs have come down to us through the centuries. Their myths and folklore echo in our minds. But here, no matter how we dig, is nothing that our hearts can cleave to. Here is no ancient prototype for us. Their civilization was not, according to earlier conjectures, destroyed by a stupid Spanish conquest. We know now that the Mayan era was about to perish of its own internal weaknesses before a Spaniard ever landed in Yucatan. Indeed, there arises in the mind more and more strongly as one contemplates their sculpture, their architecture and their inscriptions, the impression that we have before us one of those strange catastrophes of nature, like the early prehistoric saurians who vanished from the earth because of their own ponderous proportions, because they possessed within themselves no adaptability to survive an inexorable competition and environment.

The door stands open, propped by a broken fragment of Mayan sculpture. Outside the barefooted soldiery of Honduras loll on the figured altars of Copán. Down the road a pig-pen is built of fragments of glyphs describing perhaps the glories of some forgotten Ozymandias King of Kings. The village cemetery wall beyond the plaza holds within its mortar many a holy text. We sit around the storekeeper and listen to his tales of the high-handed lawlessness for which he can obtain no redress. His feeble plaints trail off into silence and he stares at the lamp in patient perplexity. He is like some down-at-heel Roman in Saxon England, bewildered by the impenetrable darkness of the future.

We rise and go out to find our lodging. Only a feeble glow is to be seen in the *Commandancia de Armas*. Copán sleeps undisturbed by the ghosts of the shadowy past.

EMERSON AND THE REFORMERS

BY VAN WYCK BROOKS

THE reformers thronged the roads. The Chardon Street Convention in Boston in November, 1840, had assembled a thousand messiahs from the woods and mountains. There were Dunkers, Muggletonians, Agrarians, Abolitionists, Groaners, Come-outers. Every village crossroads in New England had contributed a voice and a scroll.

They roamed about the countryside in long gowns and with hair over their shoulders, and many a strange apparition haunted Emerson's house in Concord. The vegetarians came, for whom the world was to be redeemed by bran and pumpkins; and those who would not eat rice because it was raised by slaves; and those who would not wear leather because it was stolen from animals; and those who rejected vegetables the roots of which grew downward and food that fire had polluted. And they sat at Emerson's table and criticized or abstained. ("Tea? *I?* Butter? *I?*") They made his Thanksgiving turkey an occasion for a sermon; they lectured him over his mutton on the horrors of the shambles. They even invaded his study, those portents of the times, formidable, unanswerable. He sat there glued to his chair, all thought, all action, all play departed, paralyzed. They somehow took the oxygen out of the air, and he twisted like the eel in the exhausted receiver.

The Phrenologists came too, and the Mesmerists, and the Homeopathists, and the Swedenborgians. And the Rat-hole Spiritualists whose gospel came by taps in the wall and thumps in the table-drawer—wizards that peeped and muttered. A pistareen a spasm, or nine dollars for a fit. What quaint phantoms were abroad in this morning of time! But among those maggoty souls there were other and more appealing figures, perplexed, ardent, hopeful, inarticulate. Edward Taylor, for instance, the journeyman printer—touching it was to hear of his little group of six youthful apostles who met one evening in Boston and talked over his plan for the abolition of money till all were convinced that nothing could contribute more to the brotherhood of man. He had wandered all over the South, with a light in his eye, paying for his night's lodging with papers and tracts. There were others, like those two young clerks who had forsaken their counting-houses and gone off to a hut in the woods; they had worked away through the winter reading and writing (in mittens), as best they could for the cold, and had barely escaped with their lives. New types, desires that had never been voiced before in prosaic America. What were they seeking, these young men, what were they feeling, thinking, for what were they groping?

For modes of life, perhaps, familiar enough in history, or in other parts of the world—in China, in India, in Paris, in the cells of the Thebaid, in studios and taverns of Moscow, Rome, or London; for careers and social customs, outlets, disciplines that a simple colonial society had never dreamed of providing, had not been able to provide. And withal, they shared the faith of the Age of Revolutions, a faith like that of the first Christian age in the immediate perfectibility of man and society. The Communists were on the march: every month some

new colony was arriving from Europe, setting out to build its Eden in Ohio and Missouri. No more compromises, no more adjustments, no more half-hearted acceptances of the merely customary. Trade was selfish and fraudulent, education mere word-mongering, politics a swindle, and the Church a lie. On all hands the young were seceding from the social organization, discarding the forms that existed and seeking forms of their own.

No need to stir from Concord to see how the tide was turning. The village hummed with these plans. Brook Farm was an accomplished fact. Some time before George Ripley and Margaret Fuller had discussed the project in Emerson's study. It was charming, refreshing, engaging; and yet, at the name of a society, all his repulsions had played, his quills had risen and sharpened. He had wanted to be convinced, to be thawed, to be aroused by this new dawn of human piety to a mania better than temperance; but instead he had sat aloof, his voice had faltered and fallen. Was this the cave of persecution that might become for him the palace of spiritual power, this room as it were in the Astor House hired for the Transcendentalists? Should he raise the siege of his own hencoop and march baffled away to a pretended siege of Babylon? Could he work better than at home in that select—but not by him selected—confraternity? Toiling in the barnyard and the peat-bog, in a blue frock and cowhide boots, certainly had its points, but it was the last form of activity to stimulate the mind. He had expressed himself very freely to the brave Ripley, but he had greatly enjoyed his visits to the community. Who would have dreamed that such grace, such a gay abandon, could have been evoked out of the old dry shell of Puritanism?

II

And now another plan was in the air. The dauntless Alcott had conceived the boldest scheme of all. He had passed through many vicissitudes, this God-intoxicated man. Boston had rejected him at last; his school was gone; his book had been remaindered and sold for trunk linings. He had come to Concord, with his wife and children, and hired himself out as a woodchopper. Alcott, even so, who should have been maintained in a prytaneum. Alcott, who had so little genius for labor, preach it as he might. It cruelly wasted his time, it depressed his spirit to tears. Then comforting news had reached him as he toiled away at the chopping-block: the star that had sunk in the New World had risen in the Old. A school had been established in London, named in his honor and manned by his disciples. Alcott House, no less! The disciples had urged the master to make them a visit, and Emerson had collected a purse to cover his expenses. He had filled the purse himself, in fact—ten golden sovereigns and a bill of exchange on a firm of English bankers; and at last he had dispatched the pilgrim with a handsome letter to Carlyle.

Then what should begin to appear at the little post-office window? Pamphlets, bundles of them, more than Concord had ever seen before. Pamphlets, periodicals, prospectuses, broadsheets, advertisements, and all stamped with the head of Queen Victoria. From Alcott's new associates! There were Communist Manifestoes and Phalansterian Gazettes, plans for Syncretic Associations, Hydropathic Societies, and Health Unions, Appeals of Man to Woman, treatises on the Necessity of Internal Marriage. Alcott had discovered an England that was never mentioned in travelers' books and had hastened to send the happy tidings back to his friend in Concord.

A letter presently followed. Alcott was coming home. Not alone; the masters of Alcott House, Charles Lane and Henry Wright, were sailing with him. The school had been driven to the wall, and they had all decided that the spirit of England was "hostile to human

welfare, and her institutions were averse to the largest liberty of the soul." In America, Alcott wrote, "is that second Eden to be planted, in which the divine seed is to bruise the head of evil and restore man to his rightful communion with God." Emerson was troubled. How had Alcott pictured to these confiding Britons the paradise to which he was leading them? He despatched a hasty reply. . . . You must show it to your friends, Alcott. I say merely this, they can safely rely on your theories, but they must put no trust whatever in your statement of facts. . . . Alcott, the ever-candid, carried out these instructions. And now his victims, not to be deterred, were already on their way.

Six months later, in the little red house at Fruitlands, Alcott lay down upon his bed and turned his face to the wall. The Con-Sociate Family was a failure. How happy they had been, driving over in the big wagon from Concord, on that rainy June day, happy for all the rain, with the bust of Socrates on the front seat and the children laughing and chattering behind! Dreams of the Pythagorean life, of the school at Crotona, had swept the philosopher's brain as he hastened the horse. What dreams! —the morning walks in the grove, the searching discussion of doctrines and disciplines, the chaste repast of honey, maize, and salad, the domestic labors and economics, the pure white garments, the gallant hospitalities, the bath and the evening meal and the quiet sleep. Once more the Grecian sun was to rise over the earth, amid the gracious meadows of Massachusetts, rise over a world redeemed by serenity and wisdom.

Emerson had watched the calamitous venture with a more than benevolent eye. For himself, he could only build on his own ground, unaided, his house of peace and benefit, good customs and free thoughts. But that was not Alcott's way, and there was always something right about Alcott's undertakings; so his heart and his purse were open to the rashlings—a deed for their land was made out in his name as trustee. They had chosen an enchanting spot for the community: a steep slope near the village of Harvard, with a view that spread over miles of well-tilled farms and well-pruned orchards. The house was amply stocked, with comely maple furniture, cupboards full of copper and brass, a library of a thousand volumes in the front entry. What books! Pindar, Alcæus, Mimnermus, Spinoza, Behmen, pagan and Christian poets, mystics, sages, the richest collection of its kind in all America—Lane's library brought from London. At the foot of the slope was the twenty-acre field, redeemed from the curse of ownership, where they meant to cultivate their grain, pulse, herbs, and flax, and their upright, aspiring vegetables, not with the enslaving plow—that bane of the republic of animals—but with the spade, the symbol of the creative life. No manure—Nature was not to be forced. No polluting animal food within doors. No tea or coffee to disturb the poise of the physical organism. Bread made from unbolted flour, and shaped, to render it palatable, in the forms of beasts. The men bathed in the brook, the women in a shelter of clotheshorses covered with sheets; Alcott himself mounted the ladder without and poured the water from a pitcher over their heads. For the rest, there was much emblematic ceremony. When the first load of hay was driven into the barn, one member of the household made a little speech: "I take off my hat, not that I reverence the barn more than other places, but because this is the first fruit of our labor." Then all fell silent for a time, that holy thought might be awakened. And on May Alcott's third birthday, the child was escorted by the whole community to the grove and crowned with flowers, while Alcott read an ode composed by himself in honor of his daughter.

But how could such an Academe endure? The British apostles quarreled. Wright found the lack of butter, tea,

and coffee "too hard for his inside" and the regular hours and clearing up of scraps "too desperate hard for the outside." Young Isaac Hecker, already on the road to Rome, was unwilling to submit to a merely pagan discipline; and another member, a lady, was found to have eaten fish at a neighbor's house. It was only the tail, she insisted, but out she went. They had abjured the plow, but they failed to do the spading; and they would have had no crop if Joseph Palmer had not brought over his oxen from Leominster and set them to work at the last minute, while the rest of the Con-Sociate Family averted their eyes. They had planted their apple and pear trees in the path of the north wind; and the men had drifted away on a lecturing tour when the grain was ready to be harvested. At last winter came and nothing was left but the stick of the beautiful rocket. Nothing but Joseph Palmer and his yoke of oxen. Joseph Palmer remained; and for twenty years thereafter some fragrance of the original dream clung to this paradise lost. The house was a shelter for the hungry and the destitute; and two great iron pots, one containing baked beans and the other potatoes, always stood by the door ready for passers-by.

III

Emerson had shared their hopes, and more than once he had come to the rescue of the innocents. On that winter's day, for instance, when Joseph Palmer shovelled the snow off the road that led into Fruitlands, and Silas Dudley shovelled it back again. The road crossed Silas's land—an endless cause of warfare, and for once neither of the old men would surrender: they had to send for Emerson to settle the dispute. He had shared their hopes. How much he couldn't but say for all the reformers! It was true that their wish to obey impulse was guarded by no old, old Intellect, which knows metes and bounds. But that was their loss, not his, and what qualities they had, and how grateful he was to them for calling to his attention one by one all the problems of the time! The partial action of their minds in one direction was a telescope for the objects on which it was pointed. And they were enthusiasts too: where else could one look for that virtue in the circle of American wits and scholars?

There was much to be said for the reformers. They were right in refusing to adapt themselves to usages that had ceased to have any meaning. They were right in revolting against employments and standards that stifled their genius and their conscience. Right they were in asserting—and how clear they made it!—that the cost of life was almost all for conformity. Intellect cost very little, the heart, beauty. Then why struggle so hard for money? "Do you think," said John Hunter, engrossed in dissecting a tiger, "do you think I can leave my work for your damned guinea?" And they alone were attempting, however blindly, to redeem the grand promises of the Revolution, they, and not the Cotton Whigs of State Street. Were they even so wrong in their disbelief in the Government? What a pother, this, about Government! These caucuses, these conventions, with every palpitating heart swelling with the cheap sublime of magnitude and number! One had only to look at Kansas, at Mexico, Cuba—was the capital enemy of the comfort of all good citizens anything but this ugly Government? The politicians fancied that the popular laws had to be maintained by force. A pity they couldn't revoke their Government for a week, to save themselves the trouble, and watch the result. The popular laws, the laws of natural right, the laws of natural expedience! O fatuous politicians! You would find the priests and the lawyers, the bankers and chambers of commerce, the inn-keepers, the village grocers, you would find the very farm-hands in the fields and the fishermen on the river mustering with fury to their support!

Much to be said, even for the vegetarians. Their ostentatious glasses of cold water, their dry, raw diet might well make one's blood run cold to see. No joyful signs that they had ceased to care for food in nobler cares. One might think intemperance better, with such a ruling love. But who argued so sourly for beef and mutton against these men of herbs and grains? The fat and ruddy eater who had just wiped his lips from feeding on a sirloin, whose blood was spouting in his veins and whose strength kindled that evil fire in his eye? It was not the voice of man one heard, but the beef and brandy roaring for beef and brandy. And were these to play the judge in their own cause?

How could Emerson shake his head and turn the reformers away—the greatest heretic of them all? He could only applaud and envy, while his heart sank within him. When some zealot came and showed him the importance of the Temperance Reform, his hands dropped—what excuse could he offer? Then an Abolitionist described to him the horrors of Southern slavery. He was certainly guilty, guilty! A philanthropist told him of the shameful neglect of the schools by all good citizens. Guilty, guilty again! He heard of the poor, living on crusts and water, and he took to the confessional anew. He hadn't a leg to stand on. And he sat there, frigid, unhappy, convicted, laboring for speech.

That gulf, and those mendicant arms! That accusing bosom of his, that unanswering bosom! A yoke of oxen could have turned between every pair of words he was able to extort from it. Nothing to say, with so much that he ought to say? Who was the porcupine now? Who was on stilts? Was it true that he didn't belong to these people, that they didn't belong to him? They fled to him, each with a pet madness in his brain. They hastened to him with the utmost joy and confidence that they were the very souls his faith invited. Was he not the prophet of self-reliant action, the voice that affirmed their desires and justified their refusal to conform to the stale prescriptions of society? Who but he had painted those entrancing pictures of a life in harmony with Nature, a free, spontaneous life like that of the Golden Age? They had flocked to hear him lecture, they had pored over his essays; and who but they had set out to make his gospel real? Had he nothing to say to them now, no word of cheer for their means and methods, no hand but that of a friendly neutral to lend them in actualizing their dreams of a better day?

Disturbing, these importunate reformers, much more disturbing than the watchdogs of the established order who had barked so fiercely at the prophet. What a power he had of begetting false expectations! He had blundered along for a time, assured by the surprise and joy of those to whom he communicated his results. Then he looked up for a moment, and the sympathy was gone or changed. The faces of all his friends were shaded with grief, and the bystanders accused him. Come, soul, he said to himself, new solitudes, new marches! Jump into another bush and scratch your eyes in again! Pass on to new developments as surprising as your first, to fresh indirections and wonderful alibis that will dissipate the indictment!

They had asked him to throw himself into their causes, to adapt his life to theirs. He was willing to try a few experiments, just to see if he could. Manual labor—to make it an "honest sweat" had he not arranged with Thoreau to teach him the real austerities of the hoe and the spade? He persuaded his wife to invite the Alcotts to join them and establish a new Fruitlands, *à quatre*, in Concord. He asked the housemaid and the cook to take their meals with the family. He breakfasted on bread and water. He adopted a vegetable diet. But the servants refused to leave the kitchen, and Mrs. Alcott declined to share in a second venture; the vegetarian experiment was half-hearted and the manual labor was abandoned when

Emerson found that it dulled his wits more than it toughened his nerves. Reform was not for him.

For Emerson had watched the reformers. He had noted the effect their activities had upon them. They were bitter, sterile people all too often. Their eyes were so filled with abstract images that the poetry of every day, the light shining in a child's spoon, the sparkle on a mote of dust, they saw not at all. And what egoists they were, how detached from the collective forces that kept life sane! They became tediously good in some particular, and negligent and narrow in the rest. They shared the new light that promised the kingdom of heaven, and they ended with champing unleavened bread and devoting themselves to the nourishment of a beard. The more they tried to impose their will upon others, to transform the external world, the more they fell out of relation with their own souls.

Not for Emerson was the sociable satisfaction of scaling with others the silver mountains whose enchantments he had sketched. He saw the peaks from the valley, but the moment he began to climb the vision vanished. And to see, to paint, to feel was his proper task. He would listen to no more reproofs but steadily persist in his own native choices against all argument and example—defend them against the multitude, defend them against the wise. Defend them against his disciples. By no man's distaste was he to be chidden out of his most trivial natural habit. Even pie for breakfast!

THE BIRD-CATCHER

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

O YOU with the five-stopped pipe
And delicate, close-webbed net and eyes that have stared
Into worlds unknown, what strange wild bird have you snared,
What plover or lark or snipe?

"I roved to the rim of the world,
To the borders of life and death, to the glimmering land
Where matter and spirit are one, and I closed my hand
On a marvellous prey in the mouth of the net upcurled:

"For while with the breath of dream
I filled the pipe and fingered the stops with the touch of thought,
In a web of sweet and intricate tunes I caught
God, to be caged awhile among things that seem."

MANAGING THE BOSS

A NEGLECTED PHASE OF SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT

BY ONE WHO HAS TRIED IT

SCIENTIFIC Management was one of the many notable developments of the past decade. It was originally expounded by the late Frederick W. Taylor, past president of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers; and his ideas on this subject were quickly extended by his many disciples into numerous spheres of human activity. It will probably surprise the reader to learn that the New York Public Library has recently printed a list of references on Scientific Management, comprising fourteen hundred and ninety-four titles. These works cover nearly every phase of the management of an industrial enterprise except the most important of all.

Many of them deal with the handling of labor. It is shown that in most factories twenty-five per cent or more of the workmen's time is completely wasted on account of poor tools, unnecessary delays, and inefficient laying out of the work. If the annual payroll of a factory is one hundred thousand dollars, it is not difficult to calculate the saving resulting from the introduction of Scientific Management. Other treatises deal with the efficient management of mechanical equipment from boilers to belting. A glance over still other titles shows applications of the principles of Scientific Management to looseleaf accounting, buying and selling, cleaning filter sands, farming, coal mining, handling clerks, even college teaching.

One phase of Management, however, seems to be entirely overlooked. This phase is of importance, not only to the individual actually doing the managing, but also to his company. One is tempted to say that this is the most important phase of all. I refer to the management of one's Boss. For example, if it is important for a factory superintendent to handle his help efficiently in order to obtain maximum results with minimum friction, how much more important is it for this same superintendent to handle his own immediate superior, the general manager, so as to attain a similiar measure of success.

The general manager, in turn, is responsible for those under him. The principles for handling his subordinates have all been studied for him and described in articles on Management. This same General Manager, however, is often required to manage the President, for the good of the business. It is no secret that the President of a corporation occasionally has to be spurred into action or must be diplomatically restrained if he is inclined towards overenthusiasm for new projects. The profits of the business often depend upon the success achieved by the General Manager in handling the President quite as much as upon the efficient management of employees. Yet on the principles and practice of Boss Management, it would seem that no assistance whatever can be obtained from management literature.

There are at least two explanations for this. In the first place Boss Management is perhaps the most difficult of all departments of Management. Second,

a written description of the methods used by any boss manager is highly dangerous to the writer. Once let the big boss who is being successfully managed recognize himself in print, and this particular example of boss management is apt to come to an abrupt end by the boss manager in question looking for another job.

II

History records the names of many who were expert in the art of managing their superiors. Disraeli was a past master of the art of managing royalty, while Gladstone was a conspicuous failure in this respect. It was a common saying in the A. E. F. that General Pershing had a threefold job, "to fight the Germans, fight the French, and fight the War Department." To those of us in France the War Department seemed very far away and unresponsive to our needs. Who will say that Pershing's ability to stir his boss, the Secretary of War, into more vigorous action in the Spring of 1918 was an unimportant part of his duties?

The letters of Walter H. Page show that his principal difficulties lay in his attempts to manage his boss, President Wilson. On the other hand, Wilson's great weakness lay in the fact that he would not allow himself to be managed by those more familiar with the situation than himself. Colonel House's only partial success along these lines caused some amelioration of these conditions. House's letters will, doubtless, become the classic exposition of attempts at Boss Management. Going farther back, Columbus and Sir Walter Raleigh afford two well-known examples of men who paid heavily for their inability to handle their superiors—in this case royal superiors.

Subordinates need managing for several reasons. They may be lazy, and so must be compelled to do their work; they may be careless or insubordinate, and so need discipline. Though some may deny that their boss is human, all will admit that he has his full share of human failings. Being the boss, he is all the more likely to give his feelings free rein. An employee, no matter how lazy, can hardly make a practice of coming in late; but how about the boss? Even the most profane workman learns to modify his language when talking to his foreman; but who is to curb the boss with a grouch? And so it goes. Bosses have not only the same failings as their subordinates, but a whole series of failings peculiar to bosses. All these put them more in need of being managed than any other members of a large industrial organization. Great is the reward of him who can manage his boss successfully. Such a man will not only find his job an easy one but he will have his salary raised. (Securing a raise is one of the special branches of applied Boss Management.)

Boss Management begins in our early youth with the management of our parents. We constantly want to do things of which they disapprove. Mark Twain said in an article, "Advice to Little Girls": "If your mother tells you to do a thing, it is wrong to imply that you won't. It is better and more becoming to intimate that you will do as she bids you, and then afterwards act quietly in the matter according to the dictates of your best judgment."

This, however, is Boss Management which can hardly be described as "scientific." The true art consists in leading the boss to your opinion by causing him to think it is his own. Boss Management is the best-known example of the "art which effaces itself."

This subject will be best understood by concrete examples taken from bosses under whom the writer or his friends have worked hard and enthusiastically, or suffered in silence as the case might be. All of us who have spent our lives in industrial pursuits have had our own interesting experiences with bosses and most of us could write a book on the subject with a title similar to Ernest Seton Thompson's *Wild Animals I Have Known.*

There is the over-enthusiastic boss, for example—most valuable to any organization when well managed by his subordinates, most disastrous when unmanaged or unmanageable. When a promising plan is suggested his vigorous imagination, leaping over obstacles, grasps at once the possibilities. He fairly sees the machine, if machine it be, already constructed and running, doing what no machine has yet been able to accomplish; or he sees the proposed sales plan already in actual operation, a nation-wide demand created, orders rolling in, and profits piling up. The idea for the new machine looks so good that he wants to build ten right away. He disregards the many difficulties which lie between the sketch of an improved machine on paper and that same machine in operation on the factory floor.

More important, he does not know that only Minerva sprang from the head of her creator complete and fully armed. Everything else is imperfect when first born, and needs a long period of growth before reaching its full stature. No new machine was ever constructed but that imperfections appeared as soon as it was operated. Only by actual trial can a new type of machine be perfected, and not until then should it be built in quantities. Similar considerations apply to other new and untried projects however promising they may seem.

The over-enthusiastic but unmanaged boss may involve the company in much loss by rushing into unproved ideas on too large a scale, but the greatest danger of loss, strange to say, is from failure to utilize sound ideas; for over-enthusiasm is followed in such a temperament by excessive discouragement. When the new machine or plan on which hopes have been set fails to function perfectly on its first trial, the disappointment is extreme. The boss loses interest in it and fails to give the continuous support which every new project needs to carry it through to completion.

In this difficult phase of Boss Management it would seem desirable that the first trials of any new idea should be carried out *sub rosa*, and that the boss should not be allowed to see the gradual progress made in overcoming unexpected difficulties, but should be called in for a demonstration only when final success has been attained. Preliminary trials should take place in the presence of those qualified to give practical suggestions only. All bosses should be rigidly excluded.

III

A somewhat related boss is the impetuous type, who disregards all system and is impatient of detail. He sees the object to be attained and proceeds straight towards its accomplishment "letting the chips fall where they may." If an opportunity presents itself to put through an important deal, he puts it through by a personal interview, sometimes failing, however, to bother with a written agreement and seldom thinking of notifying those who will be affected by the change. He may, for example, make a large and profitable agreement to deliver a new product without taking the trouble to see that the production department is informed in sufficient time to manufacture the new item by the date of delivery. Records and systems and organizations are his abomination. Though he realizes in an abstract way their value, he is temperamentally unfitted for adhering to them.

Such a boss is invaluable for handling a few larger affairs—hopeless for attending to the many routine matters. In the larger deals, he will *get results;* in smaller matters, he will take orders without recording them, make shipments without looking up credit standings, and sign checks without filling in the stubs. The impetuous boss needs above all else a faithful, sympathetic, hard-working, but firm assistant. This assistant will "mop up" after his boss, taking the trouble to find out what has been done, then taking the necessary action to keep the records straight.

Smaller matters he will carefully pre-

vent from ever coming to his boss at all. Just as surely as the impetuous boss attempts to handle routine business, he will get the accounts into hopeless confusion. His assistant needs to be very firm with him and to insist that the boss shall confine himself strictly to his own proper field. Unless the assistant has the courage to manage his boss with an iron hand, constant trouble will arise.

An example of the activities of this type of executive was seen in the A. E. F. during the late War—a time and place when virtues and failings came to the surface with such terrible force. Imagine the overseas Headquarters of one of the branches of the U. S. Army in the stirring days of 1918. The Germans are pressing the Allies hard. Inexperienced officers are arriving from the States by the thousand, enlisted men almost by the million. Divisions are being expanded into Corps, and Corps into Armies. It is the time above all else for *action*.

As Personnel Officer at these Headquarters was a man well known to American business life who had left his private office early in 1917 with the impetuosity which characterized all his actions, and had accepted a small commission in the Army. Here he had been rapidly promoted as a reward for his ability, energy, and courage. Finally he had been transferred to this branch of the service and assigned to Headquarters as Personnel Officer.

Live wires were badly needed, and this one was tremendously useful and performed a great service to his country by assuming responsibility and forcing projects through to completion. But what were his methods? Officers were urgently required for newly trained divisions. He would send a special request to the Adjutant General for their assignment, but often fail to record the change. New officers arrive from the States. He sends them without delay where they are most needed, and *sometimes* keeps a note of where they have gone. Certain officers distinguish themselves and are promptly recommended for promotion; but who is to keep track of when these promotions become effective, if at all? Many important instructions are given by long-distance telephone with only the wires themselves to record what has been done!

Files of course existed and machinery for noting all arrivals, changes of assignment, promotions, casualties, etc., but they were forgotten more often than not. It was temperamentally impossible for the Colonel to think of such details in the midst of the great events of those great days. He could not even remember to tell his subordinates what had been done. A telegram would come to him requesting men, and he would send them where needed. Was this not his mission? So he argued to himself.

When Lieutenant Boss Manager arrived this method had reached its inevitable end. No one knew with certainty where the officers were, what their rank was or who was available. A telegram would be sent to an officer only to find that he had been long since transferred; whither, no one could remember. In laying plans it had become impossible for anyone to find out how many men were available or where they were. Something had to be done.

The Colonel recognized that the end of the rope had come. He promised reform. Then important mail and telegrams would arrive, and he would attempt to handle them on the spur of the moment as before, sending out his instructions by telegraph or telephone in the old way. Some of these messages were caught and recorded. Many were not. It was evident that this could not continue. For his own good, for the good of the Service, the Colonel *must* be managed.

Seizing a few days when the Colonel was away, the Lieutenant on his own responsibility instituted radical changes. He placed his own desk in the inner office next to the Colonel's. In this way he could hear and note down everything that the Colonel did in conversation or over the telephone.

Next the Lieutenant arranged that all mail and telegrams without any exception whatever should come direct to his own desk. The Lieutenant sorted these out and handled the great bulk of them himself. The Colonel received only such important matters as the Lieutenant chose to pass over to him, and these the Lieutenant followed up with watchful eye and kept track of action taken. And everything going out passed also over the Lieutenant's desk.

An efficient officer was secured to take sole charge of the files, and he was backed up to the limit, so that it was almost a Court Martial offense to file any transfer of an officer or man without sending it first to the card catalog for posting.

As a result of the tight rein kept on the Colonel difficulties rapidly disappeared. The Colonel could again find his officers in spite of the constant necessary changes. Best of all, he was entirely free for important projects and was able to put them over with his old-time enthusiasm. He chafed somewhat at the restrictions under which he was placed; but to his credit be it said that he recognized their necessity and submitted to being managed by a lowly lieutenant. He was one of the finest officers in the A. E. F. and, with proper management, one of the most useful. When the war was over he expressed his gratitude very handsomely indeed in a letter which the Lieutenant prizes highly.

IV

Another type of boss—the bully—needs but little discussion. He takes advantage of his power to tyrannize over his subordinates. To those who will stand it he is abusive without measure, to others he is as abusive as he dares to be. To his own superior he often cringes. No further description will be given, first, because such a man is too well known to need further depiction; second, because an adequate description of him is not permissible in print.

The bully often pays well. He has to. The job under him may be desirable from other points of view, yet no self-respecting man will remain where he is continually subjected to uncalled-for insults. The only way to manage such a boss is to tell him plainly that he must speak like a gentleman or not speak at all. Such a man generally learns quickly whom he can revile with impunity and whom he must handle more carefully.

The most irritating type is the timid boss—he who is always afraid to take an important step. He encourages investigations and new ideas and takes an intelligent interest in their progress, but as the moment for final action arrives he hesitates. The time comes for a decision. The new formula (or machine, or method, or what not) proves better than the old; shall we adopt it? Then comes endless procrastination. "Let us get further information before deciding," or, "Let us wait and see what Mr. Jones thinks about it," etc., etc., anything but, "Let us make our final decision on this at once." So a project hangs fire indefinitely, never put out of the way by final rejection, yet never put into operation.

The only way to manage a boss of this kind is for the subordinate to supply the courage which his boss lacks. He must force the decision and take the responsibility on himself. The result of this is, if the new idea turns out well, the boss takes all the credit; if it fails, the subordinate gets the blame. However, one who is unwilling to face this situation is unworthy of a position of responsibility as boss-manager. The better type of timid boss often appreciates deeply an assistant who will supply a stock of courage for important decisions.

This type of boss is the especial *bête noir* of research men. Well do I remember an experience of the Research Chemist of a large manufacturing concern before the War. This Chemist had for an immediate boss the Production Manager who was also a Vice President of the Company and, consequently, a man of influence when he could be made to

exercise it. The Vice President was a college graduate and a man of fairly wide reading and general information; he liked to think that he was a fine type of the modern educated, progressive American business man and had started the Research Department himself and placed it under his own immediate control as a sign to all the world of his interest in Science and his belief in Progress. In this way he sought to counteract his own fundamental narrow-mindedness and timidity.

Interesting problems presented themselves from time to time, arising either from difficulties experienced in the manufacturing process, or as improvement suggested by the Chemist. As these problems arose the Vice President would take a keen interest in each. He would talk over at length the points involved, thereby airing what knowledge he had of chemistry and engineering. He would lay out with the chemist a plan of attack. He would inquire daily as to progress made and would be quite triumphant at hearing of obstacles overcome. This was all at the beginning. Finally the research would evidently be nearing a successful conclusion. The time was coming to put the new method into operation. Then the Vice President would become nervous. The thought of having to come to a decision was most distasteful. The idea that the innovation might not work out if put into general factory practice and might, in fact, become a public failure for his department was disquieting. He would lose interest in the research, seek all kinds of means to postpone a decision, and would often ingeniously arrange to have this piece of investigation "temporarily" abandoned in order to attack a new problem which he claimed to be more urgent.

On looking over the work of several years, the Chemist found that he had attacked and solved many important problems. He had exercised a good deal of scientific skill and had produced in his laboratory many new results of great potential value. He was dismayed to find, however, that hardly any of these had been put into practical operation. *This* research had been interrupted when near the end. Decision on *that* one had been delayed until the matter could be discussed with a factory manager from Chicago whose intended visit had been finally cancelled. There were all kinds of reasons for postponing the final decision.

The chemical research, skillful as some of it was, turned out to be of little practical value to his Company, as it was not utilized. In the words of another writer on applied science, his Research Department was "like a baseball team which got all of its men to third base, but never actually scored."

Then the Chemist realized that only part of his job was to manage the movements of the molecules. An equally important phase was to manage his boss. Boss Management took time and energy away from his purely scientific work. It was, moreover, difficult and uncongenial for a man of scientific pursuits. Without Boss Management, however, his best scientific achievements were futile.

The Chemist deliberately decided to devote the necessary amount of his time to managing his boss. He selected that one of his previous researches most certain to succeed. He brought it again to the Vice President's attention. He did this again and again. He tactfully enlisted the interest of others. Formerly he had been quite a favorite with the Vice President; now the latter began to hate the sight of him. Of course, the Chemist won. The improvement was tried. It worked. Subsequent victories were easier. Then after several successes a defeat or two could be survived.

In later years the Chemist found that he had done less research work, but that more of it had been put into practical operation. He rose in the estimation of the officers of the Company, but he never regained the personal favor of his boss. This boss was too small a man to

allow himself to be managed with good grace.

V

First cousin to the timid boss is the lazy one. Such a boss may be a man of considerable ability with an attractive personality and excellent judgment—capable of accomplishing much for the business if he is properly managed. While the manager of such a boss can remedy the situation somewhat by extra labor to make up for the small amount of work turned out by his boss, this does not entirely solve the difficulty. There are some things which only the boss himself can do—some people that he must see personally, some letters that only he can write. Here again, an assistant well versed in the science of Boss Management can increase the output of his department by fifty or a hundred per cent by skillful management. He must goad his boss into action. At times, he will have to make himself very disagreeable and state things very plainly in order to overcome the torpor of his chief. He can have the satisfaction of knowing that his chief will be secretly—almost pathetically—grateful. No one is so genuinely grateful as a lazy man if someone will provide him with the stimulus to action which he himself constantly lacks, and knows that he lacks.

One of the greatest privileges in life is to work under a boss whom one can admire and respect—a man who is a real leader, who gives his own best effort to his work and exacts the best from those under him. Such a man may be a hard taskmaster, he may be impatient of incompetency, but his subordinates never want to leave him for a boss who will accept sloppy work.

Such leaders are boss, not merely by virtue of their position, but because they are the best man in the organization "by a long sea mile" as Stevenson expresses it. Wherever *they* sit is indeed the head of the table by general consent. Real leaders of this type are found in all walks of life. Such were Carnegie, James J. Hill, Major General Summerall, U. S. A., Bismarck, Lord Strathcona, Lord Fisher of the British Navy, Kitchener, President Roosevelt, and F. W. Taylor himself.

It is the greatest stimulus, the greatest inspiration to work under such a boss. Rather than a large salary, rather than pleasant work, rather than a good future, a young man should pick an inspiring boss. The rest will take care of itself.

Too often, however, we must build with the tools at hand. We must work with the bosses whom fate sends us. In such cases, we can perform a great service by an intelligent practice of the Science of Boss Management.

Happy is the boss who picks a good assistant. Happier still is the assistant who can pick a good boss!

The Lion's Mouth

WHY COLLEGE MEN FAIL IN BUSINESS

BY JUSTIN STURM

THERE has been no end of discussion lately concerning the faults of the modern college. It is a generally accepted fact that the present-day university not only fails to fit a young man for big business but ruins him completely. As president of a large corporation, I feel that my experience justifies my writing about this tremendous problem.

Everybody knows that big business is clamoring for young men to train until they are able to fill an executive position. The supply is smaller than the demand, and we are willing to go to the ends of the earth to find likely young men. And we spare no effort or expense in training them. It is difficult to realize why these men do not succeed after they are given every advantage. Perhaps their failure is caused by the general lowering of morals which follows every large war. Or perhaps it is the fault of the colleges which do not see the light. I shall endeavor in this article to show my views on the problem. I assert that the fault lies in the curriculum.

Ten years ago I sent my secretary, Miss Gobel, around the country to interview college seniors and to influence the most promising men in each college to join our organization. The first man to start with us was Jones. He was a splendid-looking boy with pink cheeks and curly hair, and if I ever saw a man with a future ahead of him, he was the man. I told him that his progress might be slow at first and his salary low, but he did not care. All I want is a fair chance, he said; and I let him have it.

I started Jones at two dollars a week. He complained a bit until I told him that *I* started on seventy cents a month, and see where I am now! I put him in the rooster department and told the manager to watch him. He started off very well. As I remember it, he wrung the necks of ninety roosters the first day. I was awfully glad to hear it and went out to wring his bloody hand with congratulations.

"Jones," I said, "you are going to make good at this business, without a doubt."

He was so interested in his work that he barely paused to acknowledge my appreciation. He would snap up a rooster with his left hand, grab the head with his right, and in a fraction of a second the rooster's body was on the capon conveyor and his head on the chicken-soup conveyor, and a new rooster was in Jones' hands.

I intended to keep Jones in the rooster department for five years, but in less than eight months he showed signs of weakening. My manager called this to my attention.

"He is getting restless," said the manager. "I told you college men are no good. For the last week he has been wringing the necks off too close to the body. You see if we leave too much chicken on the head it will make our chicken soup taste like chicken soup, and our customers will want it all the time."

I asked the manager to send Jones in to see me.

"Jones," I said, "I hear you have been wringing the roosters too close to the shoulders."

"I am sorry," he said, "but the chickens are so light and my arm is so strong that there is a tendency toward breaking the neck lower down on the body. With heavy roosters I can do better work, but they have been very light lately."

I was angered at his alibi.

"You blame it on the roosters, do you? Let me tell you right now that the mistake lies within your own self! You will never make a good executive if you blame your own faults on someone else."

He saw his mistake and promised to do better. He worked diligently for six more months and then he came in to see me.

"Sir," he said. "I should like to show you a machine I have invented."

Then he unrolled a drawing and put it on my desk. I looked at it and saw one of the most ridiculous things I have ever seen in my life.

"You see," explained Jones, "this clamp holds the rooster's head and this knife cuts it off just below the jawbone. In that way you are bound to have a uniform soup because there will never be any chicken in it. The machine will cut off at least a hundred heads a minute, whereas the best man can do only ten with his hands."

"Young man," I said, "you are just like all college men. You think that since you have been in this business for a year and a half you can run it better than I can, although I've spent my life at it. You have a lot to learn yet."

"Well, I know quite a bit about wringing roosters' necks," he said.

"You haven't even begun to learn," I said. "Why, what can you know about it after fifteen months? You have only a superficial knowledge. This business is no child's play; it is a life work. Take your machine back and burn it up."

I wanted to fire him but I still hoped that I could make something out of him. The manager had said that college men were worthless, and I had told him that he was mistaken. I did not want him to have the laugh on me. Perhaps Jones was not typical of the best college man. Still, he was highly recommended and he was captain of the football team and editor of the college paper and president of his class. It was only fair to me to give him another chance. So I sent him back to work. He did very well for a year and a half longer, and then I made him assistant manager of the rooster department. I thought that would satisfy him, but it did not. In less than six months after I had promoted him he came in to see me.

"Sir, I should like to be changed to another department. I have been with the roosters over three years now and, if it is not too much to ask, I should like a different job."

I was terribly disappointed in him but I did not let him know it.

"You want to get ahead too fast," I told him. "You keep forgetting that you are just a beginner and that we are spending a great deal of money training you so that you will eventually be able to take over an executive position."

He saw my point of view and apologized for being so impatient. But I thought it over and decided to transfer him. It was already apparent that he would never be a good rooster man, but I knew that I should not condemn him so soon. Sometimes a man who failed at roosters made a success at hop-toads. So I put him in the hop-toad department, and his enthusiasm overwhelmed me. I warned him that he would have to start at the bottom again, but he did not seem to care. He was restless. I suppose college life is so active and so varied that four years of it will definitely change a man so that he will want it forever. They study too many useless subjects instead of concentrating on one. They take History, English, Psychology, Chemistry, Anthropology, and Mathematics at the same time. It would be much better if they spent four years just study-

ing roosters. Then they would know something when they got out.

Two years after I had changed Jones to the hop-toad department, I dropped in to see him at work. The skill which he showed in the rooster department was still with him for he clipped off the toads' legs so fast you could not see them wiggle.

"How do you like it?" I asked.

"Fine," he said, "only I don't see why you sell toads' legs for frogs' legs. Frogs are just as easy to catch and much easier to clip."

It was an absurd question to ask, and I hesitated to answer it. But I thought it was better for him to learn something about big business before he grew much older.

"You see," I told him, "it would be easy enough to sell frogs' legs for frogs' legs, but it is a great deal more difficult to sell toads' legs for frogs' legs. Of course we make a little money out of the substitution but we get the most satisfaction out of it because we fool our customers. I tell you we get a great thrill out of it, and if anyone tries to tell you that there is no romance in business you tell them I know better. Even if toads cost more than frogs I should do it just for the sake of the thrill!"

"What if you get caught?" asked Jones.

"Tush, boy. We never get caught. We contribute to the campaign funds of both parties."

Jones was interested to hear another side to the question. I feel sure that from his narrow viewpoint he thought business was pretty dull. A lot of people think that we old fellows are rather stupid. But we are not. We are mighty canny and subtle when it comes right down to it.

Jones stayed with the toads for another year before I heard from him again. He had let a couple jump away from him, but I paid no attention to it because they were run over by a truck just outside the factory and we used them anyway. Finally, he came in to see me.

"Sir," he began. "I was with the roosters for three years and I have been with the toads almost four years. I believe I have done my work well and I feel justified in asking for a raise in salary."

"How much are you getting now?" I asked.

"I am still getting only two dollars a week, sir."

"What was your starting salary?"

"Two dollars a week."

"How long have you been with us?"

"Over six years."

"Well, you have lived on two dollars a week for six years. Why can't you continue it?"

"But I haven't been able to save any money for investment and I haven't been able to feed myself very well. I have been forced to eat raw toads for lunch and at night I have always carried a couple of legs home for dinner."

"You have been stealing the company's property, have you?"

"Yes, sir, but I never took the good toads for myself. I always took the bad ones because I knew they were worthless."

"It makes no difference," I said. "It is dishonest and disgraceful."

I thought that colleges at least taught ethics. I did not know they made thieves out of innocent young men. And why hadn't the boy's parents brought him up correctly? I decided that Jones must be taught another lesson. Honesty is the foundation of all successful businesses, and I wanted him to realize it. I not only refused to raise his salary but I docked him to a dollar and fifty cents a week and reprimanded him severely. He broke down and cried and promised he would never steal another hop-toad as long as he lived. I saw that my discipline had made a deep impression on him.

Jones went on with the hop-toads, but after another year he became sulky and reticent. Then he came to see me again.

"Sir, I must have my salary raised. I can't go on much longer."

"Young man," I said, "I know what

you have been doing. You have been wasting your money on luxuries such as automobiles, cabarets, dances, wine, pool halls, and wild women. You are making a big mistake in not living within your income. That's the trouble with college. It gets a boy into a habit of high living so that he is discontented with even a very good salary. You have too many outside interests which use up your salary. Some day you will want to get married—then where will you be? If you can't live by yourself on a good salary certainly two can't live on it."

"But, sir, I feel sure that I could get more money somewhere else. I don't think it is quite a living wage. Besides, other men in this company who do the same work get more pay."

"You are wrong again," I said. "I have a report from the Department of Labor which says that any unmarried man can live on two dollars a week. Of course, a married man with six children needs three dollars a week; but you are not married. And the fact that other men get more money than you is none of your business. They have spent their lives in this business and have reached their highest earning power while you are just a beginner and besides, we are spending money to train you."

Jones left my office and quit his job. I had all the toads counted to make sure that he had not walked out with his pockets full.

Since my unpleasant experience with Jones I have never hired another college man. They are too impatient, too ambitious, and they have too many outside interests. After you have spent a lot of money training them they show no gratitude and will leave you in a minute. Of course, I do not believe that all college men are as dishonest as Jones. He was just an unusual case and I don't believe that he is typical in that respect. But they are unreliable and ungrateful. For instance, after Jones left me, he made a fortune out of his rooster-clipping machine, but he forgot entirely that he had developed it in my factory and that I had helped him work it out. When I asked him to let me have an operating license free just for old time's sake, he tipped his head back and cackled.

My manager was right when he said college men were worthless. I wish I had taken his advice in the beginning.

THE CLASSIFIED MISPRONOUNCER

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

"WHAT sort of people are those new neighbors of yours, the Wares?" I asked Thompson.

"Very nice. Amiable, kind, virtuous, neighborly, and all that."

"You don't seem to gush with enthusiasm," I pursued. "What's the matter? Are they vulgar, or unfashionable, or uneducated, or uninteresting, or noisy, or what?"

"No," replied Thompson slowly, "it isn't any of those things. Certainly they aren't vulgar or noisy. They have college diplomas, I've discovered. Mr. Ware is distinctly interesting when he talks about business. I imagine they come as near being fashionable as most of us, and anyway I don't care a hoot about fashion one way or the other. No—" Thompson hesitated. "Well, for one thing, they are Class C Pronouncers."

I suppose I looked mystified.

"Haven't I ever outlined to you my system for classifying people by their pronunciations?" said Thompson. "It's occasionally useful, in just such cases as that of the Wares.

"The population of any locality," he continued (as I still looked mystified), "is like a pie which may be cut up in any number of ways, and one of the favorite sports of mankind is to devise new ways of cutting the pie. Every time we cut it our attention is drawn to some new trait of our neighbors, and

sometimes the results are illuminating. We may divide them into radicals and conservatives, rich and poor, gentlemen and boors, conventional and unconventional people, Puritans and jazz-hounds, and so on. Every now and then somebody discovers a new way of slicing the pie, and we revel in the new division into bromides and sulphides, or highbrows and lowbrows, or Babbitts and anti-Babbitts. I flatter myself that there is something in my division on the basis of pronunciation. I slice the pie into four pieces—Classes A, B, C, and D. There is probably a Class E, but I detest slumming.

"Class D is made up of the people who pronounce the *ch* soft in *architect*. Usually they also drop the final *t* and make it archeytek. They refer to athaletics and reservoys, speak of a suit of furniture—meaning a suite—and call an automobile an otto. Cement to them is see-ment, with the accent on the first syllable. Roughly speaking, these are the people who wear Helen Wills eyeshades for motoring, and sleeve-garters, and who use toothpicks publicly; but in these days of books of etiquette you can never be sure. A large class, millions of whom own ottos, as anybody can see who goes out on the state roads on Sunday.

"When we reach Class C we are on more delicate ground," continued Thompson. "Class C is also very large. They own, not ottos, but ottomóbils, and apparently all have taken up golf (to judge from the rotogravure supplements). To me the distinguishing mark of the members of Class C is that while they do not say archeytek, they place the accent on the first syllable in the common word for a hairy growth on the upper lip."

"Mústache," I ventured brilliantly.

"Precisely," said Thompson. "They also refer to an amachoor instead of an amateur, rhyme tomato with potato, call a garage a garridge and a chauffeur a shofer, and speak of eating arnges and chawklut when they mean oranges and chocolate. Some of my friends to whom I have outlined my system claim that anyone should be entitled to membership in Class C who accents bicycle on the second syllable, drops the first *r* in February, or makes library a two-syllable word, but I remain unconvinced; I know too many genuine members of Class B who do one or the other of these things. And perhaps I ought to add that no one of these pronunciations should by itself be regarded as a ticket of admission to Class C. The other day a dyed-in-the-wool member of Class B who would have taken poison rather than be caught saying that Suzanne Lenglen had lost her amachoor standing or that her husband had shaved off his mústache assured me blandly that to her *tomato* and *potato* was a perfect rhyme, and produced a dictionary to back up her contention. (As if there could be no such thing as a Class C lexicographer!) No, I am inclined to think that *amachoor* is the acid test.

"The members of Class C, incidentally, are the people who call the Rev. Mr. Jones the Rev. Jones, use *some place* as an adverb interchangeably with *somewhere*, call a suitcase a satchel, fail to distinguish between a visit and a conversation ('We had a nice visit,' they say, when as a matter of fact they simply met on the street-corner and talked), and in their letters begin sentences with verbs even when there is no necessity for saving space ('Am having a nice time. Went to the theater last night. Am having a veritable holiday.')"

"Wait a moment," I put in. "They tell me that satchel and visit, used as you just used them, are in perfectly good standing in the West. And how about suitcase itself?"

"Oh, the West, the West!" cried Thompson in a despairing voice. "The West is simply full of members of Class C who don't know any better. A prejudice, you say? But what is this but a convenient catalogue of prejudices? As for suitcase— Well, I use the word myself, and I may as well tell you

that for my purposes Class B is composed of people who pronounce as I do.

"When you question suitcase," he went on, giving me an uneasy look, "I almost suspect you of belonging to Class A, upon the members of which I look with the same distaste as the members of Class C doubtless feel when they hear us come down hard on the second syllable of chauffeur.

"Class A people are full of affectation. They call a vase a vaaz, they speak of the *Rice of the Dutch Republic* as if it were a treatise on agriculture, they say intríkkit for intricate, and envéllup for envelope, and shedule for schedule, and instead of giving extraordinary its usual five syllables they give it either six or one: the super-meticulous ones make it *extra-ordinary* and the Anglophiles make it *xtrordnry*. And some of them talk as if words like *chamois* and *voile* had never been Anglicized."

"Have they?" I asked innocently.

"Don't!" cried Thompson. "Don't suggest that they haven't. Stay with me in Class B! The word is *shammy*."

"How about those who call a blouse a blooze?" I inquired.

"Members of Class C trying to sound like Class A," ruled Thompson quickly.

"So you believe that there are those who try to climb from class to class?"

"We all do to some extent," replied Thompson. "Take me as an example. I started out calling an ornamental jar a *vaysse*. Then I was shamed into *vayze*. I now say *vayze* whenever I have time to think, and will probably continue to do so until I reach the age when men get careless and revert. But *vaaz* —never in the world. I should feel like a self-conscious ass. Whenever I hear *vaaz* I feel, 'There goes a prig.' A barrier comes down between us. There's a similar barrier between me and the Wares. It lifts for minutes at a time when I talk to Mr. Ware, and then, bang! down it comes."

"If you feel as you say you do about Class A," said I after a moment, "why do you call it A, as if it were superior?"

"A gesture of modesty, I suppose," said Thompson. "Very likely it *is* superior. And an instinct for self-protection. Why, suppose the Van Sicklens heard me at this moment. 'He actually is *complacent* about his pronunciation,' they would say. I shouldn't like the tone of that—as if they were nudging each other. Whereas now all they can say is, 'Thompson? Oh, very nice. Amiable, virtuous, neighborly, and all that. But—but not *quite*— Well, for one thing he's a Class B pronouncer.'"

SOME THOUGHTS FOR THE DESPONDENT

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

CLARENCE DARROW, lawyer and radical, may safely be credited with trying these many years to make the world better; yet he seems not satisfied with what he has accomplished, since the papers reported him as saying that he would be glad when the time came for him "to get away from this bloodthirsty world." There is no peace, he said (as quoted), no rest, "nothing but blood, more blood for this wicked world."

Along with these reported words it is mentioned that Mr. Darrow, who spent the summer in Colorado, went often to Denver to get treatments at a hospital; which implies that he was not well, and may account for his despondency. For people who are close on to seventy and not very well, this present world leaves a good deal to be desired. Its prospects warrant the gloomiest forebodings if one shapes expectations by visible facts and historical analogies alone, and is not buoyed up by faith in the incalculable.

Dean Inge, who at sixty-six is by three or four years Mr. Darrow's junior, seems in good health, but is not much better pleased with world prospects than Mr. Darrow is. He seems persuaded that the world is going to the bow-wows, but still he does not want to give it up. It is the only world about which he has confident knowledge, and, besides that, it may be that he has not got his children raised as completely as Mr. Darrow has. But anyhow, he shows no symptoms of intention, or even desire, to quit his job, or leave the world whose present course so disconcerts him without such guidance as he can furnish and his help to steer it right. The Dean is a pious man after a highly sophisticated and instructed fashion, and probably believes more or less in what we call "immortality," and expects to continue some sort of conscious existence after he sheds his body. To anyone who believes as much as that, death is no more than a transfer, and a transfer presumably to new duties and development. How much one gets away from when his spirit leaves the body is a speculative question the full answer to which is not yet included in the compendium of human knowledge, though efforts to get fuller light on it go on unceasingly, to the edification of some people, and to the derision of many others, including Dean Inge. All that conforms with usage. It has always happened that people who think they see more than other people have a hard time of it until the other people catch up.

In the *Strand* magazine the other day there was a story by Mr. Kipling, doubtless included in his new book, in which he introduced Roger Bacon and other characters of his time in conference with a traveler from the East who brought with him microscopic lenses through which the animalculæ in water could be seen. The ruling representative of the Church at the conference (they

were nearly all monks), though much interested and admitting that the lenses and their work belonged to knowledge, finally destroyed them because he said they were too far ahead of the times, would be too upsetting, disturb the authority of religion, and do vastly more harm than good. It was well put, as Mr. Kipling would put it, and, of course, it is an old story. Knowledge has to bide its time until the world is ready to receive it. Pioneers discover, do what they can with what they know, gradually make some converts, and presently pass out. What they have gained survives them if the existing conditions of human life and the existing extent of human knowledge permit it. Very often they have not permitted it. Authority and vested interests have been able to suppress knowledge, sometimes for centuries. Vested interests are very strong, and to them their own survival always looks important and usually looks more important than truth. Even now in our own day vested interests often hold back knowledge. We read in the newspapers of great corporations holding back beneficent inventions that they cannot yet use because in view of large investment in existing methods they would be too upsetting and bad for business. They have the same feeling about them that the head churchman in Kipling's story had about the lenses, a feeling that they are bound to come, but not yet.

In these chaotic times, however, the mind is comparatively free to work and publish its discoveries. Incredulity there is and must be. Possessors of accepted knowledge entrench themselves often enough against offerings of knowledge not yet accepted. That is all in the day's work and not to be condemned, for it is part of the process of trying out and testing which all new knowledge must go through.

WHO has understanding and how does he get it? Is it solely a product of learning or of other and more intuitive processes besides? Consider Dean Inge. Very able, a scholar; his mind crammed with knowledge and history and able to gather more from contemporary documents. But has he in a high degree understanding? One would be sorry to think so, so very downcast are his feelings about the future of civilization and especially of England. Compare him with Henry Ford. One of the magazines that tells about country houses had pictures the other day of Henry Ford's home outside of Detroit, and there was a library in it with shelves full of books. But Henry has never prided himself on his knowledge of what was in books and though, of course, he must know even of them much more than is supposed, his great forte is not book knowledge but that insight into certain phases of human affairs which is the result of experiment, observation, and reflection. Henry's great asset is not so much his knowledge as his imagination. It is probable, indeed, it is almost obvious, that in understanding of human life and of its errand in this world Henry Ford is very much the superior of Dean Inge. But then the difference between them is the difference between a genius and a scholar. What the scholar has, he has learned; what the genius gets, comes to him. He does not learn it, he sees it—becomes aware of it.

The spiritists have been taking notice that this year is the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Andrew Jackson Davis, called the Poughkeepsie Seer. His works, of which there are fifteen or twenty volumes, have been republished in Los Angeles. The substance of them has been put into a book in England, which is sold in New York bookstores. Conan Doyle calls him the Prophet of Spiritualism, and has a chapter about him in his new history of that activity. Davis emerged from obscurity in Poughkeepsie along about 1845. He was the son of a shoemaker, grew up with no more than the bare rudiments of education; at eighteen

could read and write and not much more, but was found to possess clairvoyant and healing faculties, and was taken into hand by good people who got interested in him and helped in the development of his extraordinary faculties. With that much help he blossomed out shortly as a lecturer and author, starting with a book called *The Harmonial Philosophy*, published about 1847, which had in its day a very considerable circulation and evoked astonishment and high praise from such literary critics of that day as N. P. Willis, George Ripley, Parke Godwin, and Thomas Lake Harris. It was made up of discourses communicated apparently in a state of trance and was a philosophical work which expounded everything, explained most things, and forecast a good deal. It abounded in technical knowledge of various sorts which Davis could not possibly have acquired by ordinary means. Swedenborg, when he took up with the invisible world, already had a fair title to be called the most learned man in Europe; but this black-haired Davis had never learned anything, and how he produced this book and the succession of those that followed is a question for anyone who thinks he can answer it. Among other things, he predicted the motor car and the airplane with a curious prevision of details and of what must happen in mechanics before they could be. He finally brought up in Boston where he practiced healing for a long time and died at the age of eighty-four in 1910. His books seem to have been accepted as his. No fraud was brought home to him. His character was good. He was remarkably free from venality. He lived and died poor.

How did he do it? The natural inference that could be made from Davis and others like him is that knowledge is sometimes, perhaps oftentimes, communicated by processes other than study.

And as for understanding, one hardly gets it by study, though study commonly contributes to it. He learns what other persons have known, but to this knowledge he puts something of his own. His knowledge in a way is the collection of materials and tools that his imagination works with, and if he is oversupplied with such acquired knowledge his imagination may be stifled. Many people have observed that Shakespeare seemed to know more than he had any visible means of learning. To be sure he read some books, there were not so many in his time, but they account scantily for what he knew. The prospect improves, however, that when we know more than we do now we shall understand better the source from which Shakespeare got the information that he used. Christ in the Temple disputing with the doctors was not a prize scholar, though incredibly proficient for his age. His knowledge came some other way. Probably most people who show notable talent have a good deal given them that they never learned. Just now the world seems to need leaders. We cannot see where they are coming from, but there is faith that they will come; that men will turn up, or maybe women, who know more than they could have learned; who have the necessary gumption and devotion to pull the world right. For that arduous employment which has periodically to be undertaken, very curious people have sometimes been selected, and usually though not always persons not in favor with orthodox opinion. Joan of Arc was rated a heretic, and her successors mostly have been of that breed, the reason being that the ailments of life usually spring from fixed policies of one sort or another, which have to be broken before there can be a cure. Minds that are set have to move. The orthodox and the upholders of the *status quo* resist movement, and somebody from the outside has to accomplish it over their heads. The Bible, Old Testament and New, is full of the triumphs of the outsiders over the orthodox, which may be one

reason why it is so popular. The prophets seldom ran with the machine. They were usually out to break it, and often incurred the perils and inconvenience incident to that purpose.

ONE notices that schisms have started in the Christian Science Church and seem to be prospering. The seceders accuse the Mother Church of various deviations from sound doctrine as laid down by its founder. What one may expect to hear next is that the schismatics do as good healing as the regulars. There is apparently a healing and enlightening force which these interesting innovators use, and some of them may get at it from one angle and some from another. Meanwhile the Christian Science organization seems to be sharing the experience of the other churches in the decline of authority.

Heresy fights, which have developed in all religions, broke out in the Christian religion at least fifteen hundred years ago. They were about details of belief. Authority seems always to have been exacting and precise about details. Its hold on its job has depended on the possession of the absolute truth and on being able to say, when any dispute came, who was right. But of many things concerned with the religion, the absolute truth is not known, nor is it necessary that it should be. Heretics have been burned by thousands for unimportant deviations from the opinions of persons in power. It is marvellous what the Christian religion has survived; but a religion that is sound in its vital principle can live down its erroneous accretions. In like manner a form of religion that misses the vital principle cannot prosper, no matter how intelligent and liberal it may be about the details.

The *Forum* has lately had a succession of articles in which professors of different schools of religion have told what they have believed and why. Among the more recent contributors was Senator Smoot, who told why he was a Mormon. Mormon belief as he set it forth was the Christian religion as usually accepted, supplemented by expressions of confidence in Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet, and the revelation which came through him. What Senator Smoot did not expound was the hold of the management of the Mormon Church on the Mormon people, which, as is well known, is strong and efficient, particularly on its business side.

The Mormon Church is an interesting illustration of what a religious organization may contain and accomplish. The Mormon Bible as devised by Joseph Smith has never enjoyed the respect of the Gentiles. The story of the gold plates conveyed to Smith by the angel on the hill at Palmyra, N. Y., and translated by him by dictating from behind a curtain, has so far not been believed except by Mormons. Nevertheless, out of Joseph Smith's experiences and allegations came the Mormons, their separation from the ordinary body of Americans, their migrations to Ohio and Illinois, and finally their great trek to Utah under Brigham Young. There has been much doubt about the authenticity of Joseph Smith but there has been no doubt about the potency of Brigham Young. To him and others like him is due the present Mormon Church with a membership of six hundred thousand and a great industrial machine connected with it.

Now, spiritually, what have those people to live on? Mr. Smoot says in effect that they have the Christian religion. That, of course, is a substantial basis for life, and it is doubtless strong enough to carry an infusion of Joseph Smith and whatever proceeded from him. More or less like that it seems to be with the Christian sects in general. They have in them a sufficient infusion of vital spiritual truth to carry their errors. Out of all of them we see saints emerge, in all of them we see marvels done, and in all of them we see much confusion of unessential accretions with essential truths.

Personal and Otherwise

AMERICANS are used to hearing that the United States ought to collect the foreign debts because their cancellation would impair the structure of international credit, or that the United States ought to cancel the debts to relieve Europe of the burden of taxes or to relieve America of the odium of unpopularity; but the position taken by ***George Glasgow*** on this paramount problem in our foreign policy is unusual—especially unusual for an Englishman. As special correspondent on foreign affairs for the *Manchester Guardian*, Mr. Glasgow has attended all the important international conferences in Europe since 1919 and has become intimately acquainted with present-day European diplomacy. He is also the English correspondent of *L'Europe Nouvelle* (Paris) and the *Prager Presse* (Prague), and is the author of *From Dawes to Locarno.*

Thunder on the Left, which came to its conclusion in the December issue of HARPER'S just a year ago, was one of the most successful serials in the history of the Magazine. Now ***Christopher Morley*** begins another continued story; and if it is utterly different both in theme and treatment from *Thunder on the Left*, this proves Mr. Morley's versatility. Not only is he essayist, critic, and poet as well as novelist, but in fiction he turns with equal readiness to tragi-comedy and farce. Formerly a columnist for the *New York Evening Post*, he now sends a weekly contribution from his Long Island home to the *Saturday Review of Literature*, and devotes the rest of his time to free-lance writing. His most recent collection of essays is *The Romany Stain.*

Katharine Fullerton Gerould, essayist, novelist, and short-story writer, is well known to HARPER readers for her excursions in fields remote from the prize ring. Her most recent essays have been on "The Plight of the Genteel," "This Vulgarity of Ours," and "Ladies and Gentlemen." Discovering that Mrs. Gerould was keenly interested in boxing but had never witnessed a big fight, we secured seats at the Dempsey-Tunney bout for her and her husband, Professor Gerould of Princeton, and suggested that she should write for us her candid impressions of the spectacle. Her article may upset many preconceived opinions among the fastidious.

Grace Sartwell Mason, of New York, writes infrequently but with high distinction. Her story in our August issue, "The First Stone," was one of striking beauty; incidentally the HARPER public may be interested to know that at least one clergyman was so impressed with "The First Stone" as to use it as the basis of a sermon.

Our portrait of the late Charles William Eliot is the work of ***Rollo Walter Brown***, who as professor of English at Carleton College published *How the French Boy Learns to Write* and *The Writer's Art*, and since he moved to Cambridge to give his time to lecturing and writing, has produced *The Creative Spirit* and a recent biography of President Eliot's associate and friend, Dean Briggs, with whom Mr. Brown had studied in the Graduate School at Harvard.

If the Eighteenth Amendment was a colossal mistake, as millions of Americans believe, what can be done to extricate the country from its predicament? The divergence of opinion on this question is almost as wide as that on the merits of prohibition. We open the pages of HARPER'S MAGAZINE this month to ***Walter Lippmann***, who not only would probably disagree with Dr. Alfred E. Stearns (whose "Liquor and the Schools" we published last month) on the merits of prohibition, but points out a way in which the country may at least mitigate prohibition if, as he believes, it so desires. Mr. Lippmann is the author of *A Preface to Politics*, *Public Opinion*, *The Phantom Public*, etc.; he was for

several years one of the editors of the *New Republic* and now is in charge of the editorial page of the *New York World*.

How much education should a woman have? ***R. Le Clerc Phillips*** (born in England, now resident in New York, author of "The Real Rights of Women" in a recent issue of HARPER'S) thinks a great many women have too much, or at least that their education has a tendency to turn them in an unprofitable direction. We especially commend Miss Phillips' article to the attention of feminists and college alumnae.

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In October, 1909, ***Olive Schreiner,*** the remarkable South African woman who wrote *The Story of an African Farm* and *Woman and Labour*, said in a letter from Cape Town to Mrs. Francis Smith: "I am sending you 'The Prelude.' Send it back when you've read it. I've got to revise it yet. It's just as it came to me many years ago one day on the Riviera. I *know* you'll understand it. I love it specially because it came to me in such a curious way. I wrote the rough draft of this novel years and years ago when I was quite a young girl, before I went to England [that is, before 1881]. In England I was too much absorbed in social problems ever to read it over, even. One day, I think it was in the winter of 1888, I was on the Riviera at Alassio; I was sitting at my dear old desk writing an article on the Bushmen and giving a description of their skulls; when suddenly, in an instant, the whole of this little Prelude *flashed* on me. You know those folded-up views of places one buys; you take hold of one end and all the pictures unfold one after the other as quick as light. That was how it *flashed* on me. I started up and paced about the room. I felt absolutely astonished. I hadn't thought of my novel for months, I hadn't looked at it for years. I'd never dreamed of writing a prelude to it,—I just sat down and wrote it out. . . . My mind must have been working at it *unconsciously*, though I knew nothing of it—otherwise how did it come?"

The novel to which she refers, ***From Man to Man***, was left unfinished at her death in 1920; yet we have the testimony of her husband, S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner, that she loved it more than anything else she ever wrote and that of all this novel, she loved best The Prelude, which she entitled "The Child's Day". This is the exquisite story which we are now privileged to publish.

"'The Child's Day'," writes Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner, "is certainly almost wholly autobiographical: to take one small incident —she herself built the little mouse-house on the bare rock at Witteberg and waited for the mouse and then fashioned her hand to imitate the mouse entering into it." And in another letter to Mrs. Francis Smith, in 1918, Olive Schreiner herself said, "Would you, sometime, tell me something: when you read that little 'Prelude' to my book I showed you the other day, did you think it was a *made-up* thing, like an allegory, or did you think it was real, *about myself?* Please tell me, because, if I haven't made it clear, I must. I thought it was quite clear [that it was about herself], but the only other person to whom I've shown it didn't understand."

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Doctor ***Will Durant*** has had an interesting career. Brought up as a Catholic in North Adams, Massachusetts, he went to a Catholic college in New Jersey, thought of entering the priesthood, turned socialist instead, finally lost his enthusiasm for socialism and went in for the teaching of philosophy at Columbia, lectured on various philosophers at the Labor Temple School in New York, became director of the School, and then last spring leaped into national prominence as the author of the remarkably successful *Story of Philosophy*. Now he follows his HARPER papers on "Is Democracy a Failure?" and "Is Progress a Delusion?" with the first of a new series of Adventures in Philosophy.

The dangers which American business confronts through the activities of the go-getter are revealed by ***Jesse R. Sprague,*** who began his business career at sixteen in the jewelry store of a New York State village, worked many years as a salesman, went into business for himself in 1900 at Newport News, later operated a retail business in San Antonio (doing, he says, the go-getter things that he now condemns), and recently has

become a contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post* and other magazines, writing on the business problems of the day.

Frédéric Boutet, one of the ablest contemporary French short story writers, has recently contributed to HARPER'S two other stories of characteristically Gallic brevity and crispness.

William McFee, born at sea, served for many years as a sea-going engineer before he settled down to a literary career in Westport, Connecticut. His books include *Casuals of the Sea*, *Command*, and *Race*. His present paper is the fruit of a recent expedition to one of his favorite regions in Central America.

"Emerson and the Reformers" is the second of two papers in which ***Van Wyck Brooks,*** the distinguished author of *America's Coming of Age*, *The Ordeal of Mark Twain*, and *The Pilgrimage of Henry James*, borrows here and there from Emerson's own language in the Journals to draw a graphic picture of the great philosopher as he viewed the men and the sometimes embarrassing issues of his day.

The author of "Managing the Boss" naturally prefers to cloak himself in anonymity as he considers a phase of intensely scientific management strangely neglected by the business writers who take delight in telling us how we, too, may become successful.

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The poetry of the month is contributed by two associate professors of English, ***David Morton*** of Amherst and ***John Crowe Ransom*** of Vanderbilt University, both of them authors of much distinguished verse; and by two poet-novelists, ***Robert Nathan*** of New York, whose fiction includes *Autumn*, *The Puppet Master*, and *Jonah*, and ***Martin Armstrong,*** the English author of *At the Sign of the Goat and Compasses* and *Desert*.

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The Lion presents ***Justin Sturm*** of Chicago, who has two chief claims to distinction—one as a Yale football star (class of 1922), the other as author of an enlivening novel, *The Bad Samaritan*, recently published by Harper & Brothers; and ***Frederick L. Allen*** of the editorial staff of the Magazine, who in the October issue took as his subject "The House Terrible."

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The painting reproduced as the frontispiece this month was made by ***Maurice Fromkes*** during a recent visit in Spain. It represents a Spanish Renaissance polychrome wood-carving of the Virgin and Child. Mr. Fromkes was born in Russia, received his training at Cooper Union and the National Academy of Design, and later in Holland and France, learned much of the possibilities of decorative treatment and design from his friend Henry G. Dearth, now lives in New York, and is rapidly establishing himself as one of the outstanding painters of America. Much of his best work has been done in Spain and has dealt with Spanish subjects; his "Madonna of the Road" was the first painting by an American to be hung in the National Museum of Modern Art in Madrid. Two of his paintings have been reproduced as HARPER frontispieces: "Black and Gold" (a decorative study of Miss Clare Eames) in September, 1925, and "Candida" in March, 1926.

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The comments upon Mrs. Blair's article, "I Prepare to Face Fifty," have shown great diversity. One reader, a clergyman's wife, criticizes Mrs. Blair's whole point of view. "I fail to understand," says she, "how any woman whose opportunity it is to fill her life with devoted service to her family and the community in general can possibly spend so much time thinking, writing and planning about how to get the most for *herself* out of the next twenty years. Certainly not what we get out of life but what we put into it for the good of all will bring us true contentment and satisfaction before and after fifty." Others write gratefully that the article has helped them over hard places: one woman, Mrs. Blair reports to us, "says she is going to send me a Venetian glass goblet because of what the article has meant to her; another writes that she has purchased a copy of the Magazine for every friend over fifty." A widower, caught by Mrs. Blair's statement that each of us must face the problem of advancing years alone, says, "Talk about

facing it alone! I am living a bachelor-widower's life in the middle of my big apple orchards, cooking, choring, swimming, running a tractor, milking cows, chopping, hoeing, reading, writing, wondering—but not *waiting* for the end by any means, although I shall be sixty-five on October 25th. . . . It is a joke to me to read of people thinking of losing zest at fifty, or even sixty. Recall the Galtons, the Darwins, John Burroughs, Haeckel, Weston the Walker, Depew, Holmes. As for insignificant little me, I learned to turn a backward somersault into the water from a springboard after I was sixty." Another reader whose letter we quote at greater length insists that she prefers not to face fifty at all:

A man I knew, then in his sixties, used to say that he never saw the postman approach without a thrill of excitement at the thought that he might be bringing wonderful news. That, I think, is the way life ought to be. When anticipation is gone, we are really not living any more One of my friends, inhabitant like myself of the dubious region called middle age, has just received her Master's degree, delayed by circumstance. Now she has her eyes fixed upon a doctorate. It is a wholesome thing; she will be much happier pursuing that than she would be to rest upon her achievement—happier even though the goal may not be attained early enough to help her much in her professional career.

A year or so ago, I learned to ride horseback. I should say, I began to learn. For every time one adventures forth upon a horse, one learns something new, about horse nature and human nature and the combination. Many would say that for the brittler bones of advancing years horseback riding is a dangerous recreation. But I think it has meant more to me than anything else I have ever done, except perhaps, long ago, learning to ride a bicycle. I am not naturally strong in physical daring, and anything which leads me to take a risk, to use decision and prompt judgment, is worth while.

Some three years ago, I built a house. That, too, seemed in some ways a hazardous undertaking, for a woman practically alone in the world, with few resources except a not too large salary. I hesitated and dallied with the thought. Then suddenly I said, "Come! After all, a house is a house. If worse comes to worst, I can at least get most of the money out." I have lived in the house nearly three years now, and the greater part of it is paid for. It is more than paid for in satisfaction. And it is not a closed incident, a finished product; it is a growing organism. Some day I shall put French windows in the back wall of the sun room, to open out on the garden which, some day, will be a riot of bloom. Gradually I am replacing the less satisfying pieces of furniture with others, and it is an entertaining game to find new things which shall not quarrel with the old.

A few days ago, I had my hair bobbed. Not in a vain attempt to recapture the youth which, I know too well, has vanished with the rose. Partly because, as a friend of mine observed, if one follows the fashion in other things, it is not logical to balk at this; partly to escape the monotony of twisting up masses of hair every morning and taking them down every evening. I am quite aware that before long I shall find myself simply accepting a new monotony. But for the present it has the zest of fresh experience.

Mr. Cabell's view of life as a gray corridor leading to an inevitable exit, with certain alcoves in which we may pause to divert our minds as we go, is perhaps a bit dispiriting. And yet—so much depends upon the alcoves.

I don't think I shall face fifty. I shall fix my eyes on the book I hope to write—De Morgan, you know, did his first at sixty-four; on the journeys I want to take; on the friends I still have with me; on the work I on the whole enjoy. Some day, fifty will creep up on me and slide by, and I, busy with my doing and planning, shall hardly know that it has passed.

At least, I hope it will be that way!

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The growth of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is shown by the size of the edition required to meet the demand during the past three months.

Of the October issue, 126,000 copies were printed.

Of the November issue, 130,000 copies were printed.

Of this issue, over 140,000 copies are being printed.